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EDITION DE LUXE

THE WORKS OF

HENRY FIELDING

VOLUME SIX

MISCELLANIES

Philadelphia
JOHN D. MORRIS
AND COMPANY

DUMBARTON EDITION DE LUXE

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INTRODUCTION

THE *Miscellaneous Writings* of Fielding included in the following volumes are not, it is perhaps needless to say, to be confused with the *Miscellanies* by the same author. The latter was the work brought out in London by Andrew Millar, Fielding's favourite publisher, in 1743, probably in April, with the title, *Miscellanies, by Henry Fielding, Esq. ; In Three Volumes.* The first of these begins with the list of subscribers, headed by "His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, Fifteen Setts." It may interest some people to-day to know that Chesterfield took five sets ; Fielding's kinsman, the Earl of Denbigh, three ; the Duke of Marlborough, five ; "Her Grace the Dutchess of Richmond," six ; and "Charles Fleetwood, Esq.," so many as twenty. Other subscribers, who took one set each, were Fielding's steadfast friend, Lyttelton, many of his friends of the law, and among his theatrical friends, Mrs. Clive, Mrs. Woffington, and Garrick. After this list in the first volume of the *Miscellanies*, came the author's preface, which is just a little too personal, according to our way of thinking, in regard to domestic afflictions. We must remember, though, that it was written in an age of personalities, and at this distance of time we have every reason to be grateful

for the biographical matter it contains. Then followed a quantity of verse (probably all that Fielding had written at the time), some in fairly long "poems," some in pieces of only a few lines. With one or two exceptions, such as *A Sailor's Song*, a conventional glorification of a seaman's life, with something of a swing and plenty of commonplace British patriotism, this verse is all in octosyllabic or heroic couplets, — that is, it is regulation eighteenth-century verse with the artificial diction of the eighteenth century and its satirical, unpoetical tone. It is the sort of thing that any literary dilettante might have turned off, but not the sort of thing that stamps its author as a man of genius. Somewhat better is the prose with which the first volume of the *Miscellanies* was concluded, — namely, three rather long essays (of which that *On Conversation* was one), a burlesque scientific paper, a translation of the *First Olynthiac* of Demosthenes, and two or three less important pieces. The greater part of the second volume of the *Miscellanies* was taken up with *A Journey from This World to the Next*. This was followed by two plays: *Eurydice, A Farce: As it was d—mned at the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane*, and *The Wedding Day. A Comedy, As it is acted at the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane, By His Majesty's Servants*. The third volume of the *Miscellanies* was entirely taken up by *Jonathan Wild*. It will be seen, then, that only two of the *Miscellanies* find a place in these volumes of *Miscellaneous Writings: A Journey from this World to the Next* and *An Essay on Conversation*.

In speaking of the miscellaneous writings of Fielding, one must inevitably say of them in general what critics have said before: except for the *Voyage to Lisbon*, they are interesting not so much for their own sake as for showing the great novelist's achievement in fields which he has not made entirely his own. In selecting from these writings such as are most likely to interest the public, one cannot do better than to follow again in a path already opened, and fix upon those which Professor Saintsbury has chosen for a late English edition of Fielding. As he says, the first to be chosen for any collection of Fielding's miscellaneous writings is *The Journal of a Voyage to Lisbon*; for after *Jonathan Wild* and our author's three great novels, no work of his demands so much consideration. But as the *Journal* is the choice bit of the present selection, unwise should I be to speak of it here rather than save it for my climax.

Let us pass, accordingly, to the *Journey from this World to the Next*, which for its size, and on the whole for its merit, is second in importance in this collection only to the *Voyage to Lisbon*. The fact that it came out in the *Miscellanies* makes certain that it was composed before the year 1743; more than this in regard to its date is not definitely known. The piece which Fielding never finished, is a curious satirical allegory, of a kind not uncommon in its day. The earlier chapters are the best; there is some poetic imagination as well as a great deal of Fielding's knowledge of human nature in the description of the City of Diseases, the Palace of

Death, the "proceedings of Judge Minos," and the first experiences in Elysium. The story of Julian the Apostate, however, becomes tedious; his transmigrations are too many. If interest returns in the story of Anne Boleyn, it is not so much on account of the brilliancy of her narrative as of the chance it offers us to find out Fielding's estimate of her character.

It is but natural that in any collection of Fielding's miscellaneous writings some of his plays should be represented. From the time when he came to London, a vigorous, warm-hearted young man not quite twenty-one, till the "Licensing Act" of 1737 closed his theatre ten years later, Fielding's literary work was chiefly dramatic. Twenty-five plays of his appear in the large edition of Fielding got out by Sir Leslie Stephen some twenty years ago, of which they fill three of the ten big volumes. Though two or three of these plays did not take final shape until after *Joseph Andrews* had made Richardson Fielding's implacable enemy, they all belong to the same period of the author's literary career; that in which, as we have seen, he was getting the knowledge of life which made his great novels possible. All the plays, too, are of substantially the same character. They are full of rollicking good humour, they are of easy-going morality, and they are human.

Among Fielding's plays perhaps the burlesques show the truest observation of life; and among them common consent has ranked *Tom Thumb* the first. The piece was brought out in two acts in 1730, when it met with such favour that the next year it was changed to a three-act play. Its first interest lies

in Fielding's power of burlesque — a power he never lost — which is here exerted to ridicule the bombast of dramatic authors from Dryden to Young and Thomson. The preface by "H. Scriblerus Secundus" states with seeming gravity that *The Tragedy of Tragedies; or, the Life and Death of Tom Thumb the Great* was written in the reign of Elizabeth; its travestied scholarly notes, by citing parallel passages, — according to the annotator, all imitated from *Tom Thumb*, — show the better to readers of to-day whom the author was hitting. A second interest lies in its connection with the English Arthurian stories. It is the one trace in our literature of the popular association, during the Queen Anne period and the years which preceded and followed it, of such heroes as Jack the Giant-Killer and Tom Thumb with the famous Arthur, in place of his old Knights of the Round Table. Along with Sir Richard Blackmore's would-be noble Arthurian epics, and the vulgarisation of the sage Merlin by the cheap almanac-maker, Partridge, the victim of Swift's famous hoax, Fielding's ridicule of the great romantic king marks the degradation of the grandest poetic theme of the Middle Ages in the "age of prose and reason." Yet I do not think that Fielding intended to ridicule Arthurian romance in *Tom Thumb* as well as contemporary tragedy. Apart from Arthur and Merlin, he makes use of no genuine Arthurian character. True, Tom Thumb resembles Sir Launcelot in being both the best knight of the court and the beloved of the queen and other ladies; inasmuch as he does not return her love,

however, but on the contrary loves her daughter, it is evident that Fielding, even if he meant to call attention to the parallel between Tom Thumb and Sir Launcelot at all, had no intention of insisting on it. Had he done so, it is doubtful if his audience would have understood him.

Of the other two plays chosen to represent Fielding's dramatic work, there is less to say. Without giving definite assurance of their writer's genius, they are full of promise. *Pasquin*, produced in 1736, was the first play acted at the little theatre in the Haymarket, after Fielding became its proprietor. The piece is a burlesque of somewhat the same style as *Tom Thumb*, but not quite so good; it is a little confused, and it lacks the learned notes of H. Scriblerus Secundus. *The Author's Farce*, produced some years earlier, indeed a few months before *Tom Thumb*, shows perhaps in the trials of Mr. Luckless some of Fielding's own experiences. Though written in connection with the puppet show, *The Pleasures of the Town*, it is virtually an independent piece.

An Essay on Conversation, it has already been said, was part of the first volume of the *Miscellanies* of 1743. Easily if not concisely written, it is interesting as showing that a gentleman's ideas of good breeding — for, in spite of its name, the essay is not strictly on conversation — are substantially the same in all ages. The essay contains plenty of the commonplaces of good society, which, after all, commonplace as they are, can hardly be repeated too often and which are not repeated often enough so gracefully as Fielding gives them to us here.

After the *Essay on Conversation* come three of the short moral essays at which Fielding, like so many other eighteenth-century writers, tried his hand. The first is an extract from the *True Patriot*, a weekly paper founded for political purposes late in 1745, the year of the Young Pretender. Along with political discussions, it gave its readers some consideration of social matters, after the fashion made popular by Steele and Addison. The number in this selection is especially interesting because it takes the form of a letter from our old friend, Parson Adams. *The Covent Garden Journal*, two essays of which are given here, was Fielding's chief literary work in 1752. It differed from the *Patriot* in making less of politics. Though it was more of a newspaper than the two famous early periodicals of the century, the *Tatler* and the *Spectator*, still the most important part of it was an essay in their style.

The letter which concludes the second volume of these *Miscellaneous Writings* was one of five letters written by Fielding, together with a preface, for his sister, Sarah Fielding, for her *Familiar Letters between the Principal Characters in David Simple and some others*. The most to be said for the letter now published is that since its first appearance it seems to have been published only once before, and that it has undoubted traces of Fielding's brilliancy.

And now for *The Journal of a Voyage to Lisbon*, the last work of the great novelist. Fielding wrote it in the summer of 1754 to relieve his tedium on shipboard when the ladies of his party were suffering from sea-sickness. It was published posthumously

in 1755. In spite of the statement in the *Dedication to the Public*, written probably by Fielding's brother, that this little piece comes "into your hands as it came from the hands of the author," it is known that the *Journal* was carefully edited. The name of the unaccommodating landlady at Ryde was changed from Francis to Humphreys, and some of the passages were omitted which were least complimentary to the captain. As given here, however, the *Journal* is in its original form, and so virtually a rough copy, for Fielding could have had little time or inclination to polish it in the two months of life which remained to him after the landing at Lisbon. For this reason, the sentences, at least of the *Journal* proper, are not always so carefully composed as those of Fielding's novels; otherwise in point of style, nothing of his is superior. Nor is his fiction often better narrative; *The Journal* has both good movement and reality. Mrs. Francis, that landlady already mentioned, would make a very presentable figure in a novel, and so, too, would the captain and the pretty fellow, his nephew. But, after all, we prize the *Voyage to Lisbon* to-day not so much because it is the last product of Fielding's genius as because it reveals the man himself unaffectedly in his family relations. From the time he sees at Fordhook the rising of "the most melancholy sun" he ever beheld, to his disembarking from his ship, *The Queen of Portugal*, at Lisbon, to drive "through the nastiest city in the world" up to the coffee-house on the hill, Fielding makes us intimate members of his party. We are troubled at Mrs. Fielding's toothache, thrown into

consternation at the loss of the tea-chest, and amused, in spite of our tender hearts, at the tragic fate of the kitten. That merry dinner in the barn after a hundred and fifty years has yet an uncommon relish; and the sunset and the moonrise at sea still impress us with their splendour.

One reason why Fielding proves himself such a pleasant travelling companion is that as we know him on *The Queen of Portugal* he is one of the finest gentlemen in the world. His magnanimity in forgiving the churlish captain has often been commented upon, but there is another part of the story deserving of notice. After saying that Tom, the captain's man, in relating his grievances against Fielding gave the captain a true account, save for adding five or six immaterial circumstances, he goes on with charming frankness, "as is always I believe the case, and may possibly have been done by me in relating this very story, though it happened not many hours ago." Nothing, moreover, could surpass his affection and his tender respect for his wife and his daughter. If he did not treat Mary Daniel (his first wife's maid, be it remembered) with all honour in the days before her marriage, which was followed full soon by the christening of her eldest child, he made up for it by his husbandly thoughtfulness and recognition of her excellent qualities. We cannot be too grateful for this last fair glimpse which the *Journal* gives us of Henry Fielding in his family life. What though it show him as a dropsical, gouty magistrate, whose conscientious labours and failing health have joined to put him almost into

the grave? Even so, there remain his shrewd interest in human nature and his keen enjoyment of life, his amiability, his consideration of those about him, and his perfect honesty, — qualities which make him as lovable as any of the greater English men of letters.

G. H. Maynadier.

A JOURNEY FROM THIS WORLD TO THE NEXT

A JOURNEY *from* THIS WORLD *to* THE NEXT

INTRODUCTION.

WHETHER the ensuing pages were really the dream or vision of some very pious and holy person; or whether they were really written in the other world, and sent back to this, which is the opinion of many (though I think too much inclining to superstition); or lastly, whether, as infinitely the greatest part imagine, they were really the production of some choice inhabitant of New Bethlehem, is not necessary nor easy to determine. It will be abundantly sufficient if I give the reader an account by what means they came into my possession.

Mr. Robert Powney, stationer, who dwells opposite to Catherine-street in the Strand, a very honest man and of great gravity of countenance; who, among other excellent stationary commodities, is particularly eminent for his pens, which I am abundantly bound to acknowledge, as I owe to their peculiar goodness that my manuscripts have by any means been legible: this gentleman, I say, furnished me some time since with a bundle of those pens, wrapped up with great care and caution, in a very large sheet of paper full

of characters, written as it seemed in a very bad hand. Now, I have a surprising curiosity to read everything which is almost illegible; partly perhaps from the sweet remembrance of the dear Scrawls, Skrawls, or Skrales (for the word is variously spelt), which I have in my youth received from that lovely part of the creation for which I have the tenderest regard; and partly from that temper of mind which makes men set an immense value on old manuscripts so effaced, busts so maimed, and pictures so black that no one can tell what to make of them. I therefore perused this sheet with wonderful application, and in about a day's time discovered that I could not understand it. I immediately repaired to Mr. Powney, and inquired very eagerly whether he had not more of the same manuscript? He produced about one hundred pages, acquainting me that he had saved no more; but that the book was originally a huge folio, had been left in his garret by a gentleman who lodged there, and who had left him no other satisfaction for nine months' lodging. He proceeded to inform me that the manuscript had been hawked about (as he phrased it) among all the booksellers, who refused to meddle; some alledged that they could not read, others that they could not understand it. Some would have it to be an atheistical book, and some that it was a libel on the government; for one or other of which reasons they all refused to print it. That it had been likewise shewn to the R—l Society, but they shook their heads, saying, there was nothing in it wonderful enough for them. That, hearing the gentleman was

gone to the West-Indies, and believing it to be good for nothing else, he had used it as waste paper. He said I was welcome to what remained, and he was heartily sorry for what was missing, as I seemed to set some value on it.

I desired him much to name a price: but he would receive no consideration farther than the payment of a small bill I owed him, which at that time he said he looked on as so much money given him.

I presently communicated this manuscript to my friend parson Abraham Adams, who, after a long and careful perusal, returned it me with his opinion that there was more in it than at first appeared; that the author seemed not entirely unacquainted with the writings of Plato; but he wished he had quoted him sometimes in his margin, that I might be sure (said he) he had read him in the original: for nothing, continued the parson, is commoner than for men now-a-days to pretend to have read Greek authors, who have met with them only in translations, and cannot conjugate a verb in *mi*.

To deliver my own sentiments on the occasion, I think the author discovers a philosophical turn of thinking, with some little knowledge of the world, and no very inadequate value of it. There are some indeed who, from the vivacity of their temper and the happiness of their station, are willing to consider its blessings as more substantial, and the whole to be a scene of more consequence than it is here represented: but, without controverting their opinions at present, the number of wise and good men who have thought with our author are sufficient to keep him

in countenance : nor can this be attended with any ill inference, since he everywhere teaches this moral : That the greatest and truest happiness which this world affords, is to be found only in the possession of goodness and virtue ; a doctrine which, as it is undoubtedly true, so hath it so noble and practical a tendency, that it can never be too often or too strongly inculcated on the minds of men.

BOOK I

CHAPTER ONE

THE AUTHOR DIES, MEETS WITH MERCURY, AND IS BY HIM CONDUCTED TO THE STAGE WHICH SETS OUT FOR THE OTHER WORLD.

ON the first day of December 1741 [1] I departed this life at my lodgings in Cheapside. My body had been some time dead before I was at liberty to quit it, lest it should by any accident return to life: this is an injunction imposed on all souls by the eternal law of fate, to prevent the inconveniences which would follow. As soon as the destined period was expired (being no longer than till the body is become perfectly cold and stiff) I began to move; but found myself under a difficulty of making my escape, for the mouth or door was shut, so that it was impossible for me to go out at it; and the windows, vulgarly called the eyes, were so closely pulled down

[1] Some doubt whether this should not be rather 1641, which is a date more agreeable to the account given of it in the introduction: but then there are some passages which seem to relate to transactions infinitely later, even within this year or two. To say the truth there are difficulties attending either conjecture; so the reader may take which he pleases.

by the fingers of a nurse, that I could by no means open them. At last I perceived a beam of light glimmering at the top of the house (for such I may call the body I had been inclosed in), whither ascending, I gently let myself down through a kind of chimney, and issued out at the nostrils.

No prisoner discharged from a long confinement ever tasted the sweets of liberty with a more exquisite relish than I enjoyed in this delivery from a dungeon wherein I had been detained upwards of forty years, and with much the same kind of regard I cast my eyes[1] backwards upon it.

My friends and relations had all quitted the room, being all (as I plainly overheard) very loudly quarrelling below stairs about my will; there was only an old woman left above to guard the body, as I apprehend. She was in a fast sleep, occasioned, as from her savour it seemed, by a comfortable dose of gin. I had no pleasure in this company, and, therefore, as the window was wide open, I sallied forth into the open air: but, to my great astonishment, found myself unable to fly, which I had always during my habitation in the body conceived of spirits; however, I came so lightly to the ground that I did not hurt myself; and, though I had not the gift of flying (owing probably to my having neither feathers nor wings), I was capable of hopping such a prodigious way at once, that it served my turn almost as well.

[1] Eyes are not perhaps so properly adapted to a spiritual substance; but we are here, as in many other places, obliged to use corporeal terms to make ourselves the better understood.

I had not hopped far before I perceived a tall young gentleman in a silk waistcoat, with a wing on his left heel, a garland on his head, and a caduceus in his right hand.[1] I thought I had seen this person before, but had not time to recollect where, when he called out to me and asked me how long I had been departed. I answered I was just come forth. "You must not stay here," replied he, "unless you had been murdered: in which case, indeed, you might have been suffered to walk some time; but if you died a natural death you must set out for the other world immediately." I desired to know the way. "O," cried the gentleman, "I will show you to the inn whence the stage proceeds; for I am the porter. Perhaps you never heard of me — my name is Mercury." "Sure, sir," said I, "I have seen you at the playhouse." Upon which he smiled, and, without satisfying me as to that point, walked directly forward, bidding me hop after him. I obeyed him, and soon found myself in Warwick-lane; where Mercury, making a full stop, pointed at a particular house, where he bad me enquire for the stage, and, wishing me a good journey, took his leave, saying he must go seek after other customers.

I arrived just as the coach was setting out, and found I had no reason for enquiry; for every person seemed to know my business the moment I appeared at the door: the coachman told me his horses were

[1] This is the dress in which the god appears to mortals at the theatres. One of the offices attributed to this god by the ancients, was to collect the ghosts as a shepherd doth a flock of sheep, and drive them with his wand into the other world.

to, but that he had no place left; however, though there were already six, the passengers offered to make room for me. I thanked them, and ascended without much ceremony. We immediately began our journey, being seven in number; for, as the women wore no hoops, three of them were but equal to two men.

Perhaps, reader, thou mayest be pleased with an account of this whole equipage, as peradventure thou wilt not, while alive, see any such. The coach was made by an eminent toyman, who is well known to deal in immaterial substance, that being the matter of which it was compounded. The work was so extremely fine, that it was entirely invisible to the human eye. The horses which drew this extraordinary vehicle were all spiritual, as well as the passengers. They had, indeed, all died in the service of a certain post-master; and as for the coachman, who was a very thin piece of immaterial substance, he had the honour while alive of driving the Great Peter, or Peter the Great, in whose service his soul, as well as body, was almost starved to death.

Such was the vehicle in which I set out, and now, those who are not willing to travel on with me may, if they please, stop here; those who are, must proceed to the subsequent chapters, in which this journey is continued.

CHAPTER TWO

IN WHICH THE AUTHOR FIRST REFUTES SOME IDLE OPINIONS CONCERNING SPIRITS, AND THEN THE PASSENGERS RELATE THEIR SEVERAL DEATHS.

IT is the common opinion that spirits, like owls, can see in the dark; nay, and can then most easily be perceived by others. For which reason, many persons of good understanding, to prevent being terrified with such objects, usually keep a candle burning by them, that the light may prevent their seeing. Mr. Locke, in direct opposition to this, hath not doubted to assert that you may see a spirit in open daylight full as well as in the darkest night.

It was very dark when we set out from the inn, nor could we see any more than if every soul of us had been alive. We had travelled a good way before any one offered to open his mouth; indeed, most of the company were fast asleep,[1] but, as I could not close my own eyes, and perceived the spirit who sat opposite to me to be likewise awake, I began to make overtures of conversation, by complaining *how dark it was.* "And extremely cold too," answered my fellow-traveller; "though, I thank God, as I have no body, I feel no inconvenience from it: but you will

[1] Those who have read of the gods sleeping in Homer will not be surprized at this happening to spirits.

believe, sir, that this frosty air must seem very sharp to one just issued forth out of an oven; for such was the inflamed habitation I am lately departed from." "How did you come to your end, sir?" said I. "I was murdered, sir," answered the gentleman. "I am surprized then," replied I, "that you did not divert yourself by walking up and down and playing some merry tricks with the murderer." "Oh, sir," returned he, "I had not that privilege, I was lawfully put to death. In short, a physician set me on fire, by giving me medicines to throw out my distemper. I died of a hot regimen, as they call it, in the small-pox."

One of the spirits at that word started up and cried out, "The small-pox! bless me! I hope I am not in company with that distemper, which I have all my life with such caution avoided, and have so happily escaped hitherto!" This fright set all the passengers who were awake into a loud laughter; and the gentleman, recollecting himself, with some confusion, and not without blushing, asked pardon, crying, "I protest I dreamt that I was alive." "Perhaps, sir," said I, "you died of that distemper, which therefore made so strong an impression on you." "No, sir," answered he, "I never had it in my life; but the continual and dreadful apprehension it kept me so long under cannot, I see, be so immediately eradicated. You must know, sir, I avoided coming to London for thirty years together, for fear of the small-pox, till the most urgent business brought me thither about five days ago. I was so dreadfully afraid of this disease that I refused the second night

of my arrival to sup with a friend whose wife had recovered of it several months before, and the same evening got a surfeit by eating too many muscles, which brought me into this good company."

"I will lay a wager," cried the spirit who sat next him, "there is not one in the coach able to guess my distemper." I desired the favour of him to acquaint us with it, if it was so uncommon. "Why, sir," said he, "I died of honour." — "Of honour, sir!" repeated I, with some surprize. "Yes, sir," answered the spirit, "of honour, for I was killed in a duel."

"For my part," said a fair spirit, "I was inoculated last summer, and had the good fortune to escape with a very few marks on my face. I esteemed myself now perfectly happy, as I imagined I had no restraint to a full enjoyment of the diversions of the town; but within a few days after my coming up I caught cold by overdancing myself at a ball, and last night died of a violent fever."

After a short silence which now ensued, the fair spirit who spoke last, it being now daylight, addressed herself to a female who sat next her, and asked her to what chance they owed the happiness of her company. She answered, she apprehended to a consumption, but the physicians were not agreed concerning her distemper, for she left two of them in a very hot dispute about it when she came out of her body. "And pray, madam," said the same spirit to the sixth passenger, "How came you to leave the other world?" But that female spirit, screwing up her mouth, answered, she wondered at the curiosity of some people; that perhaps persons had already heard

some reports of her death, which were far from being true; that, whatever was the occasion of it, she was glad at being delivered from a world in which she had no pleasure, and where there was nothing but nonsense and impertinence; particularly among her own sex, whose loose conduct she had long been entirely ashamed of.

The beauteous spirit, perceiving her question gave offence, pursued it no farther. She had indeed all the sweetness and good-humour which are so extremely amiable (when found) in that sex which tenderness most exquisitely becomes. Her countenance displayed all the cheerfulness, the good-nature, and the modesty, which diffuse such brightness round the beauty of Seraphina,[1] awing every beholder with respect, and, at the same time, ravishing him with admiration. Had it not been indeed for our conversation on the small-pox, I should have imagined we had been honoured with her identical presence. This opinion might have been heightened by the good sense she uttered whenever she spoke, by the delicacy of her sentiments, and the complacence of her behaviour, together with a certain dignity which attended every look, word, and gesture; qualities which could not fail making an impression on a heart[2] so capable of receiving it as mine, nor was she long in

[1] A particular lady of quality is meant here; but every lady of quality, or no quality, are welcome to apply the character to themselves.

[2] We have before made an apology for this language, which we here repeat for the last time; though the heart may, we hope, be metaphorically used here with more propriety than when we apply those passions to the body which belong to the soul.

raising in me a very violent degree of seraphic love. I do not intend by this, that sort of love which men are very properly said to make to women in the lower world, and which seldom lasts any longer than while it is making. I mean by seraphic love an extreme delicacy and tenderness of friendship, of which, my worthy reader, if thou hast no conception, as it is probable thou mayest not, my endeavour to instruct thee would be as fruitless as it would be to explain the most difficult problems of Sir Isaac Newton to one ignorant of vulgar arithmetic.

To return therefore to matters comprehensible by all understandings: the discourse now turned on the vanity, folly, and misery of the lower world, from which every passenger in the coach expressed the highest satisfaction in being delivered; though it was very remarkable that, notwithstanding the joy we declared at our death, there was not one of us who did not mention the accident which occasioned it as a thing we would have avoided if we could. Nay, the very grave lady herself, who was the forwardest in testifying her delight, confessed inadvertently that she left a physician by her bedside; and the gentleman who died of honour very liberally cursed both his folly and his fencing. While we were entertaining ourselves with these matters, on a sudden a most offensive smell began to invade our nostrils. This very much resembled the savour which travellers in summer perceive at their approach to that beautiful village of the Hague, arising from those delicious canals which, as they consist of standing water, do at that time emit odours

greatly agreeable to a Dutch taste, but not so pleasant to any other. Those perfumes, with the assistance of a fair wind, begin to affect persons of quick olfactory nerves at a league's distance, and increase gradually as you approach. In the same manner did the smell I have just mentioned, more and more invade us, till one of the spirits, looking out of the coach-window, declared we were just arrived at a very large city; and indeed he had scarce said so before we found ourselves in the suburbs, and, at the same time, the coachman, being asked by another, informed us that the name of this place was the City of Diseases. The road to it was extremely smooth, and, excepting the above-mentioned savour, delightfully pleasant. The streets of the suburbs were lined with bagnios, taverns, and cooks' shops: in the first we saw several beautiful women, but in tawdry dresses, looking out at the windows; and in the latter were visibly exposed all kinds of the richest dainties; but on our entering the city we found, contrary to all we had seen in the other world, that the suburbs were infinitely pleasanter than the city itself. It was indeed a very dull, dark, and melancholy place. Few people appeared in the streets, and these, for the most part, were old women, and here and there a formal grave gentleman, who seemed to be thinking, with large tie-wigs on, and amber-headed canes in their hands. We were all in hopes that our vehicle would not stop here; but, to our sorrow, the coach soon drove into an inn, and we were obliged to alight.

CHAPTER THREE

THE ADVENTURES WE MET WITH IN THE CITY OF DISEASES.

WE had not been long arrived in our inn, where it seems we were to spend the remainder of the day, before our host acquainted us that it was customary for all spirits, in their passage through that city, to pay their respects to that lady Disease, to whose assistance they had owed their deliverance from the lower world. We answered we should not fail in any complacence which was usual to others; upon which our host replied he would immediately send porters to conduct us. He had not long quitted the room before we were attended by some of those grave persons whom I have before described in large tie-wigs with amber-headed canes. These gentlemen are the ticket-porters in the city, and their canes are the *insignia*, or tickets, denoting their office. We informed them of the several ladies to whom we were obliged, and were preparing to follow them, when on a sudden they all stared at one another, and left us in a hurry, with a frown on every countenance. We were surprized at this behaviour, and presently summoned the host, who was no sooner acquainted with it than he burst into an hearty laugh, and told us

the reason was, because we did not fee the gentlemen the moment they came in, according to the custom of the place. We answered, with some confusion, we had brought nothing with us from the other world, which we had been all our lives informed was not lawful to do. "No, no, master," replied the host; "I am apprized of that, and indeed it was my fault. I should have first sent you to my lord Scrape,[1] who would have supplied you with what you want." "My lord Scrape supply us!" said I, with astonishment: "sure you must know we cannot give him security; and I am convinced he never lent a shilling without it in his life." "No, sir," answered the host, "and for that reason he is obliged to do it here, where he is sentenced to keep a bank, and to distribute money *gratis* to all passengers. This bank originally consisted of just that sum, which he had miserably hoarded up in the other world, and he is to perceive it decrease visibly one shilling a-day, till it is totally exhausted; after which he is to return to the other world, and perform the part of a miser for seventy years; then, being purified in the body of a hog, he is to enter the human species again, and take a second trial." "Sir," said I, "you tell me wonders: but if his bank be to decrease only a shilling a day, how can he furnish all passengers?" "The rest," answered the host, "is supplied again; but in a manner which I cannot easily explain to you." "I apprehend," said

[1] That we may mention it once for all, in the panegyrical part of this work some particular person is always meant: but, in the satirical, nobody.

I, "this distribution of his money is inflicted on him as a punishment; but I do not see how it can answer that end, when he knows it is to be restored to him again. Would it not serve the purpose as well if he parted only with the single shilling, which it seems is all he is really to lose?" "Sir," cries the host, "when you observe the agonies with which he parts with every guinea, you will be of another opinion. No prisoner condemned to death ever begged so heartily for transportation as he, when he received his sentence, did to go to hell, provided he might carry his money with him. But you will know more of these things when you arrive at the upper world; and now, if you please, I will attend you to my lord's, who is obliged to supply you with whatever you desire."

We found his lordship sitting at the upper end of a table, on which was an immense sum of money, disposed in several heaps, every one of which would have purchased the honour of some patriots and the chastity of some prudes. The moment he saw us he turned pale, and sighed, as well apprehending our business. Mine host accosted him with a familiar air, which at first surprized me, who so well remembered the respect I had formerly seen paid this lord by men infinitely superior in quality to the person who now saluted him in the following manner: "Here, you lord, and be dam—d to your little sneaking soul, tell out your money, and supply your betters with what they want. Be quick, sirrah, or I'll fetch the beadle to you. Don't fancy yourself in the lower world again, with your privilege at your

a—." He then shook a cane at his lordship, who immediately began to tell out his money, with the same miserable air and face which the miser on our stage wears while he delivers his bank-bills. This affected some of us so much that we had certainly returned with no more than what would have been sufficient to fee the porters, had not our host, perceiving our compassion, begged us not to spare a fellow who, in the midst of immense wealth, had always refused the least contribution to charity. Our hearts were hardened with this reflection, and we all filled our pockets with his money. I remarked a poetical spirit, in particular, who swore he would have a hearty gripe at him: "For," says he, "the rascal not only refused to subscribe to my works, but sent back my letter unanswered, though I am a better gentleman than himself."

We now returned from this miserable object, greatly admiring the propriety as well as justice of his punishment, which consisted, as our host informed us, merely in the delivering forth his money; and, he observed, we could not wonder at the pain this gave him, since it was as reasonable that the bare parting with money should make him miserable as that the bare having money without using it should have made him happy.

Other tie-wig porters (for those we had summoned before refused to visit us again) now attended us; and we having fee'd them the instant they entered the room, according to the instructions of our host, they bowed and smiled, and offered to introduce us to whatever disease we pleased.

We set out several ways, as we were all to pay our respects to different ladies. I directed my porter to shew me to the Fever on the Spirits, being the disease which had delivered me from the flesh. My guide and I traversed many streets, and knocked at several doors, but to no purpose. At one, we were told, lived the Consumption; at another, the Maladie Alamode, a French lady; at the third, the Dropsy; at the fourth, the Rheumatism; at the fifth, Intemperance; at the sixth, Misfortune. I was tired, and had exhausted my patience, and almost my purse; for I gave my porter a new fee at every blunder he made: when my guide, with a solemn countenance, told me he could do no more; and marched off without any farther ceremony.

He was no sooner gone than I met another gentleman with a ticket, *i. e.*, an amber-headed cane in his hand. I first fee'd him, and then acquainted him with the name of the disease. He cast himself for two or three minutes into a thoughtful posture, then pulled a piece of paper out of his pocket, on which he writ something in one of the Oriental languages, I believe, for I could not read a syllable: he bade me carry it to such a particular shop, and, telling me it would do my business, he took his leave.

Secure, as I now thought myself, of my direction, I went to the shop, which very much resembled an apothecary's. The person who officiated, having read the paper, took down about twenty different jars, and, pouring something out of every one of them, made a mixture, which he delivered to me in

a bottle, having first tied a paper round the neck of it, on which were written three or four words, the last containing eleven syllables. I mentioned the name of the disease I wanted to find out, but received no other answer than that he had done as he was ordered, and the drugs were excellent.

I began now to be enraged, and, quitting the shop with some anger in my countenance, I intended to find out my inn, but, meeting in the way a porter whose countenance had in it something more pleasing than ordinary, I resolved to try once more, and clapped a fee into his hand. As soon as I mentioned the disease to him he laughed heartily, and told me I had been imposed on, for in reality no such disease was to be found in that city. He then enquired into the particulars of my case, and was no sooner acquainted with them than he informed me that the Maladie Alamode was the lady to whom I was obliged. I thanked him, and immediately went to pay my respects to her.

The house, or rather palace, of this lady was one of the most beautiful and magnificent in the city. The avenue to it was planted with sycamore-trees, with beds of flowers on each side; it was extremely pleasant but short. I was conducted through a magnificent hall, adorned with several statues and bustoes, most of them maimed, whence I concluded them all to be true antiques; but was informed they were the figures of several modern heroes, who had died martyrs to her ladyship's cause. I next mounted through a large painted staircase, where several persons were depictured in caricatura; and,

upon enquiry, was told they were the portraits of those who had distinguished themselves against the lady in the lower world. I suppose I should have known the faces of many physicians and surgeons, had they not been so violently distorted by the painter. Indeed, he had exerted so much malice in his work, that I believe he had himself received some particular favours from the lady of this mansion: it is difficult to conceive a group of stranger figures. I then entered a long room, hung round with the pictures of women of such exact shapes and features that I should have thought myself in a gallery of beauties, had not a certain sallow paleness in their complexions given me a more distasteful idea. Through this I proceeded to a second apartment, adorned, if I may so call it, with the figures of old ladies. Upon my seeming to admire at this furniture, the servant told me with a smile that these had been very good friends of his lady, and had done her eminent service in the lower world. I immediately recollected the faces of one or two of my acquaintance, who had formerly kept bagnios; but was very much surprized to see the resemblance of a lady of great distinction in such company. The servant, upon my mentioning this, made no other answer than that his lady had pictures of all degrees.

I was now introduced into the presence of the lady herself. She was a thin, or rather meagre, person, very wan in the countenance, had no nose, and many pimples in her face. She offered to rise at my entrance, but could not stand. After many compliments, much congratulation on her side, and the

most fervent expressions of gratitude on mine, she asked me many questions concerning the situation of her affairs in the lower world; most of which I answered to her intire satisfaction. At last, with a kind of forced smile, she said, "I suppose the pill and drop go on swimmingly?" I told her they were reported to have done great cures. She replied she could apprehend no danger from any person who was not of regular practice; "for, however simple mankind are," said she, "or however afraid they are of death, they prefer dying in a regular manner to being cured by a nostrum." She then expressed great pleasure at the account I gave her of the beau monde. She said she had herself removed the hundreds of Drury to the hundreds of Charing-cross, and was very much delighted to find they had spread into St. James's; that she imputed this chiefly to several of her dear and worthy friends, who had lately published their excellent works, endeavouring to extirpate all notions of religion and virtue; and particularly to the deserving author of the Bachelor's Estimate; "to whom," said she, "if I had not reason to think he was a surgeon, and had therefore written from mercenary views, I could never sufficiently own my obligations." She spoke likewise greatly in approbation of the method, so generally used by parents, of marrying children very young, and without the least affection between the parties; and concluded by saying that, if these fashions continued to spread, she doubted not but she should shortly be the only disease who would ever receive a visit from any person of considerable rank.

While we were discoursing her three daughters entered the room. They were all called by hard names; the eldest was named Lepra, the second Chæras, and the third Scorbutia.[1] They were all genteel, but ugly. I could not help observing the little respect they paid their parent, which the old lady remarking in my countenance, as soon as they quitted the room, which soon happened, acquainted me with her unhappiness in her offspring, every one of which had the confidence to deny themselves to be her children, though she said she had been a very indulgent mother and had plentifully provided for them all. As family complaints generally as much tire the hearer as they relieve him who makes them, when I found her launching farther into this subject I resolved to put an end to my visit, and, taking my leave with many thanks for the favour she had done me, I returned to the inn, where I found my fellow-travellers just mounting into their vehicle. I shook hands with my host and accompanied them into the coach, which immediately after proceeded on its journey.

[1] These ladies, I believe, by their names, presided over the *leprosy*, *king's-evil*, and *scurvy*.

CHAPTER FOUR

DISCOURSES ON THE ROAD, AND A DESCRIPTION OF THE PALACE OF DEATH.

WE were all silent for some minutes, till, being well shaken into our several seats, I opened my mouth first, and related what had happened to me after our separation in the city we had just left. The rest of the company, except the grave female spirit whom our reader may remember to have refused giving an account of the distemper which occasioned her dissolution, did the same. It might be tedious to relate these at large; we shall therefore only mention a very remarkable inveteracy which the Surfeit declared to all the other diseases, especially to the Fever, who, she said, by the roguery of the porters, received acknowledgments from numberless passengers which were due to herself. "Indeed," says she, "those cane-headed fellows" (for so she called them, alluding, I suppose, to their ticket) "are constantly making such mistakes; there is no gratitude in those fellows; for I am sure they have greater obligations to me than to any other disease, except the Vapours." These relations were no sooner over than one of the company informed us we were approaching to the most noble building he had ever

beheld, and which we learnt from our coachman was the palace of Death. Its outside, indeed, appeared extremely magnificent. Its structure was of the Gothic order; vast beyond imagination, the whole pile consisting of black marble. Rows of immense yews form an amphitheatre round it of such height and thickness that no ray of the sun ever perforates this grove, where black eternal darkness would reign was it not excluded by innumerable lamps which are placed in pyramids round the grove; so that the distant reflection they cast on the palace, which is plentifully gilt with gold on the outside, is inconceivably solemn. To this I may add the hollow murmur of winds constantly heard from the grove, and the very remote sound of roaring waters. Indeed, every circumstance seems to conspire to fill the mind with horrour and consternation as we approach to this palace, which we had scarce time to admire before our vehicle stopped at the gate, and we were desired to alight in order to pay our respects to his most mortal majesty (this being the title which it seems he assumes). The outward court was full of soldiers, and, indeed, the whole very much resembled the state of an earthly monarch, only more magnificent. We past through several courts into a vast hall, which led to a spacious staircase, at the bottom of which stood two pages, with very grave countenances, whom I recollected afterwards to have formerly been very eminent undertakers, and were in reality the only dismal faces I saw here; for this palace, so awful and tremendous without, is all gay and sprightly within; so that we soon lost all those dismal and gloomy ideas

we had contracted in approaching it. Indeed, the still silence maintained among the guards and attendants resembled rather the stately pomp of eastern courts; but there was on every face such symptoms of content and happiness that diffused an air of chearfulness all round. We ascended the staircase and past through many noble apartments whose walls were adorned with various battle-pieces in tapistry, and which we spent some time in observing. These brought to my mind those beautiful ones I had in my lifetime seen at Blenheim, nor could I prevent my curiosity from enquiring where the Duke of Marlborough's victories were placed (for I think they were almost the only battles of any eminence I had read of which I did not meet with); when the skeleton of a beef-eater, shaking his head, told me a certain gentleman, one Lewis XIV., who had great interest with his most mortal majesty, had prevented any such from being hung up there. "Besides," says he, "his majesty hath no great respect for that duke, for he never sent him a subject he could keep from him, nor did he ever get a single subject by his means but he lost 1000 others for him." We found the presence-chamber at our entrance very full, and a buz ran through it, as in all assemblies, before the principal figure enters; for his majesty was not yet come out. At the bottom of the room were two persons in close conference, one with a square black cap on his head, and the other with a robe embroidered with flames of fire. These, I was informed, were a judge long since dead, and an inquisitor-general. I overheard them disputing with great eagerness whether the one

had hanged or the other burnt the most. While I was listening to this dispute, which seemed to be in no likelihood of a speedy decision, the emperor entered the room and placed himself between two figures, one of which was remarkable for the roughness, and the other for the beauty of his appearance. These were, it seems, Charles XII. of Sweden and Alexander of Macedon. I was at too great a distance to hear any of the conversation, so could only satisfy my curiosity by contemplating the several personages present, of whose names I informed myself by a page, who looked as pale and meagre as any court-page in the other world, but was somewhat more modest. He shewed me here two or three Turkish emperors, to whom his most mortal majesty seemed to express much civility. Here were likewise several of the Roman emperors, among whom none seemed so much caressed as Caligula, on account, as the page told me, of his pious wish that he could send all the Romans hither at one blow. The reader may be perhaps surprized that I saw no physicians here; as indeed I was myself, till informed that they were all departed to the city of Diseases, where they were busy in an experiment to purge away the immortality of the soul.

It would be tedious to recollect the many individuals I saw here, but I cannot omit a fat figure, well drest in the French fashion, who was received with extraordinary complacence by the emperor, and whom I imagined to be Lewis XIV. himself; but the page acquainted me he was a celebrated French cook.

We were at length introduced to the royal pres-

ence, and had the honour to kiss hands. His majesty asked us a few questions, not very material to relate, and soon after retired.

When we returned into the yard we found our caravan ready to set out, at which we all declared ourselves well pleased; for we were sufficiently tired with the formality of a court, notwithstanding its outward splendour and magnificence.

CHAPTER FIVE

THE TRAVELLERS PROCEED ON THEIR JOURNEY, AND MEET SEVERAL SPIRITS WHO ARE COMING INTO THE FLESH.

WE now came to the banks of the great river Cocytus, where we quitted our vehicle, and past the water in a boat, after which we were obliged to travel on foot the rest of our journey; and now we met, for the first time, several passengers travelling to the world we had left, who informed us they were souls going into the flesh.

The two first we met were walking arm-in-arm, in very close and friendly conference; they informed us that one of them was intended for a duke, and the other for a hackney-coachman. As we had not yet arrived at the place where we were to deposit our passions, we were all surprized at the familiarity which subsisted between persons of such different degrees; nor could the grave lady help expressing her astonishment at it. The future coachman then replied, with a laugh, that they had exchanged lots; for that the duke had with his dukedom drawn a shrew for a wife, and the coachman only a single state.

As we proceeded on our journey we met a solemn spirit walking alone with great gravity in his coun-

tenance: our curiosity invited us, notwithstanding his reserve, to ask what lot he had drawn. He answered, with a smile, he was to have the reputation of a wise man with £100,000 in his pocket, and was practising the solemnity which he was to act in the other world.

A little farther we met a company of very merry spirits, whom we imagined by their mirth to have drawn some mighty lot, but, on enquiry, they informed us they were to be beggars.

The farther we advanced, the greater numbers we met; and now we discovered two large roads leading different ways, and of very different appearance; the one all craggy with rocks, full as it seemed of boggy grounds, and everywhere beset with briars, so that it was impossible to pass through it without the utmost danger and difficulty; the other, the most delightful imaginable, leading through the most verdant meadows, painted and perfumed with all kinds of beautiful flowers; in short, the most wanton imagination could imagine nothing more lovely. Notwithstanding which, we were surprized to see great numbers crowding into the former, and only one or two solitary spirits chusing the latter. On enquiry, we were acquainted that the bad road was the way to greatness, and the other to goodness. When we expressed our surprize at the preference given to the former we were acquainted that it was chosen for the sake of the music of drums and trumpets, and the perpetual acclamations of the mob, with which those who travelled this way were constantly saluted. We were told likewise that there were several noble pal-

aces to be seen, and lodged in, on this road, by those who had past through the difficulties of it (which indeed many were not able to surmount), and great quantities of all sorts of treasure to be found in it; whereas the other had little inviting more than the beauty of the way, scarce a handsome building, save one greatly resembling a certain house by the Bath, to be seen during that whole journey; and, lastly, that it was thought very scandalous and mean-spirited to travel through this, and as highly honourable and noble to pass by the other.

We now heard a violent noise, when, casting our eyes forwards, we perceived a vast number of spirits advancing in pursuit of one whom they mocked and insulted with all kinds of scorn. I cannot give my reader a more adequate idea of this scene than by comparing it to an English mob conducting a pick-pocket to the water; or by supposing that an incensed audience at a playhouse had unhappily possessed themselves of the miserable damned poet. Some laughed, some hissed, some squawled, some groaned, some bawled, some spit at him, some threw dirt at him. It was impossible not to ask who or what the wretched spirit was whom they treated in this barbarous manner; when, to our great surprize, we were informed that it was a king: we were likewise told that this manner of behaviour was usual among the spirits to those who drew the lots of emperors, kings, and other great men, not from envy or anger, but mere derision and contempt of earthly grandeur; that nothing was more common than for those who had drawn these great prizes (as to us

they seemed) to exchange them with taylors and coblers; and that Alexander the Great and Diogenes had formerly done so; he that was afterwards Diogenes having originally fallen on the lot of Alexander.

And now, on a sudden, the mockery ceased, and the king-spirit, having obtained a hearing, began to speak as follows; for we were now near enough to hear him distinctly: —

"Gentlemen, — I am justly surprized at your treating me in this manner, since whatever lot I have drawn, I did not chuse: if, therefore, it be worthy of derision, you should compassionate me, for it might have fallen to any of your shares. I know in how low a light the station to which fate hath assigned me is considered here, and that, when ambition doth not support it, it becomes generally so intollerable, that there is scarce any other condition for which it is not gladly exchanged: for what portion, in the world to which we are going, is so miserable as that of care? Should I therefore consider myself as become by this lot essentially your superior, and of a higher order of being than the rest of my fellow-creatures; should I foolishly imagine myself without wisdom superior to the wise, without knowledge to the learned, without courage to the brave, and without goodness and virtue to the good and virtuous; surely so preposterous, so absurd a pride, would justly render me the object of ridicule. But far be it from me to entertain it. And yet, gentlemen, I prize the lot I have drawn, nor would I exchange it with any of yours, seeing it is in my eye so much greater than the rest. Ambition, which I own myself possest of, teaches me this; ambition, which makes

me covet praise, assures me that I shall enjoy a much larger proportion of it than can fall within your power either to deserve or obtain. I am then superior to you all, when I am able to do more good, and when I execute that power. What the father is to the son, the guardian to the orphan, or the patron to his client, that am I to you. You are my children, to whom I will be a father, a guardian, and a patron. Not one evening in my long reign (for so it is to be) will I repose myself to rest without the glorious, the heart-warming consideration, that thousands that night owe their sweetest rest to me. What a delicious fortune is it to him whose strongest appetite is doing good, to have every day the opportunity and the power of satisfying it! If such a man hath ambition, how happy is it for him to be seated so on high, that every act blazes abroad, and attracts to him praises tainted with neither sarcasm nor adulation, but such as the nicest and most delicate mind may relish! Thus, therefore, while you derive your good from me, I am your superior. If to my strict distribution of justice you owe the safety of your property from domestic enemies; if by my vigilance and valour you are protected from foreign foes; if by my encouragement of genuine industry, every science, every art which can embellish or sweeten life, is produced and flourishes among you; will any of you be so insensible or ungrateful as to deny praise and respect to him by whose care and conduct you enjoy these blessings? I wonder not at the censure which so frequently falls on those in my station; but I wonder that those in my station so frequently deserve it. What strange perverseness of nature! What wanton delight in mischief must taint his composition, who prefers dangers, difficulty, and disgrace, by doing evil, to safety,

ease, and honour, by doing good! who refuses happiness in the other world, and heaven in this, for misery there and hell here! But, be assured, my intentions are different. I shall always endeavour the ease, the happiness, and the glory of my people, being confident that, by so doing, I take the most certain method of procuring them all to myself."

He then struck directly into the road of goodness, and received such a shout of applause as I never remember to have heard equalled.

He was gone a little way when a spirit limped after him, swearing he would fetch him back. This spirit, I was presently informed, was one who had drawn the lot of his prime minister.

CHAPTER SIX

AN ACCOUNT OF THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE, WITH A METHOD OF PREPARING A SPIRIT FOR THIS WORLD.

WE now proceeded on our journey, without staying to see whether he fulfilled his word or no; and without encountering anything worth mentioning, came to the place where the spirits on their passage to the other world were obliged to decide by lot the station in which every one was to act there. Here was a monstrous wheel, infinitely larger than those in which I had formerly seen lottery-tickets deposited. This was called the WHEEL OF FORTUNE. The goddess herself was present. She was one of the most deformed females I ever beheld; nor could I help observing the frowns she expressed when any beautiful spirit of her own sex passed by her, nor the affability which smiled in her countenance on the approach of any handsome male spirits. Hence I accounted for the truth of an observation I had often made on earth, that nothing is more fortunate than handsome men, nor more unfortunate than handsome women. The reader may be perhaps pleased with an account of the whole method of equipping a spirit for his entrance into the flesh.

First, then, he receives from a very sage person, whose look much resembled that of an apothecary (his warehouse likewise bearing an affinity to an apothecary's shop), a small phial inscribed, The Pathetic Potion, to be taken just before you are born. This potion is a mixture of all the passions, but in no exact proportion, so that sometimes one predominates, and sometimes another; nay, often in the hurry of making up, one particular ingredient is, as we were informed, left out. The spirit receiveth at the same time another medicine called the Nousphoric Decoction, of which he is to drink *ad libitum*. This decoction is an extract from the faculties of the mind, sometimes extremely strong and spirituous, and sometimes altogether as weak; for very little care is taken in the preparation. This decoction is so extremely bitter and unpleasant, that, notwithstanding its wholesomeness, several spirits will not be persuaded to swallow a drop of it, but throw it away, or give it to any other who will receive it; by which means some who were not disgusted by the nauseousness drank double and treble portions. I observed a beautiful young female, who, tasting it immediately from curiosity, screwed up her face and cast it from her with great disdain, whence advancing presently to the wheel, she drew a coronet, which she clapped up so eagerly that I could not distinguish the degree; and indeed I observed several of the same sex, after a very small sip, throw the bottles away.

As soon as the spirit is dismissed by the operator, or apothecary, he is at liberty to approach the wheel,

where he hath a right to extract a single lot: but those whom Fortune favours she permits sometimes secretly to draw three or four. I observed a comical kind of figure who drew forth a handful, which, when he opened, were a bishop, a general, a privy-counsellor, a player, and a poet-laureate, and, returning the three first, he walked off, smiling, with the two last.

Every single lot contained two more articles, which were generally disposed so as to render the lots as equal as possible to each other; on one was written, *earl, riches, health, disquietude;* on another, *cobbler, sickness, good-humour;* on a third, *poet, contempt, self-satisfaction;* on a fourth, *general, honour, discontent;* on a fifth, *cottage, happy love;* on a sixth, *coach and six, impotent jealous husband;* on a seventh, *prime minister, disgrace;* on an eighth, *patriot, glory;* on a ninth, *philosopher, poverty, ease;* on a tenth, *merchant, riches, care.* And indeed the whole seemed to contain such a mixture of good and evil, that it would have puzzled me which to chuse. I must not omit here that in every lot was directed whether the drawer should marry or remain in celibacy, the married lots being all marked with a large pair of horns.

We were obliged, before we quitted this place, to take each of us an emetic from the apothecary, which immediately purged us of all our earthly passions, and presently the cloud forsook our eyes, as it doth those of Æneas in Virgil, when removed by Venus: and we discerned things in a much clearer light than before. We began to compassionate those spirits who were making their entry into the flesh, whom

we had till then secretly envied, and to long eagerly for those delightful plains which now opened themselves to our eyes, and to which we now hastened with the utmost eagerness. On our way we met with several spirits with very dejected countenances, but our expedition would not suffer us to ask any questions.

At length we arrived at the gate of Elysium. Here was a prodigious crowd of spirits waiting for admittance, some of whom were admitted, and some were rejected; for all were strictly examined by the porter, whom I soon discovered to be the celebrated judge Minos.

CHAPTER SEVEN

THE PROCEEDINGS OF JUDGE MINOS AT THE GATE OF ELYSIUM.

I NOW got near enough to the gate to hear the several claims of those who endeavoured to pass. The first, among other pretensions, set forth that he had been very liberal to an hospital; but Minos answered, "Ostentation," and repulsed him. The second exhibited that he had constantly frequented his church, been a rigid observer of fast-days: he likewise represented the great animosity he had shewn to vice in others, which never escaped his severest censure; and as to his own behaviour, he had never been once guilty of whoring, drinking, gluttony, or any other excess. He said he had disinherited his son for getting a bastard. "Have you so?" said Minos; "then pray return into the other world and beget another; for such an unnatural rascal shall never pass this gate." A dozen others, who had advanced with very confident countenances, seeing him rejected, turned about of their own accord, declaring, if he could not pass, they had no expectation, and accordingly they followed him back to earth; which was the fate of all who were repulsed, they being obliged to take a further purification, unless those who were guilty of

some very heinous crimes, who were hustled in at a little back gate, whence they tumbled immediately into the bottomless pit.

The next spirit that came up declared he had done neither good nor evil in the world; for that since his arrival at man's estate he had spent his whole time in search of curiosities; and particularly in the study of butterflies, of which he had collected an immense number. Minos made him no answer, but with great scorn pushed him back.

There now advanced a very beautiful spirit indeed. She began to ogle Minos the moment she saw him. She said she hoped there was some merit in refusing a great number of lovers, and dying a maid, though she had had the choice of a hundred. Minos told her she had not refused enow yet, and turned her back.

She was succeeded by a spirit who told the judge he believed his works would speak for him. "What works?" answered Minos. "My dramatic works," replied the other, "which have done so much good in recommending virtue and punishing vice." "Very well," said the judge; "if you please to stand by, the first person who passes the gate by your means shall carry you in with him: but, if you will take my advice, I think, for expedition sake, you had better return, and live another life upon earth." The bard grumbled at this, and replied that, besides his poetical works, he had done some other good things: for that he had once lent the whole profits of a benefit-night to a friend, and by that means had saved him and his family from destruction. Upon

this the gate flew open, and Minos desired him to walk in, telling him, if he had mentioned this at first, he might have spared the remembrance of his plays. The poet answered, he believed, if Minos had read his works, he would set a higher value on them. He was then beginning to repeat, but Minos pushed him forward, and, turning his back to him, applied himself to the next passenger, a very genteel spirit, who made a very low bow to Minos, and then threw himself into an erect attitude, and imitated the motion of taking snuff with his right hand. Minos asked him what he had to say for himself. He answered, he would dance a minuet with any spirit in Elysium: that he could likewise perform all his other exercises very well, and hoped he had in his life deserved the character of a perfect fine gentleman. Minos replied it would be great pity to rob the world of so fine a gentleman, and therefore desired him to take the other trip. The beau bowed, thanked the judge, and said he desired no better. Several spirits expressed much astonishment at this his satisfaction; but we were afterwards informed he had not taken the emetic above mentioned.

A miserable old spirit now crawled forwards, whose face I thought I had formerly seen near Westminster Abbey. He entertained Minos with a long harangue of what he had done when in the HOUSE; and then proceeded to inform him how much he was worth, without attempting to produce a single instance of any one good action. Minos stopt the career of his discourse, and acquainted him he must take a trip

back again. "What! to S—— house?" said the spirit in an ecstasy; but the judge, without making him any answer, turned to another, who, with a very solemn air and great dignity, acquainted him he was a duke. "To the right-about, Mr. Duke," cried Minos, "you are infinitely too great a man for Elysium;" and then, giving him a kick on the b—ch, he addressed himself to a spirit who, with fear and trembling, begged he might not go to the bottomless pit: he said he hoped Minos would consider that, though he had gone astray, he had suffered for it — that it was necessity which drove him to the robbery of eighteenpence, which he had committed, and for which he was hanged — that he had done some good actions in his life — that he had supported an aged parent with his labour — that he had been a very tender husband and a kind father — and that he had ruined himself by being bail for his friend. At which words the gate opened, and Minos bid him enter, giving him a slap on the back as he passed by him.

A great number of spirits now came forwards, who all declared they had the same claim, and that the captain should speak for them. He acquainted the judge that they had been all slain in the service of their country. Minos was going to admit them, but had the curiosity to ask who had been the invader, in order, as he said, to prepare the back gate for him. The captain answered they had been the invaders themselves — that they had entered the enemy's country, and burnt and plundered several cities. "And for what reason?" said Minos. "By the command

of him who paid us," said the captain; "that is the reason of a soldier. We are to execute whatever we are commanded, or we should be a disgrace to the army, and very little deserve our pay." "You are brave fellows indeed," said Minos; "but be pleased to face about, and obey my command for once, in returning back to the other world: for what should such fellows as you do where there are no cities to be burnt, nor people to be destroyed? But let me advise you to have a stricter regard to truth for the future, and not call the depopulating other countries the service of your own." The captain answered, in a rage, "D—n me! do you give me the lie?" and was going to take Minos by the nose, had not his guards prevented him, and immediately turned him and all his followers back the same road they came.

Four spirits informed the judge that they had been starved to death through poverty — being the father, mother, and two children; that they had been honest and as industrious as possible, till sickness had prevented the man from labour. "All that is very true," cried a grave spirit who stood by. "I know the fact; for these poor people were under my cure." "You was, I suppose, the parson of the parish," cries Minos; "I hope you had a good living, sir." "That was but a small one," replied the spirit; "but I had another a little better." — "Very well," said Minos; "let the poor people pass." At which the parson was stepping forwards with a stately gait before them; but Minos caught hold of him and pulled him back, saying, "Not so fast, doctor — you must

take one step more into the other world first; for no man enters that gate without charity."

A very stately figure now presented himself, and, informing Minos he was a patriot, began a very florid harangue on public virtue and the liberties of his country. Upon which Minos shewed him the utmost respect, and ordered the gate to be opened. The patriot was not contented with this applause; he said he had behaved as well in place as he had done in the opposition; and that, though he was now obliged to embrace the court measures, yet he had behaved very honestly to his friends, and brought as many in as was possible. "Hold a moment," says Minos: "on second consideration, Mr. Patriot, I think a man of your great virtue and abilities will be so much missed by your country, that, if I might advise you, you should take a journey back again. I am sure you will not decline it; for I am certain you will, with great readiness, sacrifice your own happiness to the public good." The patriot smiled, and told Minos he believed he was in jest; and was offering to enter the gate, but the judge laid fast hold of him and insisted on his return, which the patriot still declining, he at last ordered his guards to seize him and conduct him back.

A spirit now advanced, and the gate was immediately thrown open to him before he had spoken a word. I heard some whisper, "That is our last lord mayor."

It now came to our company's turn. The fair spirit which I mentioned with so much applause in the beginning of my journey passed through very

easily; but the grave lady was rejected on her first appearance, Minos declaring there was not a single prude in Elysium.

The judge then addressed himself to me, who little expected to pass this fiery trial. I confessed I had indulged myself very freely with wine and women in my youth, but had never done an injury to any man living, nor avoided an opportunity of doing good; that I pretended to very little virtue more than general philanthropy and private friendship. I was proceeding, when Minos bid me enter the gate, and not indulge myself with trumpeting forth my virtues. I accordingly passed forward with my lovely companion, and, embracing her with vast eagerness, but spiritual innocence, she returned my embrace in the same manner, and we both congratulated ourselves on our arrival in this happy region, whose beauty no painting of the imagination can describe.

CHAPTER EIGHT

THE ADVENTURES WHICH THE AUTHOR MET ON HIS FIRST ENTRANCE INTO ELYSIUM.

WE pursued our way through a delicious grove of orange-trees, where I saw infinite numbers of spirits, every one of whom I knew, and was known by them (for spirits here know one another by intuition). I presently met a little daughter whom I had lost several years before. Good gods! what words can describe the raptures, the melting passionate tenderness, with which we kissed each other, continuing in our embrace, with the most ecstatic joy, a space which, if time had been measured here as on earth, could not be less than half a year.

The first spirit with whom I entered into discourse was the famous Leonidas of Sparta. I acquainted him with the honours which had been done him by a celebrated poet of our nation; to which he answered he was very much obliged to him.

We were presently afterwards entertained with the most delicious voice I had ever heard, accompanied by a violin, equal to Signior Piantinida. I presently discovered the musician and songster to be Orpheus and Sappho.

Old Homer was present at this concert (if I may so call it), and Madam Dacier sat in his lap. He

asked much after Mr. Pope, and said he was very desirous of seeing him; for that he had read his Iliad in his translation with almost as much delight as he believed he had given others in the original. I had the curiosity to enquire whether he had really writ that poem in detached pieces, and sung it about as ballads all over Greece, according to the report which went of him. He smiled at my question, and asked me whether there appeared any connexion in the poem; for if there did he thought I might answer myself. I then importuned him to acquaint me in which of the cities which contended for the honour of his birth he was really born? To which he answered, "Upon my soul I can't tell."

Virgil then came up to me, with Mr. Addison under his arm. "Well, sir," said he, "how many translations have these few last years produced of my Æneid?" I told him I believed several, but I could not possibly remember; for that I had never read any but Dr. Trapp's. "Ay," said he, "that is a curious piece indeed!" I then acquainted him with the discovery made by Mr. Warburton of the Elusinian mysteries couched in his sixth book. "What mysteries?" said Mr. Addison. "The Elusinian," answered Virgil, "which I have disclosed in my sixth book." "How!" replied Addison. "You never mentioned a word of any such mysteries to me in all our acquaintance." "I thought it was unnecessary," cried the other, "to a man of your infinite learning: besides, you always told me you perfectly understood my meaning." Upon this I thought the critic looked a little out of countenance, and turned aside

to a very merry spirit, one Dick Steele, who embraced him, and told him he had been the greatest man upon earth ; that he readily resigned up all the merit of his own works to him. Upon which Addison gave him a gracious smile, and, clapping him on the back with much solemnity, cried out, "Well said, Dick !"

I then observed Shakspeare standing between Betterton and Booth, and deciding a difference between those two great actors concerning the placing an accent in one of his lines : this was disputed on both sides with a warmth which surprized me in Elysium, till I discovered by intuition that every soul retained its principal characteristic, being, indeed, its very essence. The line was that celebrated one in Othello —

Put out the light, and then put out the light.

according to Betterton. Mr. Booth contended to have it thus : —

Put out the light, and then put out THE *light.*

I could not help offering my conjecture on this occasion, and suggested it might perhaps be —

Put out the light, and then put out THY *light.*

Another hinted a reading very sophisticated in my opinion —

Put out the light, and then put out THEE, *light.*

making light to be the vocative case. Another would have altered the last word, and read —

Put out thy light, and then put out thy sight.

But Betterton said, if the text was to be disturbed, he saw no reason why a word might not be changed as well as a letter, and, instead of "put out thy light," you may read "put out thy eyes." At last it was agreed on all sides to refer the matter to the decision of Shakspeare himself, who delivered his sentiments as follows: "Faith, gentlemen, it is so long since I wrote the line, I have forgot my meaning. This I know, could I have dreamt so much nonsense would have been talked and writ about it, I would have blotted it out of my works; for I am sure, if any of these be my meaning, it doth me very little honour."

He was then interrogated concerning some other ambiguous passages in his works; but he declined any satisfactory answer; saying, if Mr. Theobald had not writ about it sufficiently, there were three or four more new editions of his plays coming out, which he hoped would satisfy every one: concluding, "I marvel nothing so much as that men will gird themselves at discovering obscure beauties in an author. Certes the greatest and most pregnant beauties are ever the plainest and most evidently striking; and when two meanings of a passage can in the least ballance our judgments which to prefer, I hold it matter of unquestionable certainty that neither of them is worth a farthing."

From his works our conversation turned on his monument; upon which, Shakspeare, shaking his sides, and addressing himself to Milton, cried out, "On my word, brother Milton, they have brought a

noble set of poets together; they would have been hanged erst have [ere they had] convened such a company at their tables when alive." "True, brother," answered Milton, "unless we had been as incapable of eating then as we are now."

CHAPTER NINE

MORE ADVENTURES IN ELYSIUM.

A CROWD of spirits now joined us, whom I soon perceived to be the heroes, who here frequently pay their respects to the several bards the recorders of their actions. I now saw Achilles and Ulysses addressing themselves to Homer, and Æneas and Julius Cæsar to Virgil: Adam went up to Milton, upon which I whispered Mr. Dryden that I thought the devil should have paid his compliments there, according to his opinion. Dryden only answered, "I believe the devil was in me when I said so." Several applied themselves to Shakspeare, amongst whom Henry V. made a very distinguishing appearance. While my eyes were fixed on that monarch a very small spirit came up to me, shook me heartily by the hand, and told me his name was THOMAS THUMB. I expressed great satisfaction in seeing him, nor could I help speaking my resentment against the historian, who had done such injustice to the stature of this great little man, which he represented to be no bigger than a span, whereas I plainly perceived at first sight he was full a foot and a half (and the 37th part of an inch more, as he himself informed me), being indeed little shorter than some considerable beaus of the present age.

I asked this little hero concerning the truth of those stories related of him, viz., of the pudding, and the cow's belly. As to the former, he said it was a ridiculous legend, worthy to be laughed at; but as to the latter, he could not help owning there was some truth in it: nor had he any reason to be ashamed of it, as he was swallowed by surprize; adding, with great fierceness, that if he had had any weapon in his hand the cow should have as soon swallowed the devil.

He spoke the last word with so much fury, and seemed so confounded, that, perceiving the effect it had on him, I immediately waved the story, and, passing to other matters, we had much conversation touching giants. He said, so far from killing any, he had never seen one alive; that he believed those actions were by mistake recorded of him, instead of Jack the giant-killer, whom he knew very well, and who had, he fancied, extirpated the race. I assured him to the contrary, and told him I had myself seen a huge tame giant, who very complacently stayed in London a whole winter, at the special request of several gentlemen and ladies; though the affairs of his family called him home to Sweden.

I now beheld a stern-looking spirit leaning on the shoulder of another spirit, and presently discerned the former to be Oliver Cromwell, and the latter Charles Martel. I own I was a little surprized at seeing Cromwell here, for I had been taught by my grandmother that he was carried away by the devil himself in a tempest; but he assured me, on his honour, there was not the least truth in that story.

However, he confessed he had narrowly escaped the bottomless pit; and, if the former part of his conduct had not been more to his honour than the latter, he had been certainly soused into it. He was, nevertheless, sent back to the upper world with this lot: — *Army*, *cavalier*, *distress*.

He was born, for the second time, the day of Charles II.'s restoration, into a family which had lost a very considerable fortune in the service of that prince and his father, for which they received the reward very often conferred by princes on real merit, viz. — 000. At 16 his father bought a small commission for him in the army, in which he served without any promotion all the reigns of Charles II. and of his brother. At the Revolution he quitted his regiment, and followed the fortunes of his former master, and was in his service dangerously wounded at the famous battle of the Boyne, where he fought in the capacity of a private soldier. He recovered of this wound, and retired after the unfortunate king to Paris, where he was reduced to support a wife and seven children (for his lot had horns in it) by cleaning shoes and snuffing candles at the opera. In which situation, after he had spent a few miserable years, he died half-starved and broken-hearted. He then revisited Minos, who, compassionating his sufferings by means of that family, to whom he had been in his former capacity so bitter an enemy, suffered him to enter here.

My curiosity would not refrain asking him one question, *i. e.*, whether in reality he had any desire to obtain the crown? He smiled, and said, "No

more than an ecclesiastic hath to the mitre, when he cries *Nolo episcopari*." Indeed, he seemed to express some contempt at the question, and presently turned away.

A venerable spirit appeared next, whom I found to be the great historian Livy. Alexander the Great, who was just arrived from the palace of death, past by him with a frown. The historian, observing it, said, "Ay, you may frown; but those troops which conquered the base Asiatic slaves would have made no figure against the Romans." We then privately lamented the loss of the most valuable part of his history; after which he took occasion to commend the judicious collection made by Mr. Hook, which, he said, was infinitely preferable to all others; and at my mentioning Echard's he gave a bounce, not unlike the going off of a squib, and was departing from me, when I begged him to satisfy my curiosity in one point — whether he was really superstitious or no? For I had always believed he was till Mr. Leibnitz had assured me to the contrary. He answered sullenly, "Doth Mr. Leibnitz know my mind better than myself?" and then walked away.

CHAPTER TEN

THE AUTHOR IS SURPRISED AT MEETING JULIAN THE APOSTATE IN ELYSIUM; BUT IS SATISFIED BY HIM BY WHAT MEANS HE PROCURED HIS ENTRANCE THERE. JULIAN RELATES HIS ADVENTURES IN THE CHARACTER OF A SLAVE.

AS he was departing I heard him salute a spirit by the name of Mr. Julian the apostate. This exceedingly amazed me; for I had concluded that no man ever had a better title to the bottomless pit than he. But I soon found that this same Julian the apostate was also the very individual archbishop Latimer. He told me that several lies had been raised on him in his former capacity, nor was he so bad a man as he had been represented. However, he had been denied admittance, and forced to undergo several subsequent pilgrimages on earth, and to act in the different characters of a slave, a Jew, a general, an heir, a carpenter, a beau, a monk, a fiddler, a wise man, a king, a fool, a beggar, a prince, a statesman, a soldier, a taylor, an alderman, a poet, a knight, a dancing-master, and three times a bishop, before his martyrdom, which, together with his other behaviour in this last character, satisfied the judge, and procured him a passage to the blessed regions.

I told him such various characters must have produced incidents extremely entertaining; and if he remembered all, as I supposed he did, and had leisure, I should be obliged to him for the recital. He answered he perfectly recollected every circumstance; and as to leisure, the only business of that happy place was to contribute to the happiness of each other. He therefore thanked me for adding to his, in proposing to him a method of increasing mine. I then took my little darling in one hand, and my favourite fellow-traveller in the other, and, going with him to a sunny bank of flowers, we all sat down, and he began as follows: —

"I suppose you are sufficiently acquainted with my story during the time I acted the part of the emperor Julian, though I assure you all which hath been related of me is not true, particularly with regard to the many prodigies forerunning my death. However, they are now very little worth disputing; and if they can serve any purpose of the historian they are extremely at his service.

"My next entrance into the world was at Laodicea, in Syria, in a Roman family of no great note; and, being of a roving disposition, I came at the age of seventeen to Constantinople, where, after about a year's stay, I set out for Thrace, at the time when the emperor Valens admitted the Goths into that country. I was there so captivated with the beauty of a Gothic lady, the wife of one Rodoric, a captain, whose name, out of the most delicate tenderness for her lovely sex, I shall even at this distance conceal; since her behaviour to me was more consistent with

good-nature than with that virtue which women are obliged to preserve against every assailant. In order to procure an intimacy with this woman I sold myself a slave to her husband, who, being of a nation not over-inclined to jealousy, presented me to his wife, for those very reasons which would have induced one of a jealous complexion to have withheld me from her, namely, for that I was young and handsome.

"Matters succeeded so far according to my wish, and the sequel answered those hopes which this beginning had raised. I soon perceived my service was very acceptable to her; I often met her eyes, nor did she withdraw them without a confusion which is scarce consistent with entire purity of heart. Indeed, she gave me every day fresh encouragement; but the unhappy distance which circumstances had placed between us deterred me long from making any direct attack; and she was too strict an observer of decorum to violate the severe rules of modesty by advancing first; but passion at last got the better of my respect, and I resolved to make one bold attempt, whatever was the consequence. Accordingly, laying hold of the first kind opportunity, when she was alone and my master abroad, I stoutly assailed the citadel and carried it by storm. Well may I say by storm; for the resistance I met was extremely resolute, and indeed as much as the most perfect decency would require. She swore often she would cry out for help; but I answered it was in vain, seeing there was no person near to assist her; and probably she believed me, for she did not once

actually cry out, which if she had, I might very likely have been prevented.

"When she found her virtue thus subdued against her will she patiently submitted to her fate, and quietly suffered me a long time to enjoy the most delicious fruits of my victory; but envious fortune resolved to make me pay a dear price for my pleasure. One day in the midst of our happiness we were suddenly surprized by the unexpected return of her husband, who, coming directly into his wife's apartment, just allowed me time to creep under the bed. The disorder in which he found his wife might have surprized a jealous temper; but his was so far otherwise, that possibly no mischief might have happened had he not by a cross accident discovered my legs, which were not well hid. He immediately drew me out by them, and then, turning to his wife with a stern countenance, began to handle a weapon he wore by his side, with which I am persuaded he would have instantly despatched her, had I not very gallantly, and with many imprecations, asserted her innocence and my own guilt; which, however, I protested had hitherto gone no farther than design. She so well seconded my plea (for she was a woman of wonderful art), that he was at length imposed upon; and now all his rage was directed against me, threatening all manner of tortures, which the poor lady was in too great a fright and confusion to dissuade him from executing; and perhaps, if her concern for me had made her attempt it, it would have raised a jealousy in him not afterwards to be removed.

"After some hesitation Rodoric cried out he had luckily hit on the most proper punishment for me in the world, by a method which would at once do severe justice on me for my criminal intention, and at the same time prevent me from any danger of executing my wicked purpose hereafter. This cruel resolution was immediately executed, and I was no longer worthy the name of a man.

"Having thus disqualified me from doing him any future injury, he still retained me in his family; but the lady, very probably repenting of what she had done, and looking on me as the author of her guilt, would never for the future give me either a kind word or look: and shortly after, a great exchange being made between the Romans and the Goths of dogs for men, my lady exchanged me with a Roman widow for a small lap-dog, giving a considerable sum of money to boot.

"In this widow's service I remained seven years, during all which time I was very barbarously treated. I was worked without the least mercy, and often severely beat by a swinging maid-servant, who never called me by any other names than those of the Thing and the Animal. Though I used my utmost industry to please, it never was in my power. Neither the lady nor her woman would eat anything I touched, saying they did not believe me wholesome. It is unnecessary to repeat particulars; in a word, you can imagine no kind of ill usage which I did not suffer in this family.

"At last an heathen priest, an acquaintance of my lady's, obtained me of her for a present. The scene

was now totally changed, and I had as much reason to be satisfied with my present situation as I had to lament my former. I was so absolutely my master's favourite, that the rest of the slaves paid me almost as much regard as they shewed to him, well knowing that it was entirely in my power to command and treat them as I pleased. I was intrusted with all my master's secrets, and used to assist him in privately conveying away by night the sacrifices from the altars, which the people believed the deities themselves devoured. Upon these we feasted very elegantly, nor could invention suggest a rarity which we did not pamper ourselves with. Perhaps you may admire at the close union between this priest and his slave, but we lived in an intimacy which the Christians thought criminal; but my master, who knew the will of the gods, with whom he told me he often conversed, assured me it was perfectly innocent.

"This happy life continued about four years, when my master's death, occasioned by a surfeit got by overfeeding on several exquisite dainties, put an end to it.

"I now fell into the hands of one of a very different disposition, and this was no other than the celebrated St. Chrysostom, who dieted me with sermons instead of sacrifices, and filled my ears with good things, but not my belly. Instead of high food to fatten and pamper my flesh, I had receipts to mortify and reduce it. With these I edified so well, that within a few months I became a skeleton. However, as he had converted me to his faith, I was well

enough satisfied with this new manner of living, by which he taught me I might ensure myself an eternal reward in a future state. The saint was a good-natured man, and never gave me an ill word but once, which was occasioned by my neglecting to place Aristophanes, which was his constant bed-fellow, on his pillow. He was, indeed, extremely fond of that Greek poet, and frequently made me read his comedies to him. When I came to any of the loose passages he would smile, and say, 'It was pity his matter was not as pure as his style;' of which latter he was so immoderately fond that, notwithstanding the detestation he expressed for obscenity, he hath made me repeat those passages ten times over. The character of this good man hath been very unjustly attacked by his heathen contemporaries, particularly with regard to women; but his severe invectives against that sex are his sufficient justification.

"From the service of this saint, from whom I received manumission, I entered into the family of Timasius, a leader of great eminence in the imperial army, into whose favour I so far insinuated myself that he preferred me to a good command, and soon made me partaker of both his company and his secrets. I soon grew intoxicated with this preferment, and the more he loaded me with benefits the more he raised my opinion of my own merit, which, still outstripping the rewards he conferred on me, inspired me rather with dissatisfaction than gratitude. And thus, by preferring me beyond my merit or first expectation, he made me an envious aspiring

enemy, whom perhaps a more moderate bounty would have preserved a dutiful servant.

"I fell now acquainted with one Lucilius, a creature of the prime minister Eutropius, who had by his favour been raised to the post of a tribune; a man of low morals, and eminent only in that meanest of qualities, cunning. This gentleman, imagining me a fit tool for the minister's purpose, having often sounded my principles of honour and honesty, both which he declared to me were words without meaning, and finding my ready concurrence in his sentiments, recommended me to Eutropius as very proper to execute some wicked purposes he had contrived against my friend Timasius. The minister embraced this recommendation, and I was accordingly acquainted by Lucilius (after some previous accounts of the great esteem Eutropius entertained of me, from the testimony he had borne of my parts) that he would introduce me to him; adding that he was a great encourager of merit, and that I might depend upon his favour.

"I was with little difficulty prevailed on to accept of this invitation. A late hour therefore the next evening being appointed, I attended my friend Lucilius to the minister's house. He received me with the utmost civility and chearfulness, and affected so much regard to me, that I, who knew nothing of these high scenes of life, concluded I had in him a most disinterested friend, owing to the favourable report which Lucilius had made of me. I was however soon cured of this opinion; for immediately after supper our discourse turned on the injustice which

the generality of the world were guilty of in their conduct to great men, expecting that they should reward their private merit, without ever endeavouring to apply it to their use. 'What avail,' said Eutropius, 'the learning, wit, courage, or any virtue which a man may be possest of, to me, unless I receive some benefit from them? Hath he not more merit to me who doth my business and obeys my commands, without any of these qualities?' I gave such entire satisfaction in my answers on this head, that both the minister and his creature grew bolder, and after some preface began to accuse Timasius. At last, finding I did not attempt to defend him, Lucilius swore a great oath that he was not fit to live, and that he would destroy him. Eutropius answered that it would be too dangerous a task: 'Indeed,' says he, 'his crimes are of so black a die, and so well known to the emperor, that his death must be a very acceptable service, and could not fail meeting a proper reward: but I question whether you are capable of executing it.' 'If he is not,' cried I, 'I am; and surely no man can have greater motives to destroy him than myself: for, besides his disloyalty to my prince, for whom I have so perfect a duty, I have private disobligations to him. I have had fellows put over my head, to the great scandal of the service in general, and to my own prejudice and disappointment in particular.' I will not repeat you my whole speech; but, to be as concise as possible, when we parted that evening the minister squeezed me heartily by the hand, and with great commendation of my honesty and assur-

ances of his favour, he appointed me the next evening to come to him alone; when, finding me, after a little more scrutiny, ready for his purpose, he proposed to me to accuse Timasius of high treason, promising me the highest rewards if I would undertake it. The consequence to him, I suppose you know, was ruin; but what was it to me? Why, truly, when I waited on Eutropius for the fulfilling his promises, he received me with great distance and coldness; and, on my dropping some hints of my expectations from him, he affected not to understand me; saying he thought impunity was the utmost I could hope for on discovering my accomplice, whose offence was only greater than mine, as he was in a higher station; and telling me he had great difficulty to obtain a pardon for me from the emperor, which, he said, he had struggled very hardly for, as he had worked the discovery out of me. He turned away, and addressed himself to another person.

"I was so incensed at this treatment, that I resolved revenge, and should certainly have pursued it, had he not cautiously prevented me by taking effectual means to despatch me soon after out of the world.

"You will, I believe, now think I had a second good chance for the bottomless pit, and indeed Minos seemed inclined to tumble me in, till he was informed of the revenge taken on me by Rodoric, and my seven years' subsequent servitude to the widow; which he thought sufficient to make atonement for all the crimes a single life could admit of, and so sent me back to try my fortune a third time."

CHAPTER ELEVEN

IN WHICH JULIAN RELATES HIS ADVENTURES IN THE CHARACTER OF AN AVARICIOUS JEW.

THE next character in which I was destined to appear in the flesh was that of an avaricious Jew. I was born in Alexandria in Egypt. My name was Balthazar. Nothing very remarkable happened to me till the year of the memorable tumult in which the Jews of that city are reported in history to have massacred more Christians than at that time dwelt in it. Indeed, the truth is, they did maul the dogs pretty handsomely; but I myself was not present, for as all our people were ordered to be armed, I took that opportunity of selling two swords, which probably I might otherwise never have disposed of, they being extremely old and rusty; so that, having no weapon left, I did not care to venture abroad. Besides, though I really thought it an act meriting salvation to murder the Nazarenes, as the fact was to be committed at midnight, at which time, to avoid suspicion, we were all to sally from our own houses, I could not persuade myself to consume so much oil in sitting up to that hour: for these reasons therefore I remained at home that evening.

"I was at this time greatly enamoured with one Hypatia, the daughter of a philosopher; a young

lady of the greatest beauty and merit: indeed, she had every imaginable ornament both of mind and body. She seemed not to dislike my person; but there were two obstructions to our marriage, viz., my religion and her poverty: both which might probably have been got over, had not those dogs the Christians murdered her; and, what is worse, afterwards burned her body: worse, I say, because I lost by that means a jewel of some value, which I had presented to her, designing, if our nuptials did not take place, to demand it of her back again.

"Being thus disappointed in my love, I soon after left Alexandria and went to the imperial city, where I apprehended I should find a good market for jewels on the approaching marriage of the emperor with Athenais. I disguised myself as a beggar on this journey, for these reasons: first, as I imagined I should thus carry my jewels with greater safety; and, secondly, to lessen my expenses; which latter expedient succeeded so well, that I begged two oboli on my way more than my travelling cost me, my diet being chiefly roots, and my drink water.

"But, perhaps, it had been better for me if I had been more lavish and more expeditious; for the ceremony was over before I reached Constantinople; so that I lost that glorious opportunity of disposing of my jewels with which many of our people were greatly enriched.

"The life of a miser is very little worth relating, as it is one constant scheme of getting or saving money. I shall therefore repeat to you some few only of my adventures, without regard to any order.

"A Roman Jew, who was a great lover of Falernian wine, and who indulged himself very freely with it, came to dine at my house; when, knowing he should meet with little wine, and that of the cheaper sort, sent me in half-a-dozen jars of Falernian. Can you believe I would not give this man his own wine? Sir, I adulterated it so that I made six jars of [them] three, which he and his friend drank; the other three I afterwards sold to the very person who originally sent them me, knowing he would give a better price than any other.

"A noble Roman came one day to my house in the country, which I had purchased, for half the value, of a distressed person. My neighbours paid him the compliment of some music, on which account, when he departed, he left a piece of gold with me to be distributed among them. I pocketed this money, and ordered them a small vessel of sour wine, which I could not have sold for above two drachms, and afterwards made them pay in work three times the value of it.

"As I was not entirely void of religion, though I pretended to infinitely more than I had, so I endeavoured to reconcile my transactions to my conscience as well as possible. Thus I never invited any one to eat with me, but those on whose pockets I had some design. After our collation it was constantly my method to set down in a book I kept for that purpose, what I thought they owed me for their meal. Indeed, this was generally a hundred times as much as they could have dined elsewhere for; but, however, it was *quid pro quo*, if not *ad*

valorem. Now, whenever the opportunity offered of imposing on them I considered it only as paying myself what they owed me: indeed, I did not always confine myself strictly to what I had set down, however extravagant that was; but I reconciled taking the overplus to myself as usance.

"But I was not only too cunning for others — I sometimes overreached myself. I have contracted distempers for want of food and warmth, which have put me to the expence of a physician; nay, I once very narrowly escaped death by taking bad drugs, only to save one seven-eighth per cent. in the price.

"By these and such like means, in the midst of poverty and every kind of distress, I saw myself master of an immense fortune, the casting up and ruminating on which was my daily and only pleasure. This was, however, obstructed and embittered by two considerations, which against my will often invaded my thoughts. One, which would have been intolerable (but that indeed seldom troubled me), was, that I must one day leave my darling treasure. The other haunted me continually, viz., that my riches were no greater. However, I comforted myself against this reflection by an assurance that they would increase daily: on which head my hopes were so extensive that I may say with Virgil —

'*His ego nec metas rerum nec tempora pono.*'

Indeed I am convinced that, had I possessed the whole globe of earth, save one single drachma, which I had been certain never to be master of — I am convinced, I say, that single drachma would have given

me more uneasiness than all the rest could afford me pleasure.

"To say the truth, between my solicitude in contriving schemes to procure money and my extreme anxiety in preserving it, I never had one moment of ease while awake nor of quiet when in my sleep. In all the characters through which I have passed, I have never undergone half the misery I suffered in this; and, indeed, Minos seemed to be of the same opinion; for while I stood trembling and shaking in expectation of my sentence he bid me go back about my business, for that nobody was to be d—n'd in more worlds than one. And, indeed, I have since learnt that the devil will not receive a miser."

CHAPTER TWELVE

WHAT HAPPENED TO JULIAN IN THE CHARACTERS OF A GENERAL, AN HEIR, A CARPENTER, AND A BEAU.

THE next step I took into the world was at Apollonia, in Thrace, where I was born of a beautiful Greek slave, who was the mistress of Eutyches, a great favourite of the emperor Zeno. That prince, at his restoration, gave me the command of a cohort, I being then but fifteen years of age; and a little afterwards, before I had even seen an army, preferred me, over the heads of all the old officers, to be a tribune.

"As I found an easy access to the emperor, by means of my father's intimacy with him, he being a very good courtier — or, in other words, a most prostitute flatterer — so I soon ingratiated myself with Zeno, and so well imitated my father in flattering him, that he would never part with me from about his person. So that the first armed force I ever beheld was that with which Marcian surrounded the palace, where I was then shut up with the rest of the court.

"I was afterwards put at the head of a legion and ordered to march into Syria with Theodoric the Goth; that is, I mean my legion was so ordered; for, as to myself, I remained at court, with the name

and pay of a general, without the labour or the danger.

"As nothing could be more gay, *i. e.*, debauched, than Zeno's court, so the ladies of gay disposition had great sway in it; particularly one, whose name was Fausta, who, though not extremely handsome, was by her wit and sprightliness very agreeable to the emperor. With her I lived in good correspondence, and we together disposed of all kinds of commissions in the army, not to those who had most merit, but who would purchase at the highest rate. My levee was now prodigiously thronged by officers who returned from the campaigns, who, though they might have been convinced by daily example how ineffectual a recommendation their services were, still continued indefatigable in attendance, and behaved to me with as much observance and respect as I should have been entitled to for making their fortunes, while I suffered them and their families to starve.

"Several poets, likewise, addressed verses to me, in which they celebrated my achievements; and what, perhaps, may seem strange to us at present, I received all this incense with most greedy vanity, without once reflecting that, as I did not deserve these compliments, they should rather put me in mind of my defects.

"My father was now dead, and I became so absolute in the emperor's grace that one unacquainted with courts would scarce believe the servility with which all kinds of persons who entered the walls of the palace behaved towards me. A bow, a smile, a

nod from me, as I past through cringing crouds, were esteemed as signal favours; but a gracious word made any one happy; and, indeed, had this real benefit attending it, that it drew on the person on whom it was bestowed a very great degree of respect from all others; for these are of current value in courts, and, like notes in trading communities, are assignable from one to the other. The smile of a court favourite immediately raises the person who receives it, and gives a value to his smile when conferred on an inferior: thus the smile is transferred from one to the other, and the great man at last is the person to discount it. For instance, a very low fellow hath a desire for a place. To whom is he to apply? Not to the great man; for to him he hath no access. He therefore applies to A, who is the creature of B, who is the tool of C, who is the flatterer of D, who is the catamite of E, who is the pimp of F, who is the bully of G, who is the buffoon of I, who is the husband of K, who is the whore of L, who is the bastard of M, who is the instrument of the great man. Thus the smile, descending regularly from the great man to A, is discounted back again, and at last paid by the great man.

"It is manifest that a court would subsist as difficultly without this kind of coin as a trading city without paper credit. Indeed, they differ in this, that their value is not quite so certain, and a favourite may protest his smile without the danger of bankruptcy.

"In the midst of all this glory the emperor died,

and Anastasius was preferred to the crown. As it was yet uncertain whether I should not continue in favour, I was received as usual at my entrance into the palace to pay my respects to the new emperor; but I was no sooner rumped by him than I received the same compliment from all the rest; the whole room, like a regiment of soldiers, turning their backs to me all at once: my smile now was become of equal value with the note of a broken banker, and every one was as cautious not to receive it.

"I made as much haste as possible from the court, and shortly after from the city, retreating to the place of my nativity, where I spent the remainder of my days in a retired life in husbandry, the only amusement for which I was qualified, having neither learning nor virtue.

"When I came to the gate Minos again seemed at first doubtful, but at length dismissed me; saying though I had been guilty of many heinous crimes, in as much as I had, though a general, never been concerned in spilling human blood, I might return again to earth.

"I was now again born in Alexandria, and, by great accident, entring into the womb of my daughter-in-law, came forth my own grandson, inheriting that fortune which I had before amassed.

"Extravagance was now as notoriously my vice as avarice had been formerly; and I spent in a very short life what had cost me the labour of a very long one to rake together. Perhaps you will think my present condition was more to be envied than my former: but upon my word it was very little so; for,

by possessing everything almost before I desired it, I could hardly ever say I enjoyed my wish: I scarce ever knew the delight of satisfying a craving appetite. Besides, as I never once thought, my mind was useless to me, and I was an absolute stranger to all the pleasures arising from it. Nor, indeed, did my education qualify me for any delicacy in other enjoyments; so that in the midst of plenty I loathed everything. Taste for elegance I had none; and the greatest of corporeal blisses I felt no more from than the lowest animal. In a word, as while a miser I had plenty without daring to use it, so now I had it without appetite.

"But if I was not very happy in the height of my enjoyment, so I afterwards became perfectly miserable; being soon overtaken by disease, and reduced to distress, till at length, with a broken constitution and broken heart, I ended my wretched days in a gaol: nor can I think the sentence of Minos too mild, who condemned me, after having taken a large dose of avarice, to wander three years on the banks of Cocytus, with the knowledge of having spent the fortune in the person of the grandson which I had raised in that of the grandfather.

"The place of my birth, on my return to the world, was Constantinople, where my father was a carpenter. The first thing I remember was, the triumph of Belisarius, which was, indeed, a most noble shew; but nothing pleased me so much as the figure of Gelimer, king of the African Vandals, who, being led captive on this occasion, reflecting with disdain on the mutation of his own fortune, and

on the ridiculous empty pomp of the conqueror, cried out, 'VANITY, VANITY, ALL IS MERE VANITY.'

"I was bred up to my father's trade, and you may easily believe so low a sphere could produce no adventures worth your notice. However, I married a woman I liked, and who proved a very tolerable wife. My days were past in hard labour, but this procured me health, and I enjoyed a homely supper at night with my wife with more pleasure than I apprehend greater persons find at their luxurious meals. My life had scarce any variety in it, and at my death I advanced to Minos with great confidence of entering the gate: but I was unhappily obliged to discover some frauds I had been guilty of in the measure of my work when I worked by the foot, as well as my laziness when I was employed by the day. On which account, when I attempted to pass, the angry judge laid hold on me by the shoulders, and turned me back so violently, that, had I had a neck of flesh and bone, I believe he would have broke it."

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

JULIAN PASSES INTO A FOP.

MY scene of action was Rome. I was born into a noble family, and heir to a considerable fortune. On which my parents, thinking I should not want any talents, resolved very kindly and wisely to throw none away upon me. The only instructors of my youth were therefore one Saltator, who taught me several motions for my legs; and one Ficus, whose business was to shew me the cleanest way (as he called it) of cutting off a man's head. When I was well accomplished in these sciences, I thought nothing more wanting, but what was to be furnished by the several mechanics in Rome, who dealt in dressing and adorning the pope. Being therefore well equipped with all which their art could produce, I became at the age of twenty a complete finished beau. And now during forty-five years I drest, I sang and danced, and danced and sang, I bowed and ogled, and ogled and bowed, till, in the sixty-sixth year of my age, I got cold by overheating myself with dancing, and died.

"Minos told me, as I was unworthy of Elysium, so I was too insignificant to be damned, and therefore bad me walk back again."

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

ADVENTURES IN THE PERSON OF A MONK.

FORTUNE now placed me in the character of a younger brother of a good house, and I was in my youth sent to school; but learning was now at so low an ebb, that my master himself could hardly construe a sentence of Latin; and as for Greek, he could not read it. With very little knowledge therefore, and with altogether as little virtue, I was set apart for the church, and at the proper age commenced monk. I lived many years retired in a cell, a life very agreeable to the gloominess of my temper, which was much inclined to despise the world; that is, in other words, to envy all men of superior fortune and qualifications, and in general to hate and detest the human species. Notwithstanding which, I could, on proper occasions, submit to flatter the vilest fellow in nature, which I did one Stephen, an eunuch, a favourite of the emperor Justinian II., one of the wickedest wretches whom perhaps the world ever saw. I not only wrote a panegyric on this man, but I commended him as a pattern to all others in my sermons; by which means I so greatly ingratiated myself with him, that he introduced me to the emperor's presence, where I prevailed so far by the same methods, that I was shortly

taken from my cell, and preferred to a place at court. I was no sooner established in the favour of Justinian than I prompted him to all kind of cruelty. As I was of a sour morose temper, and hated nothing more than the symptoms of happiness appearing in any countenance, I represented all kind of diversion and amusement as the most horrid sins. I inveighed against chearfulness as levity, and encouraged nothing but gravity, or, to confess the truth to you, hypocrisy. The unhappy emperor followed my advice, and incensed the people by such repeated barbarities, that he was at last deposed by them and banished.

"I now retired again to my cell (for historians mistake in saying I was put to death), where I remained safe from the danger of the irritated mob, whom I cursed in my own heart as much as they could curse me.

"Justinian, after three years of his banishment, returned to Constantinople in disguise, and paid me a visit. I at first affected not to know him, and without the least compunction of gratitude for his former favours, intended not to receive him, till a thought immediately suggesting itself to me how I might convert him to my advantage, I pretended to recollect him; and, blaming the shortness of my memory and badness of my eyes, I sprung forward and embraced him with great affection.

"My design was to betray him to Apsimar, who, I doubted not, would generously reward such a service. I therefore very earnestly requested him to spend the whole evening with me; to which he consented. I formed an excuse for leaving him a few

minutes, and ran away to the palace to acquaint Apsimar with the guest whom I had then in my cell. He presently ordered a guard to go with me and seize him; but, whether the length of my stay gave him any suspicion, or whether he changed his purpose after my departure, I know not; for at my return we found he had given us the slip; nor could we with the most diligent search discover him.

"Apsimar, being disappointed of his prey, now raged at me; at first denouncing the most dreadful vengeance if I did not produce the deposed monarch. However, by soothing his passion when at the highest, and afterwards by canting and flattery, I made a shift to escape his fury.

"When Justinian was restored I very confidently went to wish him joy of his restoration: but it seems he had unfortunately heard of my treachery, so that he at first received me coldly, and afterwards upbraided me openly with what I had done. I persevered stoutly in denying it, as I knew no evidence could be produced against me; till, finding him irreconcilable, I betook myself to reviling him in my sermons, and on every other occasion, as an enemy to the church and good men, and as an infidel, a heretic, an atheist, a heathen, and an Arian. This I did immediately on his return, and before he gave those flagrant proofs of his inhumanity which afterwards sufficiently verified all I had said.

"Luckily I died on the same day when a great number of those forces which Justinian had sent against the Thracian Bosphorus, and who had executed such unheard-of cruelties there, perished. As

every one of these was cast into the bottomless pit, Minos was so tired with condemnation, that he proclaimed that all present who had not been concerned in that bloody expedition might, if they pleased, return to the other world. I took him at his word, and, presently turning about, began my journey."

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

JULIAN PASSES INTO THE CHARACTER OF A FIDLER.

ROME was now the seat of my nativity. My mother was an African, a woman of no great beauty, but a favourite, I suppose from her piety, of pope Gregory II. Who was my father I know not, but I believe no very considerable man; for after the death of that pope, who was, out of his religion, a very good friend of my mother, we fell into great distress, and were at length reduced to walk the streets of Rome; nor had either of us any other support but a fiddle, on which I played with pretty tolerable skill; for, as my genius turned naturally to music, so I had been in my youth very early instructed at the expense of the good pope. This afforded us but a very poor livelihood: for, though I had often a numerous croud of hearers, few ever thought themselves obliged to contribute the smallest pittance to the poor starving wretch who had given them pleasure. Nay, some of the graver sort, after an hour's attention to my music, have gone away shaking their heads, and crying it was a shame such vagabonds were suffered to stay in the city.

"To say the truth, I am confident the fiddle would not have kept us alive had we entirely de-

pended on the generosity of my hearers. My mother therefore was forced to use her own industry; and while I was soothing the ears of the croud, she applied to their pockets, and that generally with such good success that we now began to enjoy a very comfortable subsistence; and indeed, had we had the least prudence or forecast, might have soon acquired enough to enable us to quit this dangerous and dishonourable way of life: but I know not what is the reason that money got with labour and safety is constantly preserved, while the produce of danger and ease is commonly spent as easily, and often as wickedly, as acquired. Thus we proportioned our expenses rather by what we had than what we wanted or even desired; and on obtaining a considerable booty we have even forced nature into the most profligate extravagance, and have been wicked without inclination.

"We carried on this method of thievery for a long time without detection: but, as Fortune generally leaves persons of extraordinary ingenuity in the lurch at last, so did she us; for my poor mother was taken in the fact, and, together with myself, as her accomplice, hurried before a magistrate.

"Luckily for us, the person who was to be our judge was the greatest lover of music in the whole city, and had often sent for me to play to him, for which, as he had given me very small rewards, perhaps his gratitude now moved him: but, whatever was his motive, he browbeat the informers against us, and treated their evidence with so little favour, that their mouths were soon stopped, and we dis-

missed with honour; acquitted, I should rather have said, for we were not suffered to depart till I had given the judge several tunes on the fiddle.

"We escaped the better on this occasion because the person robbed happened to be a poet; which gave the judge, who was a facetious person, many opportunities of jesting. He said poets and musicians should agree together, seeing they had married sisters; which he afterwards explained to be the sister arts. And when the piece of gold was produced he burst into a loud laugh, and said it must be the golden age, when poets had gold in their pockets, and in that age there could be no robbers. He made many more jests of the same kind, but a small taste will suffice.

"It is a common saying that men should take warning by any signal delivery; but I cannot approve the justice of it; for to me it seems that the acquittal of a guilty person should rather inspire him with confidence, and it had this effect on us: for we now laughed at the law, and despised its punishments, which we found were to be escaped even against positive evidence. We imagined the late example was rather a warning to the accuser than the criminal, and accordingly proceeded in the most impudent and flagitious manner.

"Among other robberies, one night, being admitted by the servants into the house of an opulent priest, my mother took an opportunity, whilst the servants were dancing to my tunes, to convey away a silver vessel; this she did without the least sacrilegious intention; but it seems the cup, which was

a pretty large one, was dedicated to holy uses, and only borrowed by the priest on an entertainment which he made for some of his brethren. We were immediately pursued upon this robbery (the cup being taken in our possession), and carried before the same magistrate, who had before behaved to us with so much gentleness: but his countenance was now changed, for the moment the priest appeared against us, his severity was as remarkable as his candour had been before, and we were both ordered to be stript and whipt through the streets.

"This sentence was executed with great severity, the priest himself attending and encouraging the executioner, which he said he did for the good of our souls; but, though our backs were both flead, neither my mother's torments nor my own afflicted me so much as the indignity offered to my poor fiddle, which was carried in triumph before me, and treated with a contempt by the multitude, intimating a great scorn for the science I had the honour to profess; which, as it is one of the noblest inventions of men, and as I had been always in the highest degree proud of my excellence in it, I suffered so much from the ill-treatment my fiddle received, that I would have given all my remainder of skin to have preserved it from this affront.

"My mother survived the whipping a very short time; and I was now reduced to great distress and misery, till a young Roman of considerable rank took a fancy to me, received me into his family, and conversed with me in the utmost familiarity. He had a violent attachment to music, and would learn

to play on the fiddle; but, through want of genius for the science, he never made any considerable progress. However, I flattered his performance, and he grew extravagantly fond of me for so doing. Had I continued this behaviour I might possibly have reaped the greatest advantages from his kindness; but I had raised his own opinion of his musical abilities so high, that he now began to prefer his skill to mine, a presumption I could not bear. One day as we were playing in concert he was horribly out; nor was it possible, as he destroyed the harmony, to avoid telling him of it. Instead of receiving my correction, he answered it was my blunder and not his, and that I had mistaken the key. Such an affront from my own scholar was beyond human patience; I flew into a violent passion, I flung down my instrument in a rage, and swore I was not to be taught music at my age. He answered, with as much warmth, nor was he to be instructed by a stroling fiddler. The dispute ended in a challenge to play a prize before judges. This wager was determined in my favour; but the purchase was a dear one, for I lost my friend by it, who now, twitting me with all his kindness, with my former ignominious punishment, and the destitute condition from which I had been by his bounty relieved, discarded me for ever.

"While I lived with this gentleman I became known, among others, to Sabina, a lady of distinction, and who valued herself much on her taste for music. She no sooner heard of my being discarded than she took me into her house, where I was ex-

tremely well cloathed and fed. Notwithstanding which, my situation was far from agreeable; for I was obliged to submit to her constant reprehensions before company, which gave me the greater uneasiness because they were always wrong; nor am I certain that she did not by these provocations contribute to my death: for, as experience had taught me to give up my resentment to my bread, so my passions, for want of outward vent, preyed inwardly on my vitals, and perhaps occasioned the distemper of which I sickened.

"The lady, who, amidst all the faults she found, was very fond of me, nay, probably was the fonder of me the more faults she found, immediately called in the aid of three celebrated physicians. The doctors (being well fee'd) made me seven visits in three days, and two of them were at the door to visit me the eighth time, when, being acquainted that I was just dead, they shook their heads and departed.

"When I came to Minos he asked me with a smile whether I had brought my fiddle with me; and, receiving an answer in the negative, he bid me get about my business, saying it was well for me that the devil was no lover of music."

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

THE HISTORY OF THE WISE MAN.

I NOW returned to Rome, but in a very different character. Fortune had now allotted me a serious part to act. I had even in my infancy a grave disposition, nor was I ever seen to smile, which infused an opinion into all about me that I was a child of great solidity; some foreseeing that I should be a judge, and others a bishop. At two years old my father presented me with a rattle, which I broke to pieces with great indignation. This the good parent, being extremely wise, regarded as an eminent symptom of my wisdom, and cried out in a kind of extasy, 'Well said, boy! I warrant thou makest a great man.'

"At school I could never be persuaded to play with my mates; not that I spent my hours in learning, to which I was not in the least addicted, nor indeed had I any talents for it. However, the solemnity of my carriage won so much on my master, who was a most sagacious person, that I was his chief favourite, and my example on all occasions was recommended to the other boys, which filled them with envy, and me with pleasure; but, though they envied me, they all paid me that involuntary respect which it is the curse attending this passion to bear towards its object.

"I had now obtained universally the character of a very wise young man, which I did not altogether purchase without pains; for the restraint I laid on myself in abstaining from the several diversions adapted to my years cost me many a yearning; but the pride which I inwardly enjoyed in the fancied dignity of my character made me some amends.

"Thus I past on, without anything very memorable happening to me, till I arrived at the age of twenty-three, when unfortunately I fell acquainted with a young Neapolitan lady whose name was Ariadne. Her beauty was so exquisite that her first sight made a violent impression on me; this was again improved by her behaviour, which was most genteel, easy, and affable: lastly, her conversation compleated the conquest. In this she discovered a strong and lively understanding, with the sweetest and most benign temper. This lovely creature was about eighteen when I first unhappily beheld her at Rome, on a visit to a relation with whom I had great intimacy. As our interviews at first were extremely frequent, my passions were captivated before I apprehended the least danger; and the sooner probably, as the young lady herself, to whom I consulted every method of recommendation, was not displeased with my being her admirer.

"Ariadne, having spent three months at Rome, now returned to Naples, bearing my heart with her: on the other hand, I had all the assurances consistent with the constraint under which the most perfect modesty lays a young woman, that her own heart was not entirely unaffected. I soon found her ab-

sence gave me an uneasiness not easy to be borne or to remove. I now first applied to diversions (of the graver sort, particularly to music), but in vain; they rather raised my desires and heightened my anguish. My passion at length grew so violent, that I began to think of satisfying it. As the first step to this, I cautiously enquired into the circumstances of Ariadne's parents, with which I was hitherto unacquainted: though, indeed, I did not apprehend they were extremely great, notwithstanding the handsome appearance of their daughter at Rome. Upon examination, her fortune exceeded my expectation, but was not sufficient to justify my marriage with her, in the opinion of the wise and prudent. I had now a violent struggle between wisdom and happiness, in which, after several grievous pangs, wisdom got the better. I could by no means prevail with myself to sacrifice that character of profound wisdom, which I had with such uniform conduct obtained, and with such caution hitherto preserved. I therefore resolved to conquer my affection, whatever it cost me; and indeed it did not cost me a little.

"While I was engaged in this conflict (for it lasted a long time) Ariadne returned to Rome: her presence was a terrible enemy to my wisdom, which even in her absence had with great difficulty stood its ground. It seems (as she hath since told me in Elysium with much merriment) I had made the same impressions on her which she had made on me. Indeed, I believe my wisdom would have been totally subdued by this surprize, had it not cunningly suggested to me a method of satisfying my passion without doing any

injury to my reputation. This was by engaging her privately as a mistress, which was at that time reputable enough at Rome, provided the affair was managed with an air of slyness and gravity, though the secret was known to the whole city.

"I immediately set about this project, and employed every art and engine to effect it. I had particularly bribed her priest, and an old female acquaintance and distant relation of her's, into my interest: but all was in vain; her virtue opposed the passion in her breast as strongly as wisdom had opposed it in mine. She received my proposals with the utmost disdain, and presently refused to see or hear from me any more.

"She returned again to Naples, and left me in a worse condition than before. My days I now passed with the most irksome uneasiness, and my nights were restless and sleepless. The story of our amour was now pretty public, and the ladies talked of our match as certain; but my acquaintance denied their assent, saying, 'No, no, he is too wise to marry so imprudently.' This their opinion gave me, I own, very great pleasure; but, to say the truth, scarce compensated the pangs I suffered to preserve it.

"One day, while I was balancing with myself, and had almost resolved to enjoy my happiness at the price of my character, a friend brought me word that Ariadne was married. This news struck me to the soul; and though I had resolution enough to maintain my gravity before him (for which I suffered not a little the more), the moment I was alone I threw myself into the most violent fit of despair, and would

willingly have parted with wisdom, fortune, and everything else, to have retrieved her; but that was impossible, and I had now nothing but time to hope a cure from. This was very tedious in performing it, and the longer as Ariadne had married a Roman cavalier, was now become my near neighbour, and I had the mortification of seeing her make the best of wives, and of having the happiness which I had lost, every day before my eyes.

"If I suffered so much on account of my wisdom in having refused Ariadne, I was not much more obliged to it for procuring me a rich widow, who was recommended to me by an old friend as a very prudent match; and, indeed, so it was, her fortune being superior to mine in the same proportion as that of Ariadne had been inferior. I therefore embraced this proposal, and my character of wisdom soon pleaded so effectually for me with the widow, who was herself a woman of great gravity and discretion, that I soon succeeded; and as soon as decency would permit (of which this lady was the strictest observer) we were married, being the second day of the second week of the second year after her husband's death; for she said she thought some period of time above the year had a great air of decorum.

"But, prudent as this lady was, she made me miserable. Her person was far from being lovely, but her temper was intolerable. During fifteen years' habitation, I never passed a single day without heartily cursing her, and the hour in which we came together. The only comfort I received, in the midst of the highest torments, was from continually

hearing the prudence of my match commended by all my acquaintance.

"Thus you see, in the affairs of love, I bought the reputation of wisdom pretty dear. In other matters I had it somewhat cheaper; not that hypocrisy, which was the price I gave for it, gives one no pain. I have refused myself a thousand little amusements with a feigned contempt, while I have really had an inclination to them. I have often almost choaked myself to restrain from laughing at a jest, and (which was perhaps to myself the least hurtful of all my hypocrisy) have heartily enjoyed a book in my closet which I have spoken with detestation of in public. To sum up my history in short, as I had few adventures worth remembering, my whole life was one constant lie; and happy would it have been for me if I could as thoroughly have imposed on myself as I did on others: for reflection, at every turn, would often remind me I was not so wise as people thought me; and this considerably embittered the pleasure I received from the public commendation of my wisdom. This self-admonition, like a *memento mori* or *mortalis es*, must be, in my opinion, a very dangerous enemy to flattery: indeed, a weight sufficient to counterbalance all the false praise of the world. But whether it be that the generality of wise men do not reflect at all, or whether they have, from a constant imposition on others, contracted such a habit of deceit as to deceive themselves, I will not determine: it is, I believe, most certain that very few wise men know themselves what fools they are, more than the world doth. Good gods! could one

but see what passes in the closet of wisdom! how ridiculous a sight must it be to behold the wise man, who despises gratifying his palate, devouring custard; the sober wise man with his dram-bottle; or, the anti-carnalist (if I may be allowed the expression) chuckling over a b—dy book or picture, and perhaps caressing his housemaid!

"But to conclude a character in which I apprehend I made as absurd a figure as in any in which I trod the stage of earth, my wisdom at last put an end to itself, that is, occasioned my dissolution.

"A relation of mine in the eastern part of the empire disinherited his son, and left me his heir. This happened in the depth of winter, when I was in my grand climacteric, and had just recovered of a dangerous disease. As I had all the reason imaginable to apprehend the family of the deceased would conspire against me, and embezzle as much as they could, I advised with a grave and wise friend what was proper to be done; whether I should go myself, or employ a notary on this occasion, and defer my journey to the spring. To say the truth, I was most inclined to the latter: the rather as my circumstances were extremely flourishing, as I was advanced in years, and had not one person in the world to whom I should with pleasure bequeath any fortune at my death.

"My friend told me he thought my question admitted of no manner of doubt or debate; that common prudence absolutely required my immediate departure; adding, that if the same good luck had

happened to him he would have been already on his journey; 'for,' continued he, 'a man who knows the world so well as you, would be inexcusable to give persons such an opportunity of cheating you, who, you must be assured, will be too well inclined; and as for employing a notary, remember that excellent maxim, *Ne facias per alium, quod fieri potest per te.* I own the badness of the season and your very late recovery are unlucky circumstances; but a wise man must get over difficulties when necessity obliges him to encounter them.'

"I was immediately determined by this opinion. The duty of a wise man made an irresistible impression, and I took the necessity for granted without examination. I accordingly set forward the next morning; very tempestuous weather soon overtook me; I had not travelled three days before I relapsed into my fever, and died.

"I was now as cruelly disappointed by Minos as I had formerly been happily so. I advanced with the utmost confidence to the gate, and really imagined I should have been admitted by the wisdom of my countenance, even without any questions asked: but this was not my case; and, to my great surprize, Minos, with a menacing voice, called out to me, 'You Mr. there, with the grave countenance, whither so fast, pray? Will you please, before you move any farther forwards, to give me a short account of your transactions below?' I then began, and recounted to him my whole history, still expecting at the end of every period that the gate would be ordered to fly open; but I was obliged to go quite through

with it, and then Minos after some little consideration spoke to me as follows : —

" ' You, Mr. Wiseman, stand forth if you please. Believe me, sir, a trip back again to earth will be one of the wisest steps you ever took, and really more to the honour of your wisdom than any you have hitherto taken. On the other side, nothing could be simpler than to endeavour at Elysium ; for who but a fool would carry a commodity, which is of such infinite value in one place, into another where it is of none ? But, without attempting to offend your gravity with a jest, you must return to the place from whence you came, for Elysium was never designed for those who are too wise to be happy.'

" This sentence confounded me greatly, especially as it seemed to threaten me with carrying my wisdom back again to earth. I told the judge, though he would not admit me at the gate, I hoped I had committed no crime while alive which merited my being wise any longer. He answered me, I must take my chance as to that matter, and immediately we turned our backs to each other."

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

JULIAN ENTERS INTO THE PERSON OF A KING.

I WAS now born at Oviedo in Spain. My father's name was Veremond, and I was adopted by my uncle king Alphonso the chaste. I don't recollect in all the pilgrimages I have made on earth that I ever past a more miserable infancy than now; being under the utmost confinement and restraint, and surrounded with physicians who were ever dosing me, and tutors who were continually plaguing me with their instructions; even those hours of leisure which my inclination would have spent in play were allotted to tedious pomp and ceremony, which, at an age wherein I had no ambition to enjoy the servility of courtiers, enslaved me more than it could the meanest of them. However, as I advanced towards manhood, my condition made me some amends; for the most beautiful women of their own accord threw out lures for me, and I had the happiness, which no man in an inferior degree can arrive at, of enjoying the most delicious creatures, without the previous and tiresome ceremonies of courtship, unless with the most simple, young, and unexperienced. As for the court ladies, they regarded me rather as men do the most lovely of the other sex; and, though they outwardly re-

tained some appearance of modesty, they in reality rather considered themselves as receiving than conferring favours.

"Another happiness I enjoyed was in conferring favours of another sort; for, as I was extremely good-natured and generous, so I had daily opportunities of satisfying those passions. Besides my own princely allowance, which was very bountiful, and with which I did many liberal and good actions, I recommended numberless persons of merit in distress to the king's notice, most of whom were provided for. Indeed, had I sufficiently known my blest situation at this time, I should have grieved at nothing more than the death of Alphonso, by which the burden of government devolved upon me; but, so blindly fond is ambition, and such charms doth it fancy in the power and pomp and splendour of a crown, that, though I vehemently loved that king, and had the greatest obligations to him, the thoughts of succeeding him obliterated my regret at his loss, and the wish for my approaching coronation dried my eyes at his funeral.

"But my fondness for the name of king did not make me forgetful of those over whom I was to reign. I considered them in the light in which a tender father regards his children, as persons whose wellbeing God had intrusted to my care; and again, in that in which a prudent lord respects his tenants, as those on whose wealth and grandeur he is to build his own. Both these considerations inspired me with the greatest care for their welfare, and their good was my first and ultimate concern.

"The usurper Mauregas had impiously obliged

himself and his successors to pay to the Moors every year an infamous tribute of an hundred young virgins: from this cruel and scandalous imposition I resolved to relieve my country. Accordingly, when their emperor Abderames the second had the audaciousness to make this demand of me, instead of complying with it I ordered his ambassadors to be driven away with all imaginable ignominy, and would have condemned them to death, could I have done it without a manifest violation of the law of nations.

"I now raised an immense army; at the levying of which I made a speech from my throne, acquainting my subjects with the necessity and the reasons of the war in which I was going to engage: which I convinced them I had undertaken for their ease and safety, and not for satisfying any wanton ambition, or revenging any private pique of my own. They all declared unanimously that they would venture their lives and everything dear to them in my defence, and in the support of the honour of my crown. Accordingly, my levies were instantly complete, sufficient numbers being only left to till the land; churchmen, even bishops themselves, enlisting themselves under my banners.

"The armies met at Alvelda, where we were discomfited with immense loss, and nothing but the lucky intervention of the night could have saved our whole army.

"I retreated to the summit of a hill, where I abandoned myself to the highest agonies of grief, not so much for the danger in which I then saw my crown, as for the loss of those miserable wretches who had

exposed their lives at my command. I could not then avoid this reflection — that, if the deaths of these people in a war undertaken absolutely for their protection could give me such concern, what horror must I have felt if, like princes greedy of dominion, I had sacrificed such numbers to my own pride, vanity, and ridiculous lust of power.

"After having vented my sorrows for some time in this manner, I began to consider by what means I might possibly endeavour to retrieve this misfortune; when, reflecting on the great number of priests I had in my army, and on the prodigious force of superstition, a thought luckily suggested itself to me, to counterfeit that St. James had appeared to me in a vision, and had promised me the victory. While I was ruminating on this the bishop of Najara came opportunely to me. As I did not intend to communicate the secret to him, I took another method, and, instead of answering anything the bishop said to me, I pretended to talk to St. James, as if he had been really present; till at length, after having spoke those things which I thought sufficient, and thanked the saint aloud for his promise of the victory, I turned about to the bishop, and, embracing him with a pleased countenance, protested I did not know he was present; and then, informing him of this supposed vision, I asked him if he had not himself seen the saint? He answered me he had; and afterwards proceeded to assure me that this appearance of St. James was entirely owing to his prayers; for that he was his tutelar saint. He added he had a vision of him a few hours before,

when he promised him a victory over the infidels, and acquainted him at the same time of the vacancy of the see of Toledo. Now, this news being really true, though it had happened so lately that I had not heard of it (nor, indeed, was it well possible I should, considering the great distance of the way), when I was afterwards acquainted with it, a little staggered me, though far from being superstitious; till being informed that the bishop had lost three horses on a late expedition, I was satisfied.

"The next morning, the bishop, at my desire, mounted the rostrum, and trumpeted forth this vision so effectually, which he said he had that evening twice seen with his own eyes, that a spirit began to be infused through the whole army which rendered them superior to almost any force: the bishop insisted that the least doubt of success was giving the lie to the saint, and a damnable sin, and he took upon him in his name to promise them victory.

"The army being drawn out, I soon experienced the effect of enthusiasm, for, having contrived another stratagem [1] to strengthen what the bishop had said, the soldiers fought more like furies than men. My stratagem was this: I had about me a dexterous fellow, who had been formerly a pimp in my amours. Him I drest up in a strange antick dress, with a pair of white colours in his right hand, a red cross in his left, and having disguised him so that no one could

[1] This silly story is told as a solemn truth (*i.e.*, that St. James really appeared in the manner this fellow is described) by Mariana, l. 7, § 78.

know him, I placed him on a white horse, and ordered him to ride to the head of the army, and cry out, 'Follow St. James!' These words were reiterated by all the troops, who attacked the enemy with such intrepidity, that, notwithstanding our inferiority of numbers, we soon obtained a complete victory.

"The bishop was come up by the time that the enemy was routed, and, acquainting us that he had met St. James by the way, and that he had informed him of what had past, he added that he had express orders from the saint to receive a considerable sum for his use, and that a certain tax on corn and wine should be settled on his church for ever; and lastly, that a horseman's pay should be allowed for the future to the saint himself, of which he and his successors were appointed receivers. The army received these demands with such acclamations that I was obliged to comply with them, as I could by no means discover the imposition, nor do I believe I should have gained any credit if I had.

"I had now done with the saint, but the bishop had not; for about a week afterwards lights were seen in a wood near where the battle was fought; and in a short time afterwards they discovered his tomb at the same place. Upon this the bishop made me a visit, and forced me to go thither, to build a church to him, and largely endow it. In a word, the good man so plagued me with miracle after miracle, that I was forced to make interest with the pope to convey him to Toledo, to get rid of him.

"But to proceed to other matters. — There was an inferior officer, who had behaved very bravely in the

battle against the Moors, and had received several wounds, who solicited me for preferment; which I was about to confer on him, when one of my ministers came to me in a fright, and told me that he had promised the post I designed for this man to the son of count Alderedo; and that the count, who was a powerful person, would be greatly disobliged at the refusal, as he had sent for his son from school to take possession of it. I was obliged to agree with my minister's reasons, and at the same time recommended the wounded soldier to be preferred by him, which he faithfully promised he would; but I met the poor wretch since in Elysium, who informed me he was afterwards starved to death.

"None who hath not been himself a prince, nor any prince till his death, can conceive the impositions daily put on them by their favourites and ministers; so that princes are often blamed for the faults of others. The count of Saldagne had been long confined in prison, when his son D. Bernard del Carpio, who had performed the greatest actions against the Moors, entreated me, as a reward for his service, to grant him his father's liberty. The old man's punishment had been so tedious, and the services of the young one so singularly eminent, that I was very inclinable to grant the request; but my ministers strongly opposed it; they told me my glory demanded revenge for the dishonour offered to my family; that so positive a demand carried with it rather the air of menace than entreaty; that the vain detail of his services, and the recompense due to them, was an injurious reproach; that to grant

what had been so haughtily demanded would argue in the monarch both weakness and timidity; in a word, that to remit the punishment inflicted by my predecessors would be to condemn their judgment. Lastly, one told me in a whisper, 'His whole family are enemies to your house.' By these means the ministers prevailed. The young lord took the refusal so ill, that he retired from court, and abandoned himself to despair, whilst the old one languished in prison. By which means, as I have since discovered, I lost the use of two of my best subjects.

"To confess the truth, I had, by means of my ministers, conceived a very unjust opinion of my whole people, whom I fancied to be daily conspiring against me, and to entertain the most disloyal thoughts, when, in reality (as I have known since my death), they held me in universal respect and esteem. This is a trick, I believe, too often played with sovereigns, who, by such means, are prevented from that open intercourse with their subjects which, as it would greatly endear the person of the prince to the people, so might it often prove dangerous to a minister who was consulting his own interest only at the expense of both. I believe I have now recounted to you the most material passages of my life; for I assure you there are some incidents in the lives of kings not extremely worth relating. Everything which passes in their minds and families is not attended with the splendour which surrounds their throne — indeed, there are some hours wherein the naked king and the naked cobbler can scarce be distinguished from each other.

"Had it not been, however, for my ingratitude to Bernard del Carpio, I believe this would have been my last pilgrimage on earth; for, as to the story of St. James, I thought Minos would have burst his sides at it; but he was so displeased with me on the other account, that, with a frown, he cried out, 'Get thee back again, king.' Nor would he suffer me to say another word."

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

JULIAN PASSES INTO A FOOL.

THE next visit I made to the world was performed in France, where I was born in the court of Lewis III., and had afterwards the honour to be preferred to be fool to the prince, who was surnamed Charles the Simple. But, in reality, I know not whether I might so properly be said to have acted the fool in his court as to have made fools of all others in it. Certain it is, I was very far from being what is generally understood by that word, being a most cunning, designing, arch knave. I knew very well the folly of my master, and of many others, and how to make my advantage of this knowledge.

"I was as dear to Charles the Simple as the player Paris was to Domitian, and, like him, bestowed all manner of offices and honours on whom I pleased. This drew me a great number of followers among the courtiers, who really mistook me for a fool, and yet flattered my understanding. There was particularly in the court a fellow who had neither honour, honesty, sense, wit, courage, beauty, nor indeed any one good quality, either of mind or body, to recommend him; but was at the same time, perhaps, as cunning a monster as ever lived. This gentleman

took it into his head to list under my banner, and pursued me so very assiduously with flattery, constantly reminding me of my good sense, that I grew immoderately fond of him; for though flattery is not most judiciously applied to qualities which the persons flattered possess, yet as, notwithstanding my being well assured of my own parts, I past in the whole court for a fool, this flattery was a very sweet morsel to me. I therefore got this fellow preferred to a bishopric, but I lost my flatterer by it; for he never afterwards said a civil thing to me.

"I never baulked my imagination for the grossness of the reflection on the character of the greatest noble — nay, even the king himself; of which I will give you a very bold instance. One day his simple majesty told me he believed I had so much power that his people looked on me as the king, and himself as my fool. At this I pretended to be angry, as with an affront. 'Why, how now?' says the king; 'are you ashamed of being a king?' 'No, sir,' says I, 'but I am devilishly ashamed of my fool.'

"Herbert, earl of Vermandois, had by my means been restored to the favour of the Simple (for so I used always to call Charles). He afterwards prevailed with the king to take the city of Arras from earl Baldwin, by which means, Herbert, in exchange for this city, had Peronne restored to him by count Altmar. Baldwin came to court in order to procure the restoration of his city; but, either through pride or ignorance, neglected to apply to me. As I met him at court during his solicitation, I told him he did not apply the right way; he answered roughly

he should not ask a fool's advice. I replied I did not wonder at his prejudice, since he had miscarried already by following a fool's advice; but I told him there were fools who had more interest than that he had brought with him to court. He answered me surlily he had no fool with him, for that he travelled alone. 'Ay, my lord,' says I, 'I often travel alone, and yet they will have it I always carry a fool with me.' This raised a laugh among the bystanders, on which he gave me a blow. I immediately complained of this usage to the Simple, who dismissed the earl from court with very hard words, instead of granting him the favour he solicited.

"I give you these rather as a specimen of my interest and impudence than of my wit — indeed, my jests were commonly more admired than they ought to be; for perhaps I was not in reality much more a wit than a fool. But, with the latitude of unbounded scurrility, it is easy enough to attain the character of wit, especially in a court, where, as all persons hate and envy one another heartily, and are at the same time obliged by the constrained behaviour of civility to profess the greatest liking, so it is, and must be, wonderfully pleasant to them to see the follies of their acquaintance exposed by a third person. Besides, the opinion of the court is as uniform as the fashion, and is always guided by the will of the prince or of the favourite. I doubt not that Caligula's horse was universally held in his court to be a good and able consul. In the same manner was I universally acknowledged to be the wittiest fool in the world. Every word I said raised laughter, and

was held to be a jest, especially by the ladies, who sometimes laughed before I had discovered my sentiment, and often repeated that as a jest which I did not even intend as one.

"I was as severe on the ladies as on the men, and with the same impunity; but this at last cost me dear: for once having joked on the beauty of a lady whose name was Adelaide, a favourite of the Simple's, she pretended to smile and be pleased at my wit with the rest of the company; but in reality she highly resented it, and endeavoured to undermine me with the king. In which she so greatly succeeded (for what cannot a favourite woman do with one who deserves the surname of Simple?) that the king grew every day more reserved to me, and when I attempted any freedom gave me such marks of his displeasure, that the courtiers who have all hawks' eyes at a slight from the sovereign, soon discerned it: and indeed, had I been blind enough not to have discovered that I had lost ground in the Simple's favour by his own change in his carriage towards me, I must have found it, nay even felt it, in the behaviour of the courtiers: for, as my company was two days before solicited with the utmost eagerness, it was now rejected with as much scorn. I was now the jest of the ushers and pages; and an officer of the guards, on whom I was a little jocose, gave me a box on the ear, bidding me make free with my equals. This very fellow had been my butt for many years, without daring to lift his hand against me.

"But though I visibly perceived the alteration in

the Simple, I was utterly unable to make any guess at the occasion. I had not the least suspicion of Adelaide; for, besides her being a very good-humoured woman, I had often made severe jests on her reputation, which I had all the reason imaginable to believe had given her no offence. But I soon perceived that a woman will bear the most bitter censures on her morals easier than the smallest reflection on her beauty; for she now declared publicly, that I ought to be dismissed from court, as the stupidest of fools, and one in whom there was no diversion; and that she wondered how any person could have so little taste as to imagine I had any wit. This speech was echoed through the drawing-room, and agreed to by all present. Every one now put on an unusual gravity on their countenance whenever I spoke; and it was as much out of my power to raise a laugh as formerly it had been for me to open my mouth without one.

"While my affairs were in this posture I went one day into the circle without my fool's dress. The Simple, who would still speak to me, cried out, 'So, fool, what's the matter now?' 'Sir,' answered I, 'fools are like to be so common a commodity at court, that I am weary of my coat.' 'How dost thou mean?' answered the Simple; 'what can make them commoner now than usual?'—'O, sir,' said I, 'there are ladies here make your majesty a fool every day of their lives.' The Simple took no notice of my jest, and several present said my bones ought to be broke for my impudence; but it pleased the queen, who, knowing Adelaide, whom she hated, to be the

cause of my disgrace, obtained me of the king, and took me into her service; so that I was henceforth called the queen's fool, and in her court received the same honour, and had as much wit, as I had formerly had in the king's. But as the queen had really no power unless over her own domestics, I was not treated in general with that complacence, nor did I receive those bribes and presents, which had once fallen to my share.

"Nor did this confined respect continue long: for the queen, who had in fact no taste for humour, soon grew sick of my foolery, and, forgetting the cause for which she had taken me, neglected me so much, that her court grew intolerable to my temper, and I broke my heart and died.

"Minos laughed heartily at several things in my story, and then, telling me no one played the fool in Elysium, bid me go back again."

CHAPTER NINETEEN

JULIAN APPEARS IN THE CHARACTER OF A BEGGAR.

I NOW returned to Rome, and was born into a very poor and numerous family, which, to be honest with you, procured its livelyhood by begging. This, if you was never yourself of the calling, you do not know, I suppose, to be as regular a trade as any other; to have its several rules and secrets, or mysteries, which to learn require perhaps as tedious an apprenticeship as those of any craft whatever.

"The first thing we are taught is the countenance miserable. This indeed nature makes much easier to some than others; but there are none who cannot accomplish it, if they begin early enough in youth, and before the muscles are grown too stubborn.

"The second thing is the voice lamentable. In this qualification too, nature must have her share in producing the most consummate excellence: however, art will here, as in every other instance, go a great way with industry and application, even without the assistance of genius, especially if the student begins young.

"There are many other instructions, but these are the most considerable. The women are taught one practice more than the men, for they are instructed in the art of crying, that is, to have their tears

ready on all occasions: but this is attained very easily by most. Some indeed arrive at the utmost perfection in this art with incredible facility.

"No profession requires a deeper insight into human nature than the beggar's. Their knowledge of the passions of men is so extensive, that I have often thought it would be of no little service to a politician to have his education among them. Nay, there is a much greater analogy between these two characters than is imagined; for both concur in their first and grand principle, it being equally their business to delude and impose on mankind. It must be confessed that they differ widely in the degree of advantage which they make by their deceit; for, whereas the beggar is contented with a little, the politician leaves but a little behind.

"A very great English philosopher hath remarked our policy, in taking care never to address any one with a title inferior to what he really claims. My father was of the same opinion; for I remember when I was a boy, the pope happening to pass by, I tended him with 'Pray, sir;' 'For God's sake, sir;' 'For the Lord's sake, sir;'—To which he answered gravely, 'Sirrah, sirrah, you ought to be whipt for taking the Lord's name in vain;' and in vain it was indeed, for he gave me nothing. My father, overhearing this, took his advice, and whipt me very severely. While I was under correction I promised often never to take the Lord's name in vain any more. My father then said, 'Child, I do not whip you for taking his name in vain; I whip you for not calling the pope his holiness.'

"If all men were so wise and good to follow the clergy's example, the nuisance of beggars would soon be removed. I do not remember to have been above twice relieved by them during my whole state of beggary. Once was by a very well-looking man, who gave me a small piece of silver, and declared he had given me more than he had left himself; the other was by a spruce young fellow, who had that very day first put on his robes, whom I attended with 'Pray, reverend sir, good reverend sir, consider your cloth.' He answered, 'I do, child, consider my office, and I hope all our cloth do the same.' He then threw down some money, and strutted off with great dignity.

"With the women I had one general formulary: 'Sweet pretty lady,' 'God bless your ladyship,' 'God bless your handsome face.' This generally succeeded; but I observed the uglier the woman was, the surer I was of success.

"It was a constant maxim among us, that the greater retinue any one travelled with the less expectation we might promise ourselves from them; but whenever we saw a vehicle with a single or no servant we imagined our booty sure, and were seldom deceived.

"We observed great difference introduced by time and circumstance in the same person; for instance, a losing gamester is sometimes generous, but from a winner you will as easily obtain his soul as a single groat. A lawyer travelling from his country seat to his clients at Rome, and a physician going to visit a patient, were always worth asking; but the same on

their return were (according to our cant phrase) untouchable.

"The most general, and indeed the truest, maxim among us was, that those who possessed the least were always the readiest to give. The chief art of a beggar-man is, therefore, to discern the rich from the poor, which, though it be only distinguishing substance from shadow, is by no means attainable without a pretty good capacity and a vast degree of attention; for these two are eternally industrious in endeavouring to counterfeit each other. In this deceit the poor man is more heartily in earnest to deceive you than the rich, who, amidst all the emblems of poverty which he puts on, still permits some mark of his wealth to strike the eye. Thus, while his apparel is not worth a groat, his finger wears a ring of value, or his pocket a gold watch. In a word, he seems rather to affect poverty to insult than impose on you. Now the poor man, on the contrary, is very sincere in his desire of passing for rich; but the eagerness of this desire hurries him to over-act his part, and he betrays himself as one who is drunk by his over-acted sobriety. Thus, instead of being attended by one servant well mounted, he will have two; and, not being able to purchase or maintain a second horse of value, one of his servants at least is mounted on a hired rascallion. He is not contented to go plain and neat in his cloathes; he therefore claps on some tawdry ornament, and what he adds to the fineness of his vestment he detracts from the fineness of his linnen. Without descending into more minute particulars, I believe I may assert it as an axiom of indubitable

truth, that whoever shews you he is either in himself or his equipage as gaudy as he can, convinces you he is more so than he can afford. Now, whenever a man's expence exceeds his income, he is indifferent in the degree; we had therefore nothing more to do with such than to flatter them with their wealth and splendour, and were always certain of success.

"There is, indeed, one kind of rich man who is commonly more liberal, namely, where riches surprize him, as it were, in the midst of poverty and distress, the consequence of which is, I own, sometimes excessive avarice, but oftener extreme prodigality. I remember one of these who, having received a pretty large sum of money, gave me, when I begged an obolus, a whole talent; on which his friend having reproved him, he answered, with an oath, 'Why not? Have I not fifty left?'

"The life of a beggar, if men estimated things by their real essence, and not by their outward false appearance, would be, perhaps, a more desirable situation than any of those which ambition persuades us, with such difficulty, danger, and often villany, to aspire to. The wants of a beggar are commonly as chimerical as the abundance of a nobleman; for besides vanity, which a judicious beggar will always apply to with wonderful efficacy, there are in reality very few natures so hardened as not to compassionate poverty and distress, when the predominancy of some other passion doth not prevent them.

"There is one happiness which attends money got with ease, namely, that it is never hoarded; otherwise, as we have frequent opportunities of growing

rich, that canker care might prey upon our quiet, as it doth on others; but our money stock we spend as fast as we acquire it; usually at least, for I speak not without exception; thus it gives us mirth only, and no trouble. Indeed, the luxury of our lives might introduce diseases, did not our daily exercise prevent them. This gives us an appetite and relish for our dainties, and at the same time an antidote against the evil effects which sloth, united with luxury, induces on the habit of a human body. Our women we enjoy with ecstasies at least equal to what the greatest men feel in their embraces. I can, I am assured, say of myself, that no mortal could reap more perfect happiness from the tender passion than my fortune had decreed me. I married a charming young woman for love; she was the daughter of a neighbouring beggar, who, with an improvidence too often seen, spent a very large income which he procured by his profession, so that he was able to give her no fortune down; however, at his death he left her a very well accustomed begging-hut, situated on the side of a steep hill, where travellers could not immediately escape from us, and a garden adjoining, being the twenty-eighth part of an acre, well planted. She made the best of wives, bore me nineteen children, and never failed, unless on her lying-in, which generally lasted three days, to get my supper ready against my return home in an evening; this being my favourite meal, and at which I, as well as my whole family, greatly enjoyed ourselves; the principal subject of our discourse being generally the boons we had that day

obtained, on which occasions, laughing at the folly of the donors made no inconsiderable part of the entertainment; for, whatever might be their motive for giving, we constantly imputed our success to our having flattered their vanity, or overreached their understanding.

"But perhaps I have dwelt too long on this character; I shall conclude, therefore, with telling you that after a life of 102 years' continuance, during all which I had never known any sickness or infirmity but that which old age necessarily induced, I at last, without the least pain, went out like the snuff of a candle.

"Minos, having heard my history, bid me compute, if I could, how many lies I had told in my life. As we are here, by a certain fated necessity, obliged to confine ourselves to truth, I answered, I believed about 50,000,000. He then replied, with a frown, 'Can such a wretch conceive any hopes of entering Elysium?' I immediately turned about, and, upon the whole, was rejoiced at his not calling me back."

CHAPTER TWENTY

JULIAN PERFORMS THE PART OF A STATESMAN.

IT was now my fortune to be born of a German princess; but a man-midwife, pulling my head off in delivering my mother, put a speedy end to my princely life.

"Spirits who end their lives before they are at the age of five years are immediately ordered into other bodies; and it was now my fortune to perform several infancies before I could again entitle myself to an examination of Minos.

"At length I was destined once more to play a considerable part on the stage. I was born in England, in the reign of Ethelred II. My father's name was Ulnoth: he was earl or thane of Sussex. I was afterwards known by the name of earl Goodwin, and began to make a considerable figure in the world in the time of Harold Harefoot, whom I procured to be made king of Wessex, or the West Saxons, in prejudice of Hardicanute, whose mother Emma endeavoured afterwards to set another of her sons on the throne; but I circumvented her, and, communicating her design to the king, at the same time acquainted him with a project which I had formed for the murder of these two young princes. Emma had sent for these her sons from Normandy, with the

king's leave, whom she had deceived by her religious behaviour, and pretended neglect of all worldly affairs; but I prevailed with Harold to invite these princes to his court, and put them to death. The prudent mother sent only Alfred, retaining Edward to herself, as she suspected my ill designs, and thought I should not venture to execute them on one of her sons, while she secured the other; but she was deceived, for I had no sooner Alfred in my possession than I caused him to be conducted to Ely, where I ordered his eyes to be put out, and afterwards to be confined in a monastery.

"This was one of those cruel expedients which great men satisfy themselves well in executing, by concluding them to be necessary to the service of their prince, who is the support of their ambition.

"Edward, the other son of Emma, escaped again to Normandy; whence, after the death of Harold and Hardicanute, he made no scruple of applying to my protection and favour, though he had before prosecuted me with all the vengeance he was able, for the murder of his brother; but in all great affairs private relation must yield to public interest. Having therefore concluded very advantageous terms for myself with him, I made no scruple of patronizing his cause, and soon placed him on the throne. Nor did I conceive the least apprehension from his resentment, as I knew my power was too great for him to encounter.

"Among other stipulated conditions, one was to marry my daughter Editha. This Edward consented to with great reluctance, and I had afterwards no

reason to be pleased with it; for it raised her, who had been my favourite child, to such an opinion of greatness, that, instead of paying me the usual respect, she frequently threw in my teeth (as often at least as I gave her any admonition), that she was now a queen, and that the character and title of father merged in that of subject. This behaviour, however, did not cure me of my affection towards her, nor lessen the uneasiness which I afterwards bore on Edward's dismissing her from his bed.

"One thing which principally induced me to labour the promotion of Edward was the simplicity or weakness of that prince, under whom I promised myself absolute dominion under another name. Nor did this opinion deceive me; for, during his whole reign, my administration was in the highest degree despotic: I had everything of royalty but the outward ensigns; no man ever applying for a place, or any kind of preferment, but to me only. A circumtance which, as it greatly enriched my coffers, so it no less pampered my ambition, and satisfied my vanity with a numerous attendance; and I had the pleasure of seeing those who only bowed to the king prostrating themselves before me.

"Edward the Confessor, or St. Edward, as some have called him, in derision I suppose, being a very silly fellow, had all the faults incident, and almost inseparable, to fools. He married my daughter Editha from his fear of disobliging me; and afterwards, out of hatred to me, refused even to consummate his marriage, though she was one of the most beautiful women of her age. He was likewise guilty of

the basest ingratitude to his mother (a vice to which fools are chiefly, if not only, liable); and, in return for her endeavours to procure him a throne in his youth, confined her in a loathsome prison in her old age. This, it is true, he did by my advice; but as to her walking over nine ploughshares red-hot, and giving nine manors, when she had not one in her possession, there is not a syllable of veracity in it.

"The first great perplexity I fell into was on the account of my son Swane, who had deflowered the abbess of Leon, since called Leominster, in Herefordshire. After this fact he retired into Denmark, whence he sent to me to obtain his pardon. The king at first refused it, being moved thereto, as I afterwards found, by some churchmen, particularly by one of his chaplains, whom I had prevented from obtaining a bishopric. Upon this my son Swane invaded the coasts with several ships, and committed many outrageous cruelties; which, indeed, did his business, as they served me to apply to the fear of this king, which I had long since discovered to be his predominant passion. And, at last, he who had refused pardon to his first offence submitted to give it him after he had committed many other more monstrous crimes; by which his pardon lost all grace to the offended, and received double censure from all others.

"The king was greatly inclined to the Normans, had created a Norman archbishop of Canterbury, and had heaped extraordinary favours on him. I had no other objection to this man than that he rose with-

out my assistance; a cause of dislike which, in the reign of great and powerful favourites, hath often proved fatal to the persons who have given it, as the persons thus raised inspire us constantly with jealousies and apprehensions. For when we promote any one ourselves, we take effectual care to preserve such an ascendant over him, that we can at any time reduce him to his former degree, should he dare to act in opposition to our wills; for which reason we never suffer any to come near the prince but such as we are assured it is impossible should be capable of engaging or improving his affection; no prime minister, as I apprehend, esteeming himself to be safe while any other shares the ear of his prince, of whom we are as jealous as the fondest husband can be of his wife. Whoever, therefore, can approach him by any other channel than that of ourselves, is, in our opinion, a declared enemy, and one whom the first principles of policy oblige us to demolish with the utmost expedition. For the affection of kings is as precarious as that of women, and the only way to secure either to ourselves is to keep all others from them.

"But the archbishop did not let matters rest on suspicion. He soon gave open proofs of his interest with the Confessor in procuring an office of some importance for one Rollo, a Roman of mean extraction and very despicable parts. When I represented to the king the indecency of conferring such an honour on such a fellow, he answered me that he was the archbishop's relation. 'Then, sir,' replied I, 'he is related to your enemy.' Nothing more past at that

time; but I soon perceived, by the archbishop's behaviour, that the king had acquainted him with our private discourse; a sufficient assurance of his confidence in him and neglect of me.

"The favour of princes, when once lost, is recoverable only by the gaining a situation which may make you terrible to them. As I had no doubt of having lost all credit with this king, which indeed had been originally founded and constantly supported by his fear, so I took the method of terror to regain it.

"The earl of Boulogne coming over to visit the king gave me an opportunity of breaking out into open opposition; for, as the earl was on his return to France, one of his servants, who was sent before to procure lodgings at Dover, and insisted on having them in the house of a private man in spite of the owner's teeth, was, in a fray which ensued, killed on the spot; and the earl himself, arriving there soon after, very narrowly escaped with his life. The earl, enraged at this affront, returned to the king at Gloucester with loud complaints and demands of satisfaction. Edward consented to his demands, and ordered me to chastise the rioters, who were under my government as earl of Kent: but, instead of obeying these orders, I answered, with some warmth, that the English were not used to punish people unheard, nor ought their rights and privileges to be violated; that the accused should be first summoned — if guilty, should make satisfaction both with body and estate, but, if innocent, should be discharged. Adding, with great ferocity, that as earl of Kent it

was my duty to protect those under my government against the insults of foreigners.

"This accident was extremely lucky, as it gave my quarrel with the king a popular colour, and so ingratiated me with the people, that when I set up my standard, which I soon after did, they readily and chearfully listed under my banners and embraced my cause, which I persuaded them was their own; for that it was to protect them against foreigners that I had drawn my sword. The word foreigners with an Englishman hath a kind of magical effect, they having the utmost hatred and aversion to them, arising from the cruelties they suffered from the Danes and some other foreign nations. No wonder therefore they espoused my cause in a quarrel which had such a beginning.

"But what may be somewhat more remarkable is, that when I afterwards returned to England from banishment, and was at the head of an army of the Flemish, who were preparing to plunder the city of London, I still persisted that I was come to defend the English from the danger of foreigners, and gained their credit. Indeed, there is no lie so gross but it may be imposed on the people by those whom they esteem their patrons and defenders.

"The king saved his city by being reconciled to me, and taking again my daughter, whom he had put away from him; and thus, having frightened the king into what concessions I thought proper, I dismissed my army and fleet, with which I intended, could I not have succeeded otherwise, to have

sacked the city of London and ravaged the whole country.

"I was no sooner re-established in the king's favour, or, what was as well for me, the appearance of it, than I fell violently on the archbishop. He had of himself retired to his monastery in Normandy; but that did not content me: I had him formally banished, the see declared vacant, and then filled up by another.

"I enjoyed my grandeur a very short time after my restoration to it; for the king, hating and fearing me to a very great degree, and finding no means of openly destroying me, at last effected his purpose by poison, and then spread abroad a ridiculous story, of my wishing the next morsel might choak me if I had had any hand in the death of Alfred; and, accordingly, that the next morsel, by a divine judgment, stuck in my throat and performed that office.

"This of a statesman was one of my worst stages in the other world. It is a post subjected daily to the greatest danger and inquietude, and attended with little pleasure and less ease. In a word, it is a pill which, was it not gilded over by ambition, would appear nauseous and detestable in the eye of every one; and perhaps that is one reason why Minos so greatly compassionates the case of those who swallow it: for that just judge told me he always acquitted a prime minister who could produce one single good action in his whole life, let him have committed ever so many crimes. Indeed, I understood him a little too largely, and was stepping towards the gate; but he pulled me by the sleeve, and, telling me no prime

minister ever entered there, bid me go back again; saying, he thought I had sufficient reason to rejoice in my escaping the bottomless pit, which half my crimes committed in any other capacity would have entitled me to."

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

JULIAN'S ADVENTURES IN THE POST OF A SOLDIER.

I WAS born at Caen, in Normandy. My mother's name was Matilda; as for my father, I am not so certain, for the good woman on her deathbed assured me she herself could bring her guess to no greater certainty than to five of duke William's captains. When I was no more than thirteen (being indeed a surprising stout boy of my age) I enlisted into the army of duke William, afterwards known by the name of William the Conqueror, landed with him at Pemesey or Pemsey, in Sussex, and was present at the famous battle of Hastings.

"At the first onset it was impossible to describe my consternation, which was heightened by the fall of two soldiers who stood by me; but this soon abated, and by degrees, as my blood grew warm, I thought no more of my own safety, but fell on the enemy with great fury, and did a good deal of execution; till, unhappily, I received a wound in my thigh, which rendered me unable to stand any longer, so that I now lay among the dead, and was constantly exposed to the danger of being trampled to death, as well by my fellow-soldiers as by the enemy. However, I had the fortune to escape it,

and continued the remaining part of the day and the night following on the ground.

"The next morning, the duke sending out parties to bring off the wounded, I was found almost expiring with loss of blood: notwithstanding which, as immediate care was taken to dress my wounds, youth and a robust constitution stood my friends, and I recovered after a long and tedious indisposition, and was again able to use my limbs and do my duty.

"As soon as Dover was taken I was conveyed thither with all the rest of the sick and wounded. Here I recovered of my wound; but fell afterwards into a violent flux, which, when it departed, left me so weak that it was long before I could regain my strength. And what most afflicted me was, that during my whole illness, when I languished under want as well as sickness, I had daily the mortification to see and hear the riots and excess of my fellow-soldiers, who had happily escaped safe from the battle.

"I was no sooner well than I was ordered into garrison at Dover Castle. The officers here fared very indifferently, but the private men much worse. We had great scarcity of provisions, and, what was yet more intolerable, were so closely confined for want of room (four of us being obliged to lie on the same bundle of straw), that many died, and most sickened.

"Here I had remained about four months, when one night we were alarmed with the arrival of the earl of Boulogne, who had come over privily from

France, and endeavoured to surprize the castle. The design proved ineffectual; for the garrison making a brisk sally, most of his men were tumbled down the precipice, and he returned with a very few back to France. In this action, however, I had the misfortune to come off with a broken arm; it was so shattered, that, besides a great deal of pain and misery which I endured in my cure, I was disabled for upwards of three months.

"Soon after my recovery I had contracted an amour with a young woman whose parents lived near the garrison, and were in much better circumstances than I had reason to expect should give their consent to the match. However, as she was extremely fond of me (as I was indeed distractedly enamoured of her), they were prevailed on to comply with her desires, and the day was fixed for our marriage.

"On the evening preceding, while I was exulting with the eager expectation of the happiness I was the next day to enjoy, I received orders to march early in the morning towards Windsor, where a large army was to be formed, at the head of which the king intended to march into the west. Any person who hath ever been in love may easily imagine what I felt in my mind on receiving those orders; and what still heightened my torments was, that the commanding officer would not permit any one to go out of the garrison that evening; so that I had not even an opportunity of taking leave of my beloved.

"The morning came which was to have put me in the possession of my wishes; but, alas! the scene was now changed, and all the hopes which I had

raised were now so many ghosts to haunt, and furies to torment me.

"It was now the midst of winter, and very severe weather for the season; when we were obliged to make very long and fatiguing marches, in which we suffered all the inconveniences of cold and hunger. The night in which I expected to riot in the arms of my beloved mistress I was obliged to take up with a lodging on the ground, exposed to the inclemencies of a rigid frost; nor could I obtain the least comfort of sleep, which shunned me as its enemy. In short, the horrors of that night are not to be described, or perhaps imagined. They made such an impression on my soul, that I was forced to be dipped three times in the river Lethe to prevent my remembering it in the characters which I afterwards performed in the flesh."

Here I interrupted Julian for the first time, and told him no such dipping had happened to me in my voyage from one world to the other: but he satisfied me by saying "that this only happened to those spirits which returned into the flesh, in order to prevent that reminiscence which Plato mentions, and which would otherwise cause great confusion in the other world."

He then proceeded as follows: "We continued a very laborious march to Exeter, which we were ordered to besiege. The town soon surrendered, and his majesty built a castle there, which he garrisoned with his Normans, and unhappily I had the misfortune to be one of the number.

"Here we were confined closer than I had been at

Dover; for, as the citizens were extremely disaffected, we were never suffered to go without the walls of the castle; nor indeed could we, unless in large bodies, without the utmost danger. We were likewise kept to continual duty, nor could any solicitations prevail with the commanding officer to give me a month's absence to visit my love, from whom I had no opportunity of hearing in all my long absence.

"However, in the spring, the people being more quiet, and another officer of a gentler temper succeeding to the principal command, I obtained leave to go to Dover; but alas! what comfort did my long journey bring me? I found the parents of my darling in the utmost misery at her loss; for she had died, about a week before my arrival, of a consumption, which they imputed to her pining at my sudden departure.

"I now fell into the most violent and almost raving fit of despair. I cursed myself, the king, and the whole world, which no longer seemed to have any delight for me. I threw myself on the grave of my deceased love, and lay there without any kind of sustenance for two whole days. At last hunger, together with the persuasions of some people who took pity on me, prevailed with me to quit that situation, and refresh myself with food. They then persuaded me to return to my post, and abandon a place where almost every object I saw recalled ideas to my mind which, as they said, I should endeavour with my utmost force to expel from it. This advice at length succeeded; the rather, as the father and mother of my beloved refused to see me, looking on me as the

innocent but certain cause of the death of their only child.

"The loss of one we tenderly love, as it is one of the most bitter and biting evils which attend human life, so it wants the lenitive which palliates and softens every other calamity; I mean that great reliever, hope. No man can be so totally undone, but that he may still cherish expectation: but this deprives us of all such comfort, nor can anything but time alone lessen it. This, however, in most minds, is sure to work a slow but effectual remedy; so did it in mine: for within a twelvemonth I was entirely reconciled to my fortune, and soon after absolutely forgot the object of a passion from which I had promised myself such extreme happiness, and in the disappointment of which I had experienced such inconceivable misery.

"At the expiration of the month I returned to my garrison at Exeter; where I was no sooner arrived than I was ordered to march into the north, to oppose a force there levied by the earls of Chester and Northumberland. We came to York, where his majesty pardoned the heads of the rebels, and very severely punished some who were less guilty. It was particularly my lot to be ordered to seize a poor man who had never been out of his house, and convey him to prison. I detested this barbarity, yet was obliged to execute it; nay, though no reward would have bribed me in a private capacity to have acted such a part, yet so much sanctity is there in the commands of a monarch or general to a soldier, that I performed it without reluctance, nor had the tears of his wife and family any prevalence with me.

"But this, which was a very small piece of mischief in comparison with many of my barbarities afterwards, was however the only one which ever gave me any uneasiness; for when the king led us afterwards into Northumberland to revenge those people's having joined with Osborne the Dane in his invasion, and orders were given us to commit what ravages we could, I was forward in fulfilling them, and, among some lesser cruelties (I remember it yet with sorrow), I ravished a woman, murdered a little infant playing in her lap, and then burnt her house. In short, for I have no pleasure in this part of my relation, I had my share in all the cruelties exercised on those poor wretches; which were so grievous, that for sixty miles together, between York and Durham, not a single house, church, or any other public or private edifice, was left standing.

"We had pretty well devoured the country, when we were ordered to march to the Isle of Ely, to oppose Hereward, a bold and stout soldier, who had under him a very large body of rebels, who had the impudence to rise against their king and conqueror (I talk now in the same style I did then) in defence of their liberties, as they called them. These were soon subdued; but as I happened (more to my glory than my comfort) to be posted in that part through which Hereward cut his way, I received a dreadful cut on the forehead, a second on the shoulder, and was run through the body with a pike.

"I languished a long time with these wounds, which made me incapable of attending the king into Scotland. However, I was able to go over with him

afterwards into Normandy, in his expedition against Philip, who had taken the opportunity of the troubles in England to invade that province. Those few Normans who had survived their wounds, and had remained in the Isle of Ely, were all of our nation who went, the rest of his army being all composed of English. In a skirmish near the town of Mans my leg was broke and so shattered that it was forced to be cut off.

"I was now disabled from serving longer in the army; and accordingly, being discharged from the service, I retired to the place of my nativity, where, in extreme poverty, and frequent bad health from the many wounds I had received, I dragged on a miserable life to the age of sixty-three; my only pleasure being to recount the feats of my youth, in which narratives I generally exceeded the truth.

"It would be tedious and unpleasant to recount to you the several miseries I suffered after my return to Caen; let it suffice, they were so terrible that they induced Minos to compassionate me, and, notwithstanding the barbarities I had been guilty of in Northumberland, to suffer me to go once more back to earth."

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

WHAT HAPPENED TO JULIAN IN THE PERSON OF A TAYLOR.

FORTUNE now stationed me in a character which the ingratitude of mankind hath put them on ridiculing, though they owe to it not only a relief from the inclemencies of cold, to which they would otherwise be exposed, but likewise a considerable satisfaction of their vanity. The character I mean was that of a taylor; which, if we consider it with due attention, must be confessed to have in it great dignity and importance. For, in reality, who constitutes the different degrees between men but the taylor? the prince indeed gives the title, but it is the taylor who makes the man. To his labours are owing the respect of crouds, and the awe which great men inspire into their beholders, though these are too often unjustly attributed to other motives. Lastly, the admiration of the fair is most commonly to be placed to his account.

"I was just set up in my trade when I made three suits of fine clothes for king Stephen's coronation. I question whether the person who wears the rich coat hath so much pleasure and vanity in being admired in it, as we taylors have from that admiration; and perhaps a philosopher would say he is not so well entitled

to it. I bustled on the day of the ceremony through the croud, and it was with incredible delight I heard several say, as my cloaths walked by, 'Bless me, was ever anything so fine as the earl of Devonshire? Sure he and Sir Hugh Bigot are the two best drest men I ever saw.' Now both those suits were of my making.

"There would indeed be infinite pleasure in working for the courtiers, as they are generally genteel men, and shew one's clothes to the best advantage, was it not for one small discouragement; this is, that they never pay. I solemnly protest, though I lost almost as much by the court in my life as I got by the city, I never carried a suit into the latter with half the satisfaction which I have done to the former; though from that I was certain of ready money, and from this almost as certain of no money at all.

"Courtiers may, however, be divided into two sorts, very essentially different from each other; into those who never intend to pay for their clothes; and those who do intend to pay for them, but never happen to be able. Of the latter sort are many of those young gentlemen whom we equip out for the army, and who are, unhappily for us, cut off before they arrive at preferment. This is the reason that taylors, in time of war, are mistaken for politicians by their inquisitiveness into the event of battles, one campaign very often proving the ruin of half-a-dozen of us. I am sure I had frequent reason to curse that fatal battle of Cardigan, where the Welsh defeated some of king Stephen's best troops, and where many a good suit of mine, unpaid for, fell to the ground.

"The gentlemen of this honourable calling have fared much better in later ages than when I was of it; for now it seems the fashion is, when they apprehend their customer is not in the best circumstances, if they are not paid as soon as they carry home the suit, they charge him in their book as much again as it is worth, and then send a gentleman with a small scrip of parchment to demand the money. If this be not immediately paid the gentleman takes the beau with him to his house, where he locks him up till the taylor is contented: but in my time these scrips of parchment were not in use; and if the beau disliked paying for his clothes, as very often happened, we had no method of compelling him.

"In several of the characters which I have related to you, I apprehend I have sometimes forgot myself, and considered myself as really interested as I was when I personated them on earth. I have just now caught myself in the fact; for I have complained to you as bitterly of my customers as I formerly used to do when I was the taylor: but in reality, though there were some few persons of very great quality, and some others, who never paid their debts, yet those were but a few, and I had a method of repairing this loss. My customers I divided under three heads: those who paid ready money, those who paid slow, and those who never paid at all. The first of these I considered apart by themselves, as persons by whom I got a certain but small profit. The two last I lumped together, making those who paid slow contribute to repair my losses by those who did not pay at all. Thus, upon the whole, I was a very inconsiderable

loser, and might have left a fortune to my family, had I not launched forth into expenses which swallowed up all my gains. I had a wife and two children. These indeed I kept frugally enough, for I half starved them; but I kept a mistress in a finer way, for whom I had a country-house, pleasantly situated on the Thames, elegantly fitted up and neatly furnished. This woman might very properly be called my mistress, for she was most absolutely so; and though her tenure was no higher than by my will, she domineered as tyrannically as if my chains had been riveted in the strongest manner. To all this I submitted, not through any adoration of her beauty, which was indeed but indifferent. Her charms consisted in little wantonnesses, which she knew admirably well to use in hours of dalliance, and which, I believe, are of all things the most delightful to a lover.

"She was so profusely extravagant, that it seemed as if she had an actual intent to ruin me. This I am sure of, if such had been her real intention, she could have taken no properer way to accomplish it; nay, I myself might appear to have had the same view: for, besides this extravagant mistress and my country-house, I kept likewise a brace of hunters, rather for that it was fashionable so to do than for any great delight I took in the sport, which I very little attended; not for want of leisure, for few noblemen had so much. All the work I ever did was taking measure, and that only of my greatest and best customers. I scarce ever cut a piece of cloth in my life, nor was indeed much more able to

fashion a coat than any gentleman in the kingdom. This made a skilful servant too necessary to me. He knew I must submit to any terms with, or any treatment from, him. He knew it was easier for him to find another such a taylor as me than for me to procure such another workman as him: for this reason he exerted the most notorious and cruel tyranny, seldom giving me a civil word; nor could the utmost condescension on my side, though attended with continual presents and rewards, and raising his wages, content or please him. In a word, he was as absolutely my master as was ever an ambitious, industrious prime minister over an indolent and voluptuous king. All my other journeymen paid more respect to him than to me; for they considered my favour as a necessary consequence of obtaining his.

"These were the most remarkable occurrences while I acted this part. Minos hesitated a few moments, and then bid me get back again, without assigning any reason."

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

THE LIFE OF ALDERMAN JULIAN.

I NOW revisited England, and was born at London. My father was one of the magistrates of that city. He had eleven children, of whom I was the eldest. He had great success in trade, and grew extremely rich, but the largeness of his family rendered it impossible for him to leave me a fortune sufficient to live well on independent of business. I was accordingly brought up to be a fishmonger, in which capacity I myself afterwards acquired very considerable wealth.

"The same disposition of mind which in princes is called ambition is in subjects named faction. To this temper I was greatly addicted from my youth. I was, while a boy, a great partisan of prince John's against his brother Richard, during the latter's absence in the holy war and in his captivity. I was no more than one-and-twenty when I first began to make political speeches in publick, and to endeavour to foment disquietude and discontent in the city. As I was pretty well qualified for this office, by a great fluency of words, an harmonious accent, a graceful delivery, and above all an invincible assurance, I had soon acquired some reputation among the younger citizens, and some of the weaker and more inconsid-

erate of a riper age. This, co-operating with my own natural vanity, made me extravagantly proud and supercilious. I soon began to esteem myself a man of some consequence, and to overlook persons every way my superiors.

"The famous Robin Hood, and his companion Little John, at this time made a considerable figure in Yorkshire. I took upon me to write a letter to the former, in the name of the city, inviting him to come to London, where I assured him of very good reception, signifying to him my own great weight and consequence, and how much I had disposed the citizens in his favour. Whether he received this letter or no I am not certain; but he never gave me any answer to it.

"A little afterwards one William Fitz-Osborn, or, as he was nicknamed, William Long-Beard, began to make a figure in the city. He was a bold and an impudent fellow, and had raised himself to great popularity with the rabble, by pretending to espouse their cause against the rich. I took this man's part, and made a public oration in his favour, setting him forth as a patriot, and one who had embarked in the cause of liberty: for which service he did not receive me with the acknowledgments I expected. However, as I thought I should easily gain the ascendant over this fellow, I continued still firm on his side, till the archbishop of Canterbury, with an armed force, put an end to his progress: for he was seized in Bow-church, where he had taken refuge, and with nine of his accomplices hanged in chains.

"I escaped narrowly myself; for I was seized in

the same church with the rest, and, as I had been very considerably engaged in the enterprize, the archbishop was inclined to make me an example; but my father's merit, who had advanced a considerable sum to queen Eleanor towards the king's ransom, preserved me.

"The consternation my danger had occasioned kept me some time quiet, and I applied myself very assiduously to my trade. I invented all manner of methods to enhance the price of fish, and made use of my utmost endeavours to engross as much of the business as possible in my own hands. By these means I acquired a substance which raised me to some little consequence in the city, but far from elevating me to that degree which I had formerly flattered myself with possessing at a time when I was totally insignificant; for, in a trading society, money must at least lay the foundation of all power and interest.

"But as it hath been remarked that the same ambition which sent Alexander into Asia brings the wrestler on the green; and as this same ambition is as incapable as quicksilver of lying still; so I, who was possessed perhaps of a share equal to what hath fired the blood of any of the heroes of antiquity, was no less restless and discontented with ease and quiet. My first endeavours were to make myself head of my company, which Richard I. had just published, and soon afterwards I procured myself to be chosen alderman.

"Opposition is the only state which can give a subject an opportunity of exerting the disposition I

was possessed of. Accordingly, king John was no sooner seated on his throne than I began to oppose his measures, whether right or wrong. It is true that monarch had faults enow. He was so abandoned to lust and luxury, that he addicted himself to the most extravagant excesses in both, while he indolently suffered the king of France to rob him of almost all his foreign dominions: my opposition therefore was justifiable enough, and if my motive from within had been as good as the occasion from without I should have had little to excuse; but, in truth, I sought nothing but my own preferment, by making myself formidable to the king, and then selling to him the interest of that party by whose means I had become so. Indeed, had the public good been my care, however zealously I might have opposed the beginning of his reign, I should not have scrupled to lend him my utmost assistance in the struggle between him and pope Innocent the third, in which he was so manifestly in the right; nor have suffered the insolence of that pope, and the power of the king of France, to have compelled him in the issue, basely to resign his crown into the hands of the former, and receive it again as a vassal; by means of which acknowledgment the pope afterwards claimed this kingdom as a tributary fief to be held of the papal chair; a claim which occasioned great uneasiness to many subsequent princes, and brought numberless calamities on the nation.

"As the king had, among other concessions, stipulated to pay an immediate sum of money to Pandulph,

which he had great difficulty to raise, it was absolutely necessary for him to apply to the city, where my interest and popularity were so high that he had no hopes without my assistance. As I knew this, I took care to sell myself and country as high as possible. The terms I demanded, therefore, were a place, a pension, and a knighthood. All those were immediately consented to. I was forthwith knighted, and promised the other two.

"I now mounted the hustings, and, without any regard to decency or modesty, made as emphatical a speech in favour of the king as before I had done against him. In this speech I justified all those measures which I had before condemned, and pleaded as earnestly with my fellow-citizens to open their purses, as I had formerly done to prevail with them to keep them shut. But, alas! my rhetoric had not the effect I proposed. The consequence of my arguments was only contempt to myself. The people at first stared on one another, and afterwards began unanimously to express their dislike. An impudent fellow among them, reflecting on my trade, cryed out, 'Stinking fish;' which was immediately reiterated through the whole croud. I was then forced to slink away home; but I was not able to accomplish my retreat without being attended by the mob, who huzza'd me along the street with the repeated cries of 'Stinking fish.'

"I now proceeded to court, to inform his majesty of my faithful service, and how much I had suffered in his cause. I found by my first reception he had already heard of my success. Instead of thanking

me for my speech, he said the city should repent of their obstinacy, for that he would shew them who he was: and so saying, he immediately turned that part to me to which the toe of man hath so wonderful an affection, that it is very difficult, whenever it presents itself conveniently, to keep our toes from the most violent and ardent salutation of it.

"I was a little nettled at this behaviour, and with some earnestness claimed the king's fulfilling his promise; but he retired without answering me. I then applied to some of the courtiers, who had lately professed great friendship to me, had eat at my house, and invited me to theirs: but not one would return me any answer, all running away from me as if I had been seized with some contagious distemper. I now found by experience that, as none can be so civil, so none can be ruder than a courtier.

"A few moments after the king's retiring I was left alone in the room to consider what I should do or whither I should turn myself. My reception in the city promised itself to be equal at least with what I found at court. However, there was my home, and thither it was necessary I should retreat for the present.

"But, indeed, bad as I apprehended my treatment in the city would be, it exceeded my expectation. I rode home on an ambling pad through crouds who expressed every kind of disregard and contempt; pelting me not only with the most abusive language, but with dirt. However, with much difficulty I arrived at last at my own house, with my bones whole, but covered over with filth.

"When I was got within my doors, and had shut them against the mob, who had pretty well vented their spleen, and seemed now contented to retire, my wife, whom I found crying over her children, and from whom I had hoped some comfort in my afflictions, fell upon me in the most outrageous manner. She asked me why I would venture on such a step, without consulting her; she said her advice might have been civilly asked, if I was resolved not to have been guided by it. That, whatever opinion I might have conceived of her understanding, the rest of the world thought better of it. That I had never failed when I had asked her counsel, nor ever succeeded without it; — with much more of the same kind, too tedious to mention; concluding that it was a monstrous behaviour to desert my party and come over to the court. An abuse which I took worse than all the rest, as she had been constantly for several years assiduous in railing at the opposition, in siding with the court-party, and begging me to come over to it; and especially after my mentioning the offer of knighthood to her, since which times she had continually interrupted my repose with dinning in my ears the folly of refusing honours and of adhering to a party and to principles by which I was certain of procuring no advantage to myself and my family.

"I had now entirely lost my trade, so that I had not the least temptation to stay longer in a city where I was certain of receiving daily affronts and rebukes. I therefore made up my affairs with the utmost expedition, and, scraping together all I could, retired into the country, where I spent the remainder of my

days in universal contempt, being shunned by everybody, perpetually abused by my wife, and not much respected by my children.

"Minos told me, though I had been a very vile fellow, he thought my sufferings made some atonement, and so bid me take the other trial."

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

JULIAN RECOUNTS WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM WHILE HE WAS A POET.

ROME was now the seat of my nativity, where I was born of a family more remarkable for honour than riches. I was intended for the church, and had a pretty good education; but my father dying while I was young, and leaving me nothing, for he had wasted his whole patrimony, I was forced to enter myself in the order of mendicants.

"When I was at school I had a knack of rhiming, which I unhappily mistook for genius, and indulged to my cost; for my verses drew on me only ridicule, and I was in contempt called the poet.

"This humour pursued me through my life. My first composition after I left school was a panegyric on pope Alexander IV., who then pretended a project of dethroning the king of Sicily. On this subject I composed a poem of about fifteen thousand lines, which with much difficulty I got to be presented to his holiness, of whom I expected great preferment as my reward; but I was cruelly disappointed: for when I had waited a year, without hearing any of the commendations I had flattered myself with receiving, and being now able to contain no longer, I

applied to a Jesuit who was my relation, and had the pope's ear, to know what his holiness's opinion was of my work: he coldly answered me that he was at that time busied in concerns of too much importance to attend the reading of poems.

"However dissatisfied I might be, and really was, with this reception, and however angry I was with the pope, for whose understanding I entertained an immoderate contempt, I was not yet discouraged from a second attempt. Accordingly, I soon after produced another work, entitled, The Trojan Horse. This was an allegorical work, in which the church was introduced into the world in the same manner as that machine had been into Troy. The priests were the soldiers in its belly, and the heathen superstition the city to be destroyed by them. This poem was written in Latin. I remember some of the lines: —

Mundanos scandit fatalis machina muros,
Farta sacerdotum turmis: exinde per alvum
Visi exire omnes, magno cum murmure olentes.
Non aliter quàm cum humanis furibundus ab antris
It sonus et nares simul aura invadit hiantes.
Mille scatent et mille alii; trepidare timore
Ethnica gens cœpit: falsi per inane volantes
Effugere Dei — Desertaque templa relinquunt.
Jam magnum crepitavit equus, mox orbis et alti
Ingemuere poli: tunc tu pater, ultimus omnium
Maxime Alexander, ventrem maturus equinum
Deseris, heu proles meliori digne parente."

I believe Julian, had I not stopt him, would have gone through the whole poem (for, as I observed in most of the characters he related, the affections he had enjoyed while he personated them on earth still

made some impression on him); but I begged him to omit the sequel of the poem, and proceed with his history. He then recollected himself, and, smiling at the observation which by intuition he perceived I had made, continued his narration as follows: —

"I confess to you," says he, "that the delight in repeating our own works is so predominant in a poet, that I find nothing can totally root it out of the soul. Happy would it be for those persons if their hearers could be delighted in the same manner: but alas! hence that *ingens solitudo* complained of by Horace: for the vanity of mankind is so much greedier and more general than their avarice, that no beggar is so ill received by them as he who solicits their praise.

"This I sufficiently experienced in the character of a poet; for my company was shunned (I believe on this account chiefly) by my whole house: nay, there were few who would submit to hearing me read my poetry, even at the price of sharing in my provisions. The only person who gave me audience was a brother poet; he indeed fed me with commendation very liberally: but, as I was forced to hear and commend in my turn, I perhaps bought his attention dear enough.

"Well, sir, if my expectations of the reward I hoped from my first poem had baulked me, I had now still greater reason to complain; for, instead of being preferred or commended for the second, I was enjoined a very severe penance by my superior, for ludicrously comparing the pope to a f—t. My poetry was now the jest of every company, except

some few who spoke of it with detestation; and I found that, instead of recommending me to preferment, it had effectually barred me from all probability of attaining it.

"These discouragements had now induced me to lay down my pen and write no more. But, as Juvenal says,

> — Si discedas, Laqueo tenet ambitiosi
> Consuetudo mali.

I was an example of the truth of this assertion, for I soon betook myself again to my muse. Indeed, a poet hath the same happiness with a man who is dotingly fond of an ugly woman. The one enjoys his muse, and the other his mistress, with a pleasure very little abated by the esteem of the world, and only undervalues their taste for not corresponding with his own.

"It is unnecessary to mention any more of my poems; they had all the same fate; and though in reality some of my latter pieces deserved (I may now speak it without the imputation of vanity) a better success, as I had the character of a bad writer, I found it impossible ever to obtain the reputation of a good one. Had I possessed the merit of Homer I could have hoped for no applause; since it must have been a profound secret; for no one would now read a syllable of my writings.

"The poets of my age were, as I believe you know, not very famous. However, there was one of some credit at that time, though I have the consolation to know his works are all perished long ago. The malice, envy, and hatred I bore this man are incon-

ceivable to any but an author, and an unsuccessful one; I never could bear to hear him well spoken of, and writ anonymous satires against him, though I had received obligations from him; indeed I believe it would have been an absolute impossibility for him at any rate to have made me sincerely his friend.

"I have heard an observation which was made by some one of later days, that there are no worse men than bad authors. A remark of the same kind hath been made on ugly women, and the truth of both stands on one and the same reason, viz., that they are both tainted with that cursed and detestable vice of envy; which, as it is the greatest torment to the mind it inhabits, so is it capable of introducing into it a total corruption, and of inspiring it to the commission of the most horrid crimes imaginable.

"My life was but short; for I soon pined myself to death with the vice I just now mentioned. Minos told me I was infinitely too bad for Elysium; and as for the other place, the devil had sworn he would never entertain a poet for Orpheus's sake: so I was forced to return again to the place from whence I came."

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE

JULIAN PERFORMS THE PARTS OF A KNIGHT AND A DANCING-MASTER.

I NOW mounted the stage in Sicily, and became a knight-templar; but, as my adventures differ so little from those I have recounted you in the character of a common soldier, I shall not tire you with repetition. The soldier and the captain differ in reality so little from one another, that it requires an accurate judgment to distinguish them; the latter wears finer cloaths, and in times of success lives somewhat more delicately; but as to everything else, they very nearly resemble one another.

"My next step was into France, where fortune assigned me the part of a dancing-master. I was so expert in my profession that I was brought to court in my youth, and had the heels of Philip de Valois, who afterwards succeeded Charles the Fair, committed to my direction.

"I do not remember that in any of the characters in which I appeared on earth I ever assumed to myself a greater dignity, or thought myself of more real importance, than now. I looked on dancing as the greatest excellence of human nature, and on myself as the greatest proficient in it. And, indeed,

this seemed to be the general opinion of the whole court; for I was the chief instructor of the youth of both sexes, whose merit was almost entirely defined by the advances they made in that science which I had the honour to profess. As to myself, I was so fully persuaded of this truth, that I not only slighted and despised those who were ignorant of dancing, but I thought the highest character I could give any man was that he made a graceful bow: for want of which accomplishment I had a sovereign contempt for most persons of learning; nay, for some officers in the army, and a few even of the courtiers themselves.

"Though so little of my youth had been thrown away in what they call literature that I could hardly write and read, yet I composed a treatise on education; the first rudiments of which, as I taught, were to instruct a child in the science of coming handsomely into a room. In this I corrected many faults of my predecessors, particularly that of being too much in a hurry, and instituting a child in the sublimer parts of dancing before they are capable of making their honours.

"But as I have not now the same high opinion of my profession which I had then, I shall not entertain you with a long history of a life which consisted of borées and coupées. Let it suffice that I lived to a very old age and followed my business as long as I could crawl. At length I revisited my old friend Minos, who treated me with very little respect and bade me dance back again to earth.

"I did so, and was now once more born an Eng-

lishman, bred up to the church, and at length arrived to the station of a bishop.

"Nothing was so remarkable in this character as my always voting——[1]."

[1] Here part of the manuscript is lost, and that a very considerable one, as appears by the number of the next book and chapter, which contains, I find, the history of Anna Boleyn; but as to the manner in which it was introduced, or to whom the narrative is told, we are totally left in the dark. I have only to remark, that this chapter is, in the original, writ in a woman's hand: and, though the observations in it are, I think, as excellent as any in the whole volume, there seems to be a difference in style between this and the preceding chapters; and, as it is the character of a woman which is related, I am inclined to fancy it was really written by one of that sex.

BOOK XIX

CHAPTER SEVEN

WHEREIN ANNA BOLEYN RELATES THE HISTORY OF HER LIFE.

I AM going now truly to recount a life which from the time of its ceasing has been, in the other world, the continual subject of the cavils of contending parties; the one making me as black as hell, the other as pure and innocent as the inhabitants of this blessed place; the mist of prejudice blinding their eyes, and zeal for what they themselves profess, making everything appear in that light which they think most conduces to its honour.

"My infancy was spent in my father's house, in those childish plays which are most suitable to that state, and I think this was one of the happiest parts of my life; for my parents were not among the number of those who look upon their children as so many objects of a tyrannic power, but I was regarded as the dear pledge of a virtuous love, and all my little pleasures were thought from their indulgence their greatest delight. At seven years old I was carried into France with the king's sister, who was married to the French king, where I lived with a

person of quality, who was an acquaintance of my father's. I spent my time in learning those things necessary to give young persons of fashion a polite education, and did neither good nor evil, but day passed after day in the same easy way till I was fourteen; then began my anxiety, my vanity grew strong, and my heart fluttered with joy at every compliment paid to my beauty: and as the lady with whom I lived was of a gay, chearful disposition, she kept a great deal of company, and my youth and charms made me the continual object of their admiration. I passed some little time in those exulting raptures which are felt by every woman perfectly satisfied with herself and with the behaviour of others towards her: I was, when very young, promoted to be maid of honour to her majesty. The court was frequented by a young nobleman whose beauty was the chief subject of conversation in all assemblies of ladies. The delicacy of his person, added to a great softness in his manner, gave everything he said and did such an air of tenderness, that every woman he spoke to flattered herself with being the object of his love. I was one of those who was vain enough of my own charms to hope to make a conquest of him whom the whole court sighed for. I now thought every other object below my notice; yet the only pleasure I proposed to myself in this design was, the triumphing over that heart which I plainly saw all the ladies of the highest quality and the greatest beauty would have been proud of possessing. I was yet too young to be very artful; but nature, without any assistance, soon discovers to a man who is used to

gallantry a woman's desire to be liked by him, whether that desire arises from any particular choice she makes of him, or only from vanity. He soon perceived my thoughts, and gratified my utmost wishes by constantly preferring me before all other women, and exerting his utmost gallantry and address to engage my affections. This sudden happiness, which I then thought the greatest I could have had, appeared visible in all my actions; I grew so gay and so full of vivacity, that it made my person appear still to a better advantage, all my acquaintance pretending to be fonder of me than ever: though, young as I was, I plainly saw it was but pretence, for through all their endeavours to the contrary envy would often break forth in sly insinuations and malicious sneers, which gave me fresh matter of triumph, and frequent opportunities of insulting them, which I never let slip, for now first my female heart grew sensible of the spiteful pleasure of seeing another languish for what I enjoyed. Whilst I was in the height of my happiness her majesty fell ill of a languishing distemper, which obliged her to go into the country for the change of air: my place made it necessary for me to attend her, and which way he brought it about I can't imagine, but my young hero found means to be one of that small train that waited on my royal mistress, although she went as privately as possible. Hitherto all the interviews I had ever had with him were in public, and I only looked on him as the fitter object to feed that pride which had no other view but to shew its power; but now the scene was quite changed. My

rivals were all at a distance: the place we went to was as charming as the most agreeable natural situation, assisted by the greatest art, could make it; the pleasant solitary walks, the singing of birds, the thousand pretty romantic scenes this delightful place afforded, gave a sudden turn to my mind; my whole soul was melted into softness, and all my vanity was fled. My spark was too much used to affairs of this nature not to perceive this change; at first the profuse transports of his joy made me believe him wholly mine, and this belief gave me such happiness that no language affords words to express it, and can be only known to those who have felt it. But this was of a very short duration, for I soon found I had to do with one of those men whose only end in the pursuit of a woman is to make her fall a victim to an insatiable desire to be admired. His designs had succeeded, and now he every day grew colder, and, as if by infatuation, my passion every day increased; and, notwithstanding all my resolutions and endeavours to the contrary, my rage at the disappointment at once both of my love and pride, and at the finding a passion fixed in my breast I knew not how to conquer, broke out into that inconsistent behaviour which must always be the consequence of violent passions. One moment I reproached him, the next I grew to tenderness and blamed myself, and thought I fancied what was not true: he saw my struggle and triumphed in it; but, as he had not witnesses enough there of his victory to give him the full enjoyment of it, he grew weary of the country and returned to Paris, and left me in

a condition it is utterly impossible to describe. My mind was like a city up in arms, all confusion; and every new thought was a fresh disturber of my peace. Sleep quite forsook me, and the anxiety I suffered threw me into a fever which had like to have cost me my life. With great care I recovered, but the violence of the distemper left such a weakness on my body that the disturbance of my mind was greatly assuaged; and now I began to comfort myself in the reflection that this gentleman's being a finished coquet was very likely the only thing could have preserved me; for he was the only man from whom I was ever in any danger. By that time I was got tolerably well we returned to Paris; and I confess I both wished and feared to see this cause of all my pain: however, I hoped, by the help of my resentment, to be able to meet him with indifference. This employed my thoughts till our arrival. The next day there was a very full court to congratulate the queen on her recovery; and amongst the rest my love appeared dressed and adorned as if he designed some new conquest. Instead of seeing a woman he despised and slighted, he approached me with that assured air which is common to successful coxcombs. At the same time I perceived I was surrounded by all those ladies who were on his account my greatest enemies, and, in revenge, wished for nothing more than to see me make a ridiculous figure. This situation so perplexed my thoughts, that when he came near enough to speak to me, I fainted away in his arms. Had I studied which way I could gratify him most, it was impossible to have

done anything to have pleased him more. Some that stood by brought smelling-bottles, and used means for my recovery; and I was welcomed to returning life by all those repartees which women enraged by envy are capable of venting. One cried, 'Well, I never thought my lord had anything so frightful in his person or so fierce in his manner as to strike a young lady dead at the sight of him.' 'No, no,' says another, 'some ladies' senses are more apt to be hurried by agreeable than disagreeable objects.' With many more such sort of speeches which shewed more malice than wit. This not being able to bear, trembling, and with but just strength enough to move, I crawled to my coach and hurried home. When I was alone, and thought on what had happened to me in a public court, I was at first driven to the utmost despair; but afterwards, when I came to reflect, I believe this accident contributed more to my being cured of my passion than any other could have done. I began to think the only method to pique the man who had used me so barbarously, and to be revenged on my spightful rivals, was to recover that beauty which was then languid and had lost its lustre, to let them see I had still charms enough to engage as many lovers as I could desire, and that I could yet rival them who had thus cruelly insulted me. These pleasing hopes revived my sinking spirits, and worked a more effectual cure on me than all the philosophy and advice of the wisest men could have done. I now employed all my time and care in adorning my person, and studying the surest means of engaging the affections of others, while I myself con-

tinued quite indifferent; for I resolved for the future, if ever one soft thought made its way to my heart, to fly the object of it, and by new lovers to drive the image from my breast. I consulted my glass every morning, and got such a command of my countenance that I could suit it to the different tastes of variety of lovers; and though I was young, for I was not yet above seventeen, yet my public way of life gave me such continual opportunities of conversing with men, and the strong desire I now had of pleasing them led me to make such constant observations on everything they said or did, that I soon found out the different methods of dealing with them. I observed that most men generally liked in women what was most opposite to their own characters; therefore to the grave solid man of sense I endeavoured to appear sprightly and full of spirit; to the witty and gay, soft and languishing; to the amorous (for they want no increase of their passions), cold and reserved; to the fearful and backward, warm and full of fire; and so of all the rest. As to beaus, and all those sort of men, whose desires are centred in the satisfaction of their vanity, I had learned by sad experience the only way to deal with them was to laugh at them and let their own good opinion of themselves be the only support of their hopes. I knew, while I could get other followers, I was sure of them; for the only sign of modesty they ever give is that of not depending on their own judgments, but following the opinions of the greatest number. Thus furnished with maxims, and grown wise by past errors, I in a manner began the world

again : I appeared in all public places handsomer and more lively than ever, to the amazement of every one who saw me and had heard of the affair between me and my lord. He himself was much surprized and vexed at the sudden change, nor could he account how it was possible for me so soon to shake off those chains he thought he had fixed on me for life ; nor was he willing to lose his conquest in this manner. He endeavoured by all means possible to talk to me again of love, but I stood fixed to my resolution (in which I was greatly assisted by the croud of admirers that daily surrounded me) never to let him explain himself : for, notwithstanding all my pride, I found the first impression the heart receives of love is so strong that it requires the most vigilant care to prevent a relapse. Now I lived three years in a constant round of diversions, and was made the perfect idol of all the men that came to court of all ages and all characters. I had several good matches offered me, but I thought none of them equal to my merit ; and one of my greatest pleasures was to see those women who had pretended to rival me often glad to marry those whom I had refused. Yet, notwithstanding this great success of my schemes, I cannot say I was perfectly happy ; for every woman that was taken the least notice of, and every man that was insensible to my arts, gave me as much pain as all the rest gave me pleasure ; and sometimes little underhand plots which were laid against my designs would succeed in spite of my care : so that I really began to grow weary of this manner of life, when my father, returning from his embassy in France, took me home

with him, and carried me to a little pleasant country-house, where there was nothing grand or superfluous, but everything neat and agreeable. There I led a life perfectly solitary. At first the time hung very heavy on my hands, and I wanted all kind of employment, and I had very like to have fallen into the height of the vapours, from no other reason but from want of knowing what to do with myself. But when I had lived here a little time I found such a calmness in my mind, and such a difference between this and the restless anxieties I had experienced in a court, that I began to share the tranquillity that visibly appeared in everything round me. I set myself to do works of fancy, and to raise little flower-gardens, with many such innocent rural amusements; which, although they are not capable of affording any great pleasure, yet they give that serene turn to the mind which I think much preferable to anything else human nature is made susceptible of. I now resolved to spend the rest of my days here, and that nothing should allure me from that sweet retirement, to be again tossed about with tempestuous passions of any kind. Whilst I was in this situation my lord Percy, the earl of Northumberland's eldest son, by an accident of losing his way after a fox-chase, was met by my father about a mile from our house; he came home with him, only with a design of dining with us, but was so taken with me that he stayed three days. I had too much experience in all affairs of this kind not to see presently the influence I had on him; but I was at that time so intirely free from all ambition, that even the prospect of being

a countess had no effect on me; and I then thought nothing in the world could have bribed me to have changed my way of life. This young lord, who was just in his bloom, found his passion so strong, he could not endure a long absence, but returned again in a week, and endeavoured, by all the means he could think of, to engage me to return his affection. He addressed me with that tenderness and respect which women on earth think can flow from nothing but real love; and very often told me that, unless he could be so happy as by his assiduity and care to make himself agreeable to me, although he knew my father would eagerly embrace any proposal from him, yet he would suffer that last of miseries of never seeing me more rather than owe his own happiness to anything that might be the least contradiction to my inclinations. This manner of proceeding had something in it so noble and generous, that by degrees it raised a sensation in me which I know not how to describe, nor by what name to call it: it was nothing like my former passion: for there was no turbulence, no uneasy waking nights attending it, but all I could with honour grant to oblige him appeared to me to be justly due to his truth and love, and more the effect of gratitude than of any desire of my own. The character I had heard of him from my father at my first returning to England, in discoursing of the young nobility, convinced me that if I was his wife I should have the perpetual satisfaction of knowing every action of his must be approved by all the sensible part of mankind; so that very soon I began

to have no scruple left but that of leaving my little scene of quietness, and venturing again into the world. But this, by his continual application and submissive behaviour, by degrees entirely vanished, and I agreed he should take his own time to break it to my father, whose consent he was not long in obtaining; for such a match was by no means to be refused. There remained nothing now to be done but to prevail with the earl of Northumberland to comply with what his son so ardently desired; for which purpose he set out immediately for London, and begged it as the greatest favour that I would accompany my father, who was also to go thither the week following. I could not refuse his request, and as soon as we arrived in town he flew to me with the greatest raptures to inform me his father was so good that, finding his happiness depended on his answer, he had given him free leave to act in this affair as would best please himself, and that he had now no obstacle to prevent his wishes. It was then the beginning of the winter, and the time for our marriage was fixed for the latter end of March: the consent of all parties made his access to me very easy, and we conversed together both with innocence and pleasure. As his fondness was so great that he contrived all the methods possible to keep me continually in his sight, he told me one morning he was commanded by his father to attend him to court that evening, and begged I would be so good as to meet him there. I was now so used to act as he would have me that I made no difficulty of complying with his desire. Two days after this, I was very

much surprized at perceiving such a melancholy in his countenance, and alteration in his behaviour, as I could no way account for; but, by importunity, at last I got from him that cardinal Wolsey, for what reason he knew not, had peremptorily forbid him to think any more of me: and, when he urged that his father was not displeased with it, the cardinal, in his imperious manner, answered him, he should give his father such convincing reasons why it would be attended with great inconveniences, that he was sure he could bring him to be of his opinion. On which he turned from him, and gave him no opportunity of replying. I could not imagine what design the cardinal could have in intermeddling in this match, and I was still more perplexed to find that my father treated my lord Percy with much more coldness than usual; he too saw it, and we both wondered what could possibly be the cause of all this. But it was not long before the mystery was all made clear by my father, who, sending for me one day into his chamber, let me into a secret which was as little wished for as expected. He began with the surprizing effects of youth and beauty, and the madness of letting go those advantages they might procure us till it was too late, when we might wish in vain to bring them back again. I stood amazed at this beginning; he saw my confusion, and bid me sit down and attend to what he was going to tell me, which was of the greatest consequence; and he hoped I would be wise enough to take his advice, and act as he should think best for my future welfare. He then asked me if I should

not be much pleased to be a queen? I answered, with the greatest earnestness, that, so far from it, I would not live in a court again to be the greatest queen in the world; that I had a lover who was both desirous and able to raise my station even beyond my wishes. I found this discourse was very displeasing; my father frowned, and called me a romantic fool, and said if I would hearken to him he could make me a queen; for the cardinal had told him that the king, from the time he saw me at court the other night, liked me, and intended to get a divorce from his wife, and to put me in her place; and ordered him to find some method to make me a maid of honour to her present majesty, that in the meantime he might have an opportunity of seeing me. It is impossible to express the astonishment these words threw me into; and, notwithstanding that the moment before, when it appeared at so great a distance, I was very sincere in my declaration how much it was against my will to be raised so high, yet now the prospect came nearer, I confess my heart fluttered, and my eyes were dazzled with a view of being seated on a throne. My imagination presented before me all the pomp, power, and greatness that attend a crown; and I was so perplexed I knew not what to answer, but remained as silent as if I had lost the use of my speech. My father, who guessed what it was that made me in this condition, proceeded to bring all the arguments he thought most likely to bend me to his will; at last I recovered from this dream of grandeur, and begged him, by all the most endearing names I could think of,

not to urge me dishonourably to forsake the man who I was convinced would raise me to an empire if in his power, and who had enough in his power to give me all I desired. But he was deaf to all I could say, and insisted that by next week I should prepare myself to go to court: he bid me consider of it, and not prefer a ridiculous notion of honour to the real interest of my whole family; but, above all things, not to disclose what he had trusted me with. On which he left me to my own thoughts. When I was alone I reflected how little real tenderness this behaviour shewed to me, whose happiness he did not at all consult, but only looked on me as a ladder, on which he could climb to the height of his own ambitious desires: and when I thought on his fondness for me in my infancy I could impute it to nothing but either the liking me as a plaything or the gratification of his vanity in my beauty. But I was too much divided between a crown and my engagement to lord Percy to spend much time in thinking of anything else; and, although my father had positively forbid me, yet, when he came next, I could not help acquainting him with all that had passed, with the reserve only of the struggle in my own mind on the first mention of being a queen. I expected he would have received the news with the greatest agonies; but he shewed no vast emotion: however, he could not help turning pale, and, taking me by the hand, looked at me with an air of tenderness, and said, 'If being a queen would make you happy, and it is in your power to be so, I would not for the world prevent it, let me suffer what I

will.' This amazing greatness of mind had on me quite the contrary effect from what it ought to have had; for, instead of increasing my love for him it almost put an end to it, and I began to think, if he could part with me, the matter was not much. And I am convinced, when any man gives up the possession of a woman whose consent he has once obtained, let his motive be ever so generous, he will disoblige her. I could not help shewing my dissatisfaction, and told him I was very glad this affair sat so easily on him. He had not power to answer, but was so suddenly struck with this unexpected ill-natured turn I gave his behaviour, that he stood amazed for some time, and then bowed and left me. Now I was again left to my own reflections; but to make anything intelligible out of them is quite impossible: I wished to be a queen, and wished I might not be one: I would have my lord Percy happy without me; and yet I would not have the power of my charms be so weak that he could bear the thought of life after being disappointed in my love. But the result of all these confused thoughts was a resolution to obey my father. I am afraid there was not much duty in the case, though at that time I was glad to take hold of that small shadow to save me from looking on my own actions in the true light. When my lover came again I looked on him with that coldness that he could not bear, on purpose to rid myself of all importunity: for since I had resolved to use him ill I regarded him as the monument of my shame, and his every look appeared to me to upbraid me. My father soon carried me to court; there I had no very hard part to act; for,

with the experience I had had of mankind, I could find no great difficulty in managing a man who liked me, and for whom I not only did not care but had an utter aversion to: but this aversion he believed to be virtue; for how credulous is a man who has an inclination to believe! And I took care sometimes to drop words of cottages and love, and how happy the woman was who fixed her affections on a man in such a station of life that she might show her love without being suspected of hypocrisy or mercenary views. All this was swallowed very easily by the amorous king, who pushed on the divorce with the utmost impetuosity, although the affair lasted a good while, and I remained most part of the time behind the curtain. Whenever the king mentioned it to me I used such arguments against it as I thought the most likely to make him the more eager for it; begging that, unless his conscience was really touched, he would not on my account give any grief to his virtuous queen; for in being her handmaid I thought myself highly honoured; and that I would not only forego a crown, but even give up the pleasure of ever seeing him more, rather than wrong my royal mistress. This way of talking, joined to his eager desire to possess my person, convinced the king so strongly of my exalted merit, that he thought it a meritorious act to displace the woman (whom he could not have so good an opinion of, because he was tired of her), and to put me in her place. After about a year's stay at court, as the king's love to me began to be talked of, it was thought proper to remove me, that there might be no umbrage given to the queen's party. I was forced

to comply with this, though greatly against my will; for I was very jealous that absence might change the king's mind. I retired again with my father to his country-seat, but it had no longer those charms for me which I once enjoyed there; for my mind was now too much taken up with ambition to make room for any other thoughts. During my stay here, my royal lover often sent gentlemen to me with messages and letters, which I always answered in the manner I thought would best bring about my designs, which were to come back again to court. In all the letters that passed between us there was something so kingly and commanding in his, and so deceitful and submissive in mine, that I sometimes could not help reflecting on the difference betwixt this correspondence and that with lord Percy; yet I was so pressed forward by the desire of a crown, I could not think of turning back. In all I wrote I continually praised his resolution of letting me be at a distance from him, since at this time it conduced indeed to my honour; but, what was of ten times more weight with me, I thought it was necessary for his; and I would sooner suffer anything in the world than be any means of hurt to him, either in his interest or reputation. I always gave some hints of ill health, with some reflections how necessary the peace of the mind was to that of the body. By these means I brought him to recal me again by the most absolute command, which I, for a little time, artfully delayed (for I knew the impatience of his temper would not bear any contradictions), till he made my father in a manner force me to what

I most wished, with the utmost appearance of reluctance on my side. When I had gained this point I began to think which way I could separate the king from the queen, for hitherto they lived in the same house. The lady Mary, the queen's daughter, being then about sixteen, I sought for emissaries of her own age that I could confide in, to instil into her mind disrespectful thoughts of her father, and make a jest of the tenderness of his conscience about the divorce. I knew she had naturally strong passions, and that young people of that age are apt to think those that pretend to be their friends are really so, and only speak their minds freely. I afterwards contrived to have every word she spoke of him carried to the king, who took it all as I could wish, and fancied those things did not come at first from the young lady, but from her mother. He would often talk of it to me, and I agreed with him in his sentiments; but then, as a great proof of my goodness, I always endeavoured to excuse her, by saying a lady so long time used to be a royal queen might naturally be a little exasperated with those she fancied would throw her from that station she so justly deserved. By these sort of plots I found the way to make the king angry with the queen; for nothing is easier than to make a man angry with a woman he wants to be rid of, and who stands in the way between him and his pleasure; so that now the king, on the pretence of the queen's obstinacy in a point where his conscience was so tenderly concerned, parted with her. Everything was now plain before me; I had nothing farther to do but to let the king

alone to his own desires; and I had no reason to fear, since they had carried him so far, but that they would urge him on to do everything I aimed at. I was created marchioness of Pembroke. This dignity sat very easy on me; for the thoughts of a much higher title took from me all feeling of this; and I looked upon being a marchioness as a trifle, not that I saw the bauble in its true light, but because it fell short of what I had figured to myself I should soon obtain. The king's desires grew very impatient, and it was not long before I was privately married to him. I was no sooner his wife than I found all the queen come upon me; I felt myself conscious of royalty, and even the faces of my most intimate acquaintance seemed to me to be quite strange. I hardly knew them: height had turned my head, and I was like a man placed on a monument, to whose sight all creatures at a great distance below him appear like so many little pigmies crawling about on the earth; and the prospect so greatly delighted me, that I did not presently consider that in both cases descending a few steps erected by human hands would place us in the number of those very pigmies who appeared so despicable. Our marriage was kept private for some time, for it was not thought proper to make it public (the affair of the divorce not being finished) till the birth of my daughter Elizabeth made it necessary. But all who saw me knew it; for my manner of speaking and acting was so much changed with my station, that all around me plainly perceived I was sure I was a queen. While it was a secret I had yet something to wish for; I

could not be perfectly satisfied till all the world was acquainted with my fortune: but when my coronation was over, and I was raised to the height of my ambition, instead of finding myself happy, I was in reality more miserable than ever; for, besides that the aversion I had naturally to the king was much more difficult to dissemble after marriage than before, and grew into a perfect detestation, my imagination, which had thus warmly pursued a crown, grew cool when I was in the possession of it, and gave me time to reflect what mighty matter I had gained by all this bustle; and I often used to think myself in the case of the fox-hunter, who, when he has toiled and sweated all day in the chase as if some unheard-of blessing was to crown his success, finds at last all he has got by his labour is a stinking nauseous animal. But my condition was yet worse than his; for he leaves the loathsome wretch to be torn by his hounds, whilst I was obliged to fondle mine, and meanly pretend him to be the object of my love. For the whole time I was in this envied, this exalted state, I led a continual life of hypocrisy, which I now know nothing on earth can compensate. I had no companion but the man I hated. I dared not disclose my sentiments to any person about me, nor did any one presume to enter into any freedom of conversation with me; but all who spoke to me talked to the queen, and not to me; for they would have said just the same things to a dressed-up puppet, if the king had taken a fancy to call it his wife. And as I knew every woman in the court was my enemy, from thinking she had much more right than I had

to the place I filled, I thought myself as unhappy as if I had been placed in a wild wood, where there was no human creature for me to speak to, in a continual fear of leaving any traces of my footsteps, lest I should be found by some dreadful monster, or stung by snakes and adders ; for such are spiteful women to the objects of their envy. In this worst of all situations I was obliged to hide my melancholy and appear chearful. This threw me into an error the other way, and I sometimes fell into a levity in my behaviour that was afterwards made use of to my disadvantage. I had a son dead-born, which I perceived abated something of the king's ardour ; for his temper could not brook the least disappointment. This gave me no uneasiness ; for, not considering the consequences, I could not help being best pleased when I had least of his company. Afterwards I found he had cast his eyes on one of my maids of honour ; and, whether it was owing to any art of hers, or only to the king's violent passions, I was in the end used even worse than my former mistress had been by my means. The decay of the king's affection was presently seen by all those court-sycophants who continually watch the motions of royal eyes ; and the moment they found they could be heard against me they turned my most innocent actions and words, nay, even my very looks, into proofs of the blackest crimes. The king, who was impatient to enjoy his new love, lent a willing ear to all my accusers, who found ways of making him jealous that I was false to his bed. He would not so easily have believed anything against me before, but he was now glad to flatter himself that he

had found a reason to do just what he had resolved upon without a reason; and on some slight pretences and hearsay evidence I was sent to the Tower, where the lady who was my greatest enemy was appointed to watch me and lie in the same chamber with me. This was really as bad a punishment as my death, for she insulted me with those keen reproaches and spiteful witticisms, which threw me into such vapours and violent fits that I knew not what I uttered in this condition. She pretended I had confessed talking ridiculous stuff with a set of low fellows whom I had hardly ever taken notice of, as could have imposed on none but such as were resolved to believe. I was brought to my trial, and, to blacken me the more, accused of conversing criminally with my own brother, whom indeed I loved extremely well, but never looked on him in any other light than as my friend. However, I was condemned to be beheaded, or burnt, as the king pleased; and he was graciously pleased, from the great remains of his love, to chuse the mildest sentence. I was much less shocked at this manner of ending my life than I should have been in any other station: but I had had so little enjoyment from the time I had been a queen, that death was the less dreadful to me. The chief things that lay on my conscience were the arts I made use of to induce the king to part with the queen, my ill usage of lady Mary, and my jilting lord Percy. However, I endeavoured to calm my mind as well as I could, and hoped these crimes would be forgiven me; for in other respects I had led a very innocent life, and always did all the good-natured actions I found any

opportunity of doing. From the time I had it in my power, I gave a great deal of money amongst the poor; I prayed very devoutly, and went to my execution very composedly. Thus I lost my life at the age of twenty-nine, in which short time I believe I went through more variety of scenes than many people who live to be very old. I had lived in a court, where I spent my time in coquetry and gaiety; I had experienced what it was to have one of those violent passions which makes the mind all turbulence and anxiety; I had had a lover whom I esteemed and valued, and at the latter part of my life I was raised to a station as high as the vainest woman could wish. But in all these various changes I never enjoyed any real satisfaction, unless in the little time I lived retired in the country free from all noise and hurry, and while I was conscious I was the object of the love and esteem of a man of sense and honour."

On the conclusion of this history Minos paused for a small time, and then ordered the gate to be thrown open for Anna Boleyn's admittance on the consideration that whoever had suffered being the queen for four years, and been sensible during all that time of the real misery which attends that exalted station, ought to be forgiven whatever she had done to obtain it.[1]

[1] Here ends this curious manuscript; the rest being destroyed in rolling up pens, tobacco, &c. It is to be hoped heedless people will henceforth be more cautious what they burn, or use to other vile purposes; especially when they consider the fate which had likely to have befallen the divine Milton, and that the works of Homer were probably discovered in some chandler's shop in Greece.

THE JOURNAL OF A VOYAGE TO LISBON

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DEDICATION TO THE PUBLIC

YOUR candour is desired on the perusal of the following sheets, as they are the product of a genius that has long been your delight and entertainment. It must be acknowledged that a lamp almost burnt out does not give so steady and uniform a light as when it blazes in its full vigour; but yet it is well known that by its wavering, as if struggling against its own dissolution, it sometimes darts a ray as bright as ever. In like manner, a strong and lively genius will, in its last struggles, sometimes mount aloft, and throw forth the most striking marks of its original lustre.

Wherever these are to be found, do you, the genuine patrons of extraordinary capacities, be as liberal in your applauses of him who is now no more as you were of him whilst he was yet amongst you. And, on the other hand, if in this little work there should appear any traces of a weakened and decayed life, let your own imaginations place before your eyes a true picture in that of a hand trembling in almost its latest hour, of a body emaciated with

pains, yet struggling for your entertainment; and let this affecting picture open each tender heart, and call forth a melting tear, to blot out whatever failings may be found in a work begun in pain, and finished almost at the same period with life.

It was thought proper by the friends of the deceased that this little piece should come into your hands as it came from the hands of the author, it being judged that you would be better pleased to have an opportunity of observing the faintest traces of a genius you have long admired, than have it patched by a different hand, by which means the marks of its true author might have been effaced.

That the success of the last written, though first published, volume of the author's posthumous pieces may be attended with some convenience to those innocents he hath left behind, will no doubt be a motive to encourage its circulation through the kingdom, which will engage every future genius to exert itself for your pleasure.

The principles and spirit which breathe in every line of the small fragment begun in answer to Lord Bolingbroke will unquestionably be a sufficient apology for its publication, although vital strength was wanting to finish a work so happily begun and so well designed.

PREFACE

THERE would not, perhaps, be a more pleasant or profitable study, among those which have their principal end in amusement, than that of travels or voyages, if they were writ, as they might be and ought to be, with a joint view to the entertainment and information of mankind. If the conversation of travellers be so eagerly sought after as it is, we may believe their books will be still more agreeable company, as they will in general be more instructive and more entertaining.

But when I say the conversation of travellers is usually so welcome, I must be understood to mean that only of such as have had good sense enough to apply their peregrinations to a proper use, so as to acquire from them a real and valuable knowledge of men and things, both which are best known by comparison. If the customs and manners of men were everywhere the same, there would be no office so dull as that of a traveller, for the difference of hills, valleys, rivers, in short, the various views of which we may see the face of the earth, would scarce afford him a pleasure worthy of his labour; and surely it would give him very little opportunity of communicating any kind of entertainment or improvement to others.

To make a traveller an agreeable companion to a man of sense, it is necessary, not only that he should have seen much, but that he should have overlooked much of what he hath seen. Nature is not, any more than a great genius, always admirable in her productions, and therefore the traveller, who may be called her commentator, should not expect to find everywhere subjects worthy of his notice.

It is certain, indeed, that one may be guilty of omission, as well as of the opposite extreme; but a fault on that side will be more easily pardoned, as it is better to be hungry than surfeited; and to miss your dessert at the table of a man whose gardens abound with the choicest fruits, than to have your taste affronted with every sort of trash that can be picked up at the green-stall or the wheelbarrow.

If we should carry on the analogy between the traveller and the commentator, it is impossible to keep one's eye a moment off from the laborious much-read doctor Zachary Gray, of whose redundant notes on Hudibras I shall only say that it is, I am confident, the single book extant in which above five hundred authors are quoted, not one of which could be found in the collection of the late doctor Mead.

As there are few things which a traveller is to record, there are fewer on which he is to offer his observations: this is the office of the reader; and it is so pleasant a one, that he seldom chuses to have it taken from him, under the pretence of lending him assistance. Some occasions, indeed, there are, when proper observations are pertinent, and others when

they are necessary; but good sense alone must point them out. I shall lay down only one general rule; which I believe to be of universal truth between relator and hearer, as it is between author and reader; this is, that the latter never forgive any observation of the former which doth not convey some knowledge that they are sensible they could not possibly have attained of themselves.

But all his pains in collecting knowledge, all his judgment in selecting, and all his art in communicating it, will not suffice, unless he can make himself, in some degree, an agreeable as well as an instructive companion. The highest instruction we can derive from the tedious tale of a dull fellow scarce ever pays us for our attention. There is nothing, I think, half so valuable as knowledge, and yet there is nothing which men will give themselves so little trouble to attain; unless it be, perhaps, that lowest degree of it which is the object of curiosity, and which hath therefore that active passion constantly employed in its service. This, indeed, it is in the power of every traveller to gratify; but it is the leading principle in weak minds only.

To render his relation agreeable to the man of sense, it is therefore necessary that the voyager should possess several eminent and rare talents; so rare indeed, that it is almost wonderful to see them ever united in the same person.

And if all these talents must concur in the relator, they are certainly in a more eminent degree necessary to the writer; for here the narration admits of higher ornaments of stile, and every fact and senti-

ment offers itself to the fullest and most deliberate examination.

It would appear, therefore, I think, somewhat strange if such writers as these should be found extremely common; since nature hath been a most parsimonious distributor of her richest talents, and hath seldom bestowed many on the same person. But, on the other hand, why there should scarce exist a single writer of this kind worthy our regard; and, whilst there is no other branch of history (for this is history) which hath not exercised the greatest pens, why this alone should be overlooked by all men of great genius and erudition, and delivered up to the Goths and Vandals as their lawful property, is altogether as difficult to determine.

And yet that this is the case, with some very few exceptions, is most manifest. Of these I shall willingly admit Burnet and Addison; if the former was not, perhaps, to be considered as a political essayist, and the latter as a commentator on the classics, rather than as a writer of travels; which last title, perhaps, they would both of them have been least ambitious to affect.

Indeed, if these two and two or three more should be removed from the mass, there would remain such a heap of dulness behind, that the appellation of voyage-writer would not appear very desirable.

I am not here unapprized that old Homer himself is by some considered as a voyage-writer; and, indeed, the beginning of his Odyssey may be urged to countenance that opinion, which I shall not controvert. But, whatever species of writing the Odyssey

is of, it is surely at the head of that species, as much as the Iliad is of another; and so far the excellent Longinus would allow, I believe, at this day.

But, in reality, the Odyssey, the Telemachus, and all of that kind, are to the voyage-writing I here intend, what romance is to true history, the former being the confounder and corrupter of the latter. I am far from supposing that Homer, Hesiod, and the other antient poets and mythologists, had any settled design to pervert and confuse the records of antiquity; but it is certain they have effected it; and for my part I must confess I should have honoured and loved Homer more had he written a true history of his own times in humble prose, than those noble poems that have so justly collected the praise of all ages; for, though I read these with more admiration and astonishment, I still read Herodotus, Thucydides, and Xenophon with more amusement and more satisfaction.

The original poets were not, however, without excuse. They found the limits of nature too strait for the immensity of their genius, which they had not room to exert without extending fact by fiction: and that especially at a time when the manners of men were too simple to afford that variety which they have since offered in vain to the choice of the meanest writers. In doing this they are again excusable for the manner in which they have done it.

Ut speciosa dehinc miracula promant.

They are not, indeed, so properly said to turn reality into fiction, as fiction into reality. Their paint-

ings are so bold, their colours so strong, that everything they touch seems to exist in the very manner they represent it; their portraits are so just, and their landscapes so beautiful, that we acknowledge the strokes of nature in both, without enquiring whether Nature herself, or her journeyman the poet, formed the first pattern of the piece.

But other writers (I will put Pliny at their head) have no such pretensions to indulgence; they lye for lying sake, or in order insolently to impose the most monstrous improbabilities and absurdities upon their readers on their own authority; treating them as some fathers treat children, and as other fathers do laymen, exacting their belief of whatever they relate, on no other foundation than their own authority, without ever taking the pains of adapting their lies to human credulity, and of calculating them for the meridian of a common understanding; but, with as much weakness as wickedness, and with more impudence often than either, they assert facts contrary to the honour of God, to the visible order of the creation, to the known laws of nature, to the histories of former ages, and to the experience of our own, and which no man can at once understand and believe.

If it should be objected (and it can nowhere be objected better than where I now write,[1] as there is nowhere more pomp of bigotry) that whole nations have been firm believers in such most absurd suppositions, I reply, the fact is not true. They have known nothing of the matter, and have believed they knew not what. It is, indeed, with me no

[1] At Lisbon.

matter of doubt but that the pope and his clergy might teach any of those christian heterodoxies, the tenets of which are the most diametrically opposite to their own; nay, all the doctrines of Zoroaster, Confucius, and Mahomet, not only with certain and immediate success, but without one Catholick in a thousand knowing he had changed his religion.

What motive a man can have to sit down, and to draw forth a list of stupid, senseless, incredible lies upon paper, would be difficult to determine, did not Vanity present herself so immediately as the adequate cause. The vanity of knowing more than other men is, perhaps, besides hunger, the only inducement to writing, at least to publishing, at all. Why then should not the voyage-writer be inflamed with the glory of having seen what no man ever did or will see but himself? This is the true source of the wonderful in the discourse and writings, and sometimes, I believe, in the actions of men. There is another fault, of a kind directly opposite to this, to which these writers are sometimes liable, when, instead of filling their pages with monsters which nobody hath ever seen, and with adventures which never have, nor could possibly have, happened to them, waste their time and paper with recording things and facts of so common a kind, that they challenge no other right of being remembered than as they had the honour of having happened to the author, to whom nothing seems trivial that in any manner happens to himself. Of such consequence do his own actions appear to one of this kind, that he would probably think himself guilty of infidelity

should he omit the minutest thing in the detail of his journal. That the fact is true is sufficient to give it a place there, without any consideration whether it is capable of pleasing or surprising, of diverting or informing, the reader.

I have seen a play (if I mistake not it is one of Mrs. Behn's or of Mrs. Centlivre's) where this vice in a voyage-writer is finely ridiculed. An ignorant pedant, to whose government, for I know not what reason, the conduct of a young nobleman in his travels is committed, and who is sent abroad to shew my lord the world, of which he knows nothing himself, before his departure from a town, calls for his journal to record the goodness of the wine and tobacco, with other articles of the same importance, which are to furnish the materials of a voyage at his return home. The humour, it is true, is here carried very far; and yet, perhaps, very little beyond what is to be found in writers who profess no intention of dealing in humour at all.

Of one or other, or both of these kinds, are, I conceive, all that vast pile of books which pass under the names of voyages, travels, adventures, lives, memoirs, histories, &c., some of which a single traveller sends into the world in many volumes, and others are, by judicious booksellers, collected into vast bodies in folio, and inscribed with their own names, as if they were indeed their own travels: thus unjustly attributing to themselves the merit of others.

Now, from both these faults we have endeavoured to steer clear in the following narrative; which, however the contrary may be insinuated by igno-

rant, unlearned, and fresh-water critics, who have never travelled either in books or ships, I do solemnly declare doth, in my own impartial opinion, deviate less from truth than any other voyage extant; my lord Anson's alone being, perhaps, excepted.

Some few embellishments must be allowed to every historian; for we are not to conceive that the speeches in Livy, Sallust, or Thucydides, were literally spoken in the very words in which we now read them. It is sufficient that every fact hath its foundation in truth, as I do seriously aver is the case in the ensuing pages; and when it is so, a good critic will be so far from denying all kind of ornament of stile or diction, or even of circumstance, to his author, that he would be rather sorry if he omitted it; for he could hence derive no other advantage than the loss of an additional pleasure in the perusal.

Again, if any merely common incident should appear in this journal, which will seldom I apprehend be the case, the candid reader will easily perceive it is not introduced for its own sake, but for some observations and reflexions naturally resulting from it; and which, if but little to his amusement, tend directly to the instruction of the reader or to the information of the public; to whom if I chuse to convey such instruction or information with an air of joke and laughter, none but the dullest of fellows will, I believe, censure it; but if they should, I have the authority of more than one passage in Horace to alledge in my defence.

Having thus endeavoured to obviate some censures, to which a man without the gift of foresight, or any fear of the imputation of being a conjurer, might conceive this work would be liable, I might now undertake a more pleasing task, and fall at once to the direct and positive praises of the work itself; of which, indeed, I could say a thousand good things; but the task is so very pleasant that I shall leave it wholly to the reader, and it is all the task that I impose on him. A moderation for which he may think himself obliged to me when he compares it with the conduct of authors, who often fill a whole sheet with their own praises, to which they sometimes set their own real names, and sometimes a fictitious one. One hint, however, I must give the kind reader; which is, that if he should be able to find no sort of amusement in the book, he will be pleased to remember the public utility which will arise from it. If entertainment, as Mr. Richardson observes, be but a secondary consideration in a romance; with which Mr. Addison, I think, agrees, affirming the use of the pastry cook to be the first; if this, I say, be true of a mere work of invention, sure it may well be so considered in a work founded, like this, on truth; and where the political reflexions form so distinguishing a part.

But perhaps I may hear, from some critic of the most saturnine complexion, that my vanity must have made a horrid dupe of my judgment, if it hath flattered me with an expectation of having anything here seen in a grave light, or of conveying any useful instruction to the public, or to their guard-

ians. I answer, with the great man whom I just now quoted, that my purpose is to convey instruction in the vehicle of entertainment; and so to bring about at once, like the revolution in the Rehearsal, a perfect reformation of the laws relating to our maritime affairs: an undertaking, I will not say more modest, but surely more feasible, than that of reforming a whole people, by making use of a vehicular story, to wheel in among them worse manners than their own.

INTRODUCTION

IN the beginning of August, 1753, when I had taken the duke of Portland's medicine, as it is called, near a year, the effects of which had been the carrying off the symptoms of a lingering imperfect gout, I was persuaded by Mr. Ranby, the king's premier serjeant-surgeon, and the ablest advice, I believe, in all branches of the physical profession, to go immediately to Bath. I accordingly writ that very night to Mrs. Bowden, who, by the next post, informed me she had taken me a lodging for a month certain.

Within a few days after this, whilst I was preparing for my journey, and when I was almost fatigued to death with several long examinations, relating to five different murders, all committed within the space of a week, by different gangs of street-robbers, I received a message from his grace the duke of Newcastle, by Mr. Carrington, the king's messenger, to attend his grace the next morning, in Lincoln's-inn-fields, upon some business of importance; but I excused myself from complying with the message, as, besides being lame, I was very ill with the great fatigues I had lately undergone added to my distemper.

His grace, however, sent Mr. Carrington, the very next morning, with another summons; with which,

though in the utmost distress, I immediately complied; but the duke, happening, unfortunately for me, to be then particularly engaged, after I had waited some time, sent a gentleman to discourse with me on the best plan which could be invented for putting an immediate end to those murders and robberies which were every day committed in the streets; upon which I promised to transmit my opinion, in writing, to his grace, who, as the gentleman informed me, intended to lay it before the privy council.

Though this visit cost me a severe cold, I, notwithstanding, set myself down to work; and in about four days sent the duke as regular a plan as I could form, with all the reasons and arguments I could bring to support it, drawn out in several sheets of paper; and soon received a message from the duke by Mr. Carrington, acquainting me that my plan was highly approved of, and that all the terms of it would be complied with.

The principal and most material of those terms was the immediately depositing six hundred pounds in my hands; at which small charge I undertook to demolish the then reigning gangs, and to put the civil policy into such order, that no such gangs should ever be able, for the future, to form themselves into bodies, or at least to remain any time formidable to the public.

I had delayed my Bath journey for some time, contrary to the repeated advice of my physical acquaintance, and to the ardent desire of my warmest friends, though my distemper was now turned to a

deep jaundice; in which case the Bath waters are generally reputed to be almost infallible. But I had the most eager desire of demolishing this gang of villains and cut-throats, which I was sure of accomplishing the moment I was enabled to pay a fellow, who had undertaken, for a small sum, to betray them into the hands of a set of thief-takers whom I had enlisted into the service, all men of known and approved fidelity and intrepidity.

After some weeks the money was paid at the treasury, and within a few days after two hundred pounds of it had come to my hands, the whole gang of cut-throats was entirely dispersed, seven of them were in actual custody, and the rest driven, some out of the town, and others out of the kingdom.

Though my health was now reduced to the last extremity, I continued to act with the utmost vigour against these villains; in examining whom, and in taking the depositions against them, I have often spent whole days, nay, sometimes whole nights, especially when there was any difficulty in procuring sufficient evidence to convict them; which is a very common case in street-robberies, even when the guilt of the party is sufficiently apparent to satisfy the most tender conscience. But courts of justice know nothing of a cause more than what is told them on oath by a witness; and the most flagitious villain upon earth is tried in the same manner as a man of the best character who is accused of the same crime.

Meanwhile, amidst all my fatigues and distresses, I had the satisfaction to find my endeavours had been attended with such success that this hellish

society were almost utterly extirpated, and that, instead of reading of murders and street-robberies in the news almost every morning, there was, in the remaining part of the month of November, and in all December, not only no such thing as a murder, but not even a street-robbery committed. Some such, indeed, were mentioned in the public papers; but they were all found, on the strictest enquiry, to be false.

In this entire freedom from street-robberies, during the dark months, no man will, I believe, scruple to acknowledge that the winter of 1753 stands unrivaled, during a course of many years; and this may possibly appear the more extraordinary to those who recollect the outrages with which it began.

Having thus fully accomplished my undertaking, I went into the country, in a very weak and deplorable condition, with no fewer or less diseases than a jaundice, a dropsy, and an asthma, altogether uniting their forces in the destruction of a body so entirely emaciated that it had lost all its muscular flesh.

Mine was now no longer what was called a Bath case; nor, if it had been so, had I strength remaining sufficient to go thither, a ride of six miles only being attended with an intolerable fatigue. I now discharged my lodgings at Bath, which I had hitherto kept. I began in earnest to look on my case as desperate, and I had vanity enough to rank myself with those heroes who, of old times, became voluntary sacrifices to the good of the public.

But, lest the reader should be too eager to catch

at the word *vanity*, and should be unwilling to indulge me with so sublime a gratification, for I think he is not too apt to gratify me, I will take my key a pitch lower, and will frankly own that I had a stronger motive than the love of the public to push me on: I will therefore confess to him that my private affairs at the beginning of the winter had but a gloomy aspect; for I had not plundered the public or the poor of those sums which men, who are always ready to plunder both as much as they can, have been pleased to suspect me of taking: on the contrary, by composing, instead of inflaming, the quarrels of porters and beggars (which I blush when I say hath not been universally practised), and by refusing to take a shilling from a man who most undoubtedly would not have had another left, I had reduced an income of about five hundred pounds [1] a-year

[1] A predecessor of mine used to boast that he made one thousand pounds a-year in his office; but how he did this (if indeed he did it) is to me a secret. His clerk, now mine, told me I had more business than he had ever known there; I am sure I had as much as any man could do. The truth is, the fees are so very low, when any are due, and so much is done for nothing, that, if a single justice of peace had business enough to employ twenty clerks, neither he nor they would get much by their labour. The public will not, therefore, I hope, think I betray a secret when I inform them that I received from the Government a yearly pension out of the public service-money; which, I believe, indeed, would have been larger had my great patron been convinced of an error, which I have heard him utter more than once, that he could not indeed say that the acting as a principal justice of peace in Westminster was on all accounts very desirable, but that all the world knew it was a very lucrative office. Now, to have shewn him plainly that a man must be a rogue to make a very little this way, and

of the dirtiest money upon earth to little more than three hundred pounds; a considerable proportion of which remained with my clerk; and, indeed, if the whole had done so, as it ought, he would be but ill paid for sitting almost sixteen hours in the twenty-four in the most unwholesome, as well as nauseous air in the universe, and which hath in his case corrupted a good constitution without contaminating his morals.

But, not to trouble the reader with anecdotes, contrary to my own rule laid down in my preface, I assure him I thought my family was very slenderly provided for; and that my health began to decline so fast that I had very little more of life left to accomplish what I had thought of too late. I rejoiced therefore greatly in seeing an opportunity, as I apprehended, of gaining such merit in the eye of the public, that, if my life were the sacrifice to it, my friends might think they did a popular act in putting my family at least beyond the reach of necessity, which I myself began to despair of doing. And though I disclaim all pretence to that Spartan or Roman patriotism which loved the public so well that it was always ready to become a voluntary sacrifice to the public good, I do solemnly declare I have that love for my family.

that he could not make much by being as great a rogue as he could be, would have required more confidence than, I believe, he had in me, and more of his conversation than he chose to allow me; I therefore resigned the office and the farther execution of my plan to my brother, who had long been my assistant. And now, lest the case between me and the reader should be the same in both instances as it was between me and the great man, I will not add another word on the subject.

After this confession therefore, that the public was not the principal deity to which my life was offered a sacrifice, and when it is farther considered what a poor sacrifice this was, being indeed no other than the giving up what I saw little likelihood of being able to hold much longer, and which, upon the terms I held it, nothing but the weakness of human nature could represent to me as worth holding at all; the world may, I believe, without envy, allow me all the praise to which I have any title.

My aim, in fact, was not praise, which is the last gift they care to bestow; at least, this was not my aim as an end, but rather as a means of purchasing some moderate provision for my family, which, though it should exceed my merit, must fall infinitely short of my service, if I succeeded in my attempt.

To say the truth, the public never act more wisely than when they act most liberally in the distribution of their rewards; and here the good they receive is often more to be considered than the motive from which they receive it. Example alone is the end of all public punishments and rewards. Laws never inflict disgrace in resentment, nor confer honour from gratitude. "For it is very hard, my lord," said a convicted felon at the bar to the late excellent judge Burnet, "to hang a poor man for stealing a horse." "You are not to be hanged, sir," answered my ever-honoured and beloved friend, "for stealing a horse, but you are to be hanged that horses may not be stolen." In like manner it might have been said to the late duke of Marlborough, when the parlia-

ment was so deservedly liberal to him, after the battle of Blenheim, "You receive not these honours and bounties on account of a victory past, but that other victories may be obtained."

I was now, in the opinion of all men, dying of a complication of disorders; and, were I desirous of playing the advocate, I have an occasion fair enough; but I disdain such an attempt. I relate facts plainly and simply as they are; and let the world draw from them what conclusions they please, taking with them the following facts for their instruction: the one is, that the proclamation offering one hundred pounds for the apprehending felons for certain felonies committed in certain places, which I prevented from being revived, had formerly cost the government several thousand pounds within a single year. Secondly, that all such proclamations, instead of curing the evil, had actually encreased it; had multiplied the number of robberies; had propagated the worst and wickedest of perjuries; had laid snares for youth and ignorance, which, by the temptation of these rewards, had been sometimes drawn into guilt; and sometimes, which cannot be thought on without the highest horror, had destroyed them without it. Thirdly, that my plan had not put the government to more than three hundred pound expence, and had produced none of the ill consequences above mentioned; but, lastly, had actually suppressed the evil for a time, and had plainly pointed out the means of suppressing it for ever. This I would myself have undertaken, had my health permitted, at the annual expense of the above-mentioned sum.

After having stood the terrible six weeks which succeeded last Christmas, and put a lucky end, if they had known their own interests, to such numbers of aged and infirm valetudinarians, who might have gasped through two or three mild winters more, I returned to town in February, in a condition less despaired of by myself than by any of my friends. I now became the patient of Dr. Ward, who wished I had taken his advice earlier.

By his advice I was tapped, and fourteen quarts of water drawn from my belly. The sudden relaxation which this caused, added to my enervate, emaciated habit of body, so weakened me that within two days I was thought to be falling into the agonies of death.

I was at the worst on that memorable day when the public lost Mr. Pelham. From that day I began slowly, as it were, to draw my feet out of the grave; till in two months' time I had again acquired some little degree of strength, but was again full of water.

During this whole time I took Mr. Ward's medicines, which had seldom any perceptible operation. Those in particular of the diaphoretic kind, the working of which is thought to require a great strength of constitution to support, had so little effect on me, that Mr. Ward declared it was as vain to attempt sweating me as a deal board.

In this situation I was tapped a second time. I had one quart of water less taken from me now than before; but I bore all the consequences of the operation much better. This I attributed greatly to a dose of laudanum prescribed by my surgeon. It

first gave me the most delicious flow of spirits, and afterwards as comfortable a nap.

The month of May, which was now begun, it seemed reasonable to expect would introduce the spring, and drive off that winter which yet maintained its footing on the stage. I resolved therefore to visit a little house of mine in the country, which stands at Ealing, in the county of Middlesex, in the best air, I believe, in the whole kingdom, and far superior to that of Kensington Gravel-pits; for the gravel is here much wider and deeper, the place higher and more open towards the south, whilst it is guarded from the north wind by a ridge of hills, and from the smells and smoak of London by its distance; which last is not the fate of Kensington, when the wind blows from any corner of the east.

Obligations to Mr. Ward I shall always confess; for I am convinced that he omitted no care in endeavouring to serve me, without any expectation or desire of fee or reward.

The powers of Mr. Ward's remedies want indeed no unfair puffs of mine to give them credit; and though this distemper of the dropsy stands, I believe, first in the list of those over which he is always certain of triumphing, yet, possibly, there might be something particular in my case capable of eluding that radical force which had healed so many thousands. The same distemper, in different constitutions, may possibly be attended with such different symptoms, that to find an infallible nostrum for the curing any one distemper in every patient may be almost as difficult as to find a panacea for the cure of all.

But even such a panacea one of the greatest scholars and best of men did lately apprehend he had discovered. It is true, indeed, he was no physician; that is, he had not by the forms of his education acquired a right of applying his skill in the art of physic to his own private advantage; and yet, perhaps, it may be truly asserted that no other modern hath contributed so much to make his physical skill useful to the public; at least, that none hath undergone the pains of communicating this discovery in writing to the world. The reader, I think, will scarce need to be informed that the writer I mean is the late bishop of Cloyne, in Ireland, and the discovery that of the virtues of tar-water.

I then happened to recollect, upon a hint given me by the inimitable and shamefully-distressed author of the Female Quixote, that I had many years before, from curiosity only, taken a cursory view of bishop Berkeley's treatise on the virtues of tar-water, which I had formerly observed he strongly contends to be that real panacea which Sydenham supposes to have an existence in nature, though it yet remains undiscovered, and perhaps will always remain so.

Upon the reperusal of this book I found the bishop only asserting his opinion that tar-water might be useful in the dropsy, since he had known it to have a surprising success in the cure of a most stubborn anasarca, which is indeed no other than, as the word implies, the dropsy of the flesh; and this was, at that time, a large part of my complaint.

After a short trial, therefore, of a milk diet, which

I presently found did not suit with my case, I betook myself to the bishop's prescription, and dosed myself every morning and evening with half a pint of tar-water.

It was no more than three weeks since my last tapping, and my belly and limbs were distended with water. This did not give me the worse opinion of tar-water; for I never supposed there could be any such virtue in tar-water as immediately to carry off a quantity of water already collected. For my delivery from this I well knew I must be again obliged to the trochar; and that if the tar-water did me any good at all it must be only by the slowest degrees; and that if it should ever get the better of my distemper it must be by the tedious operation of undermining, and not by a sudden attack and storm.

Some visible effects, however, and far beyond what my most sanguine hopes could with any modesty expect, I very soon experienced; the tar-water having, from the very first, lessened my illness, increased my appetite, and added, though in a very slow proportion, to my bodily strength.

But if my strength had increased a little my water daily increased much more. So that, by the end of May, my belly became again ripe for the trochar, and I was a third time tapped; upon which, two very favourable symptoms appeared. I had three quarts of water taken from me less than had been taken the last time; and I bore the relaxation with much less (indeed with scarce any) faintness.

Those of my physical friends on whose judgment I

chiefly depended seemed to think my only chance of life consisted in having the whole summer before me; in which I might hope to gather sufficient strength to encounter the inclemencies of the ensuing winter. But this chance began daily to lessen. I saw the summer mouldering away, or rather, indeed, the year passing away without intending to bring on any summer at all. In the whole month of May the sun scarce appeared three times. So that the early fruits came to the fulness of their growth, and to some appearance of ripeness, without acquiring any real maturity; having wanted the heat of the sun to soften and meliorate their juices. I saw the dropsy gaining rather than losing ground; the distance growing still shorter between the tappings. I saw the asthma likewise beginning again to become more troublesome. I saw the midsummer quarter drawing towards a close. So that I conceived, if the Michaelmas quarter should steal off in the same manner, as it was, in my opinion, very much to be apprehended it would, I should be delivered up to the attacks of winter before I recruited my forces, so as to be anywise able to withstand them.

I now began to recall an intention, which from the first dawnings of my recovery I had conceived, of removing to a warmer climate; and, finding this to be approved of by a very eminent physician, I resolved to put it into immediate execution.

Aix in Provence was the place first thought on; but the difficulties of getting thither were insuperable. The journey by land, beside the expence of

it, was infinitely too long and fatiguing; and I could hear of no ship that was likely to set out from London, within any reasonable time, for Marseilles, or any other port in that part of the Mediterranean.

Lisbon was presently fixed on in its room. The air here, as it was near four degrees to the south of Aix, must be more mild and warm, and the winter shorter and less piercing.

It was not difficult to find a ship bound to a place with which we carry on so immense a trade. Accordingly, my brother soon informed me of the excellent accommodations for passengers which were to be found on board a ship that was obliged to sail for Lisbon in three days.

I eagerly embraced the offer, notwithstanding the shortness of the time; and, having given my brother full power to contract for our passage, I began to prepare my family for the voyage with the utmost expedition.

But our great haste was needless; for the captain having twice put off his sailing, I at length invited him to dinner with me at Fordhook, a full week after the time on which he had declared, and that with many asseverations, he must and would weigh anchor.

He dined with me according to his appointment; and when all matters were settled between us, left me with positive orders to be on board the Wednesday following, when he declared he would fall down the river to Gravesend, and would not stay a moment for the greatest man in the world.

He advised me to go to Gravesend by land, and there wait the arrival of his ship, assigning many reasons for this, every one of which was, as I well remember, among those that had before determined me to go on board near the Tower.

THE VOYAGE

WEDNESDAY, June 26, 1754. — On this day the most melancholy sun I had ever beheld arose, and found me awake at my house at Fordhook. By the light of this sun I was, in my own opinion, last to behold and take leave of some of those creatures on whom I doated with a motherlike fondness, guided by nature and passion, and uncured and unhardened by all the doctrine of that philosophical school where I had learned to bear pains and to despise death.

In this situation, as I could not conquer Nature, I submitted entirely to her, and she made as great a fool of me as she had ever done of any woman whatsoever; under pretence of giving me leave to enjoy, she drew me in to suffer, the company of my little ones during eight hours; and I doubt not whether, in that time, I did not undergo more than in all my distemper.

At twelve precisely my coach was at the door, which was no sooner told me than I kissed my children round, and went into it with some little resolution. My wife, who behaved more like a heroine and philosopher, though at the same time the tenderest mother in the world, and my eldest daughter, followed me; some friends went with us,

and others here took their leave; and I heard my behaviour applauded, with many murmurs and praises to which I well knew I had no title; as all other such philosophers may, if they have any modesty, confess on the like occasions.

In two hours we arrived in Rotherhithe, and immediately went on board, and were to have sailed the next morning; but, as this was the king's proclamation-day, and consequently a holiday at the custom-house, the captain could not clear his vessel till the Thursday; for these holidays are as strictly observed as those in the popish calendar, and are almost as numerous. I might add that both are opposite to the genius of trade, and consequently *contra bonum publicum.*

To go on board the ship it was necessary first to go into a boat; a matter of no small difficulty, as I had no use of my limbs, and was to be carried by men who, though sufficiently strong for their burthen, were, like Archimedes, puzzled to find a steady footing. Of this, as few of my readers have not gone into wherries on the Thames, they will easily be able to form to themselves an idea. However, by the assistance of my friend Mr. Welch, whom I never think or speak of but with love and esteem, I conquered this difficulty, as I did afterwards that of ascending the ship, into which I was hoisted with more ease by a chair lifted with pulleys. I was soon seated in a great chair in the cabin, to refresh myself after a fatigue which had been more intolerable, in a quarter of a mile's passage from my coach to the ship, than I had before undergone in a land-

journey of twelve miles, which I had travelled with the utmost expedition.

This latter fatigue was, perhaps, somewhat heightened by an indignation which I could not prevent arising in my mind. I think, upon my entrance into the boat, I presented a spectacle of the highest horror. The total loss of limbs was apparent to all who saw me, and my face contained marks of a most diseased state, if not of death itself. Indeed, so ghastly was my countenance, that timorous women with child had abstained from my house, for fear of the ill consequences of looking at me. In this condition I ran the gauntlope (so I think I may justly call it) through rows of sailors and watermen, few of whom failed of paying their compliments to me by all manner of insults and jests on my misery. No man who knew me will think I conceived any personal resentment at this behaviour; but it was a lively picture of that cruelty and inhumanity in the nature of men which I have often contemplated with concern, and which leads the mind into a train of very uncomfortable and melancholy thoughts. It may be said that this barbarous custom is peculiar to the English, and of them only to the lowest degree; that it is an excrescence of an uncontrouled licentiousness mistaken for liberty, and never shews itself in men who are polished and refined in such manner as human nature requires to produce that perfection of which it is susceptible, and to purge away that malevolence of disposition of which, at our birth, we partake in common with the savage creation.

This may be said, and this is all that can be said; and it is, I am afraid, but little satisfactory to account for the inhumanity of those who, while they boast of being made after God's own image, seem to bear in their minds a resemblance of the vilest species of brutes; or rather, indeed, of our idea of devils; for I don't know that any brutes can be taxed with such malevolence.

A sirloin of beef was now placed on the table, for which, though little better than carrion, as much was charged by the master of the little paltry ale-house who dressed it as would have been demanded for all the elegance of the King's Arms, or any other polite tavern or eating-house! for, indeed, the difference between the best house and the worst is, that at the former you pay largely for luxury, at the latter for nothing.

Thursday, June 27. — This morning the captain, who lay on shore at his own house, paid us a visit in the cabin, and behaved like an angry bashaw, declaring that, had he known we were not to be pleased, he would not have carried us for five hundred pounds. He added many asseverations that he was a gentleman, and despised money; not forgetting several hints of the presents which had been made him for his cabin, of twenty, thirty, and forty guineas, by several gentlemen, over and above the sum for which they had contracted. This behaviour greatly surprised me, as I knew not how to account for it, nothing having happened since we parted from the captain the evening before in perfect good-humour; and all this broke forth on the first moment of his arrival this morning.

He did not, however, suffer my amazement to have any long continuance before he clearly shewed me that all this was meant only as an apology to introduce another procrastination (being the fifth) of his weighing anchor, which was now postponed till Saturday, for such was his will and pleasure.

Besides the disagreeable situation in which we then lay, in the confines of Wapping and Rotherhithe, tasting a delicious mixture of the air of both these sweet places, and enjoying the concord of sweet sounds of seamen, watermen, fish-women, oyster-women, and of all the vociferous inhabitants of both shores, composing altogether a greater variety of harmony than Hogarth's imagination hath brought together in that print of his, which is enough to make a man deaf to look at — I had a more urgent cause to press our departure, which was, that the dropsy, for which I had undergone three tappings, seemed to threaten me with a fourth discharge before I should reach Lisbon, and when I should have nobody on board capable of performing the operation; but I was obliged to hearken to the voice of reason, if I may use the captain's own words, and to rest myself contented. Indeed, there was no alternative within my reach but what would have cost me much too dear.

There are many evils in society from which people of the highest rank are so entirely exempt, that they have not the least knowledge or idea of them; nor indeed of the characters which are formed by them. Such, for instance, is the conveyance of goods and passengers from one place to another. Now there is no such thing as any kind of knowledge contempti-

ble in itself; and, as the particular knowledge I here mean is entirely necessary to the well understanding and well enjoying this journal; and, lastly, as in this case the most ignorant will be those very readers whose amusement we chiefly consult, and to whom we wish to be supposed principally to write, we will here enter somewhat largely into the discussion of this matter; the rather, for that no antient or modern author (if we can trust the catalogue of doctor Mead's library) hath ever undertaken it, but that it seems (in the style of Don Quixote) a task reserved for my pen alone.

When I first conceived this intention I began to entertain thoughts of enquiring into the antiquity of travelling; and, as many persons have performed in this way (I mean have travelled) at the expence of the public, I flattered myself that the spirit of improving arts and sciences, and of advancing useful and substantial learning, which so eminently distinguishes this age, and hath given rise to more speculative societies in Europe than I at present can recollect the names of — perhaps, indeed, than I or any other, besides their very near neighbours, ever heard mentioned — would assist in promoting so curious a work; a work begun with the same views, calculated for the same purposes, and fitted for the same uses, with the labours which those right honourable societies have so chearfully undertaken themselves, and encouraged in others; sometimes with the highest honours, even with admission into their colleges, and with inrolment among their members.

From these societies I promised myself all assist-

ance in their power, particularly the communication of such valuable manuscripts and records as they must be supposed to have collected from those obscure ages of antiquity when history yields us such imperfect accounts of the residence, and much more imperfect of the travels, of the human race; unless, perhaps, as a curious and learned member of the young Society of Antiquarians is said to have hinted his conjectures, that their residence and their travels were one and the same; and this discovery (for such it seems to be) he is said to have owed to the lighting by accident on a book, which we shall have occasion to mention presently, the contents of which were then little known to the society.

The king of Prussia, moreover, who, from a degree of benevolence and taste which in either case is a rare production in so northern a climate, is the great encourager of art and science, I was well assured would promote so useful a design, and order his archives to be searched on my behalf.

But after well weighing all these advantages, and much meditation on the order of my work, my whole design was subverted in a moment by hearing of the discovery just mentioned to have been made by the young antiquarian, who, from the most antient record in the world (though I don't find the society are all agreed on this point), one long preceding the date of the earliest modern collections, either of books or butterflies, none of which pretend to go beyond the flood, shews us that the first man was a traveller, and that he and his family were scarce settled in Paradise before they disliked their

own home, and became passengers to another place. Hence it appears that the humour of travelling is as old as the human race, and that it was their curse from the beginning.

By this discovery my plan became much shortened, and I found it only necessary to treat of the conveyance of goods and passengers from place to place; which, not being universally known, seemed proper to be explained before we examined into its original. There are indeed two different ways of tracing all things used by the historian and the antiquary; these are upwards and downwards. The former shews you how things are, and leaves to others to discover when they began to be so. The latter shews you how things were, and leaves their present existence to be examined by others. Hence the former is more useful, the latter more curious. The former receives the thanks of mankind: the latter of that valuable part, the virtuosi.

In explaining, therefore, this mystery of carrying goods and passengers from one place to another, hitherto so profound a secret to the very best of our readers, we shall pursue the historical method, and endeavour to shew by what means it is at present performed, referring the more curious enquiry either to some other pen or to some other opportunity.

Now there are two general ways of performing (if God permit) this conveyance, viz., by land and water, both of which have much variety; that by land being performed in different vehicles, such as coaches, caravans, waggons, &c.; and that by water in ships, barges, and boats, of various sizes and de-

nominations. But, as all these methods of conveyance are formed on the same principles, they agree so well together, that it is fully sufficient to comprehend them all in the general view, without descending to such minute particulars as would distinguish one method from another.

Common to all of these is one general principle, that, as the goods to be conveyed are usually the larger, so they are to be chiefly considered in the conveyance; the owner being indeed little more than an appendage to his trunk, or box, or bale, or at best a small part of his own baggage, very little care is to be taken in stowing or packing them up with convenience to himself; for the conveyance is not of passengers and goods, but of goods and passengers.

Secondly, from this conveyance arises a new kind of relation, or rather of subjection, in the society, by which the passenger becomes bound in allegiance to his conveyer. This allegiance is indeed only temporary and local, but the most absolute during its continuance of any known in Great Britain, and, to say truth, scarce consistent with the liberties of a free people, nor could it be reconciled with them, did it not move downwards; a circumstance universally apprehended to be incompatible to all kinds of slavery; for Aristotle in his Politicks hath proved abundantly to my satisfaction that no men are born to be slaves, except barbarians; and these only to such as are not themselves barbarians; and indeed Mr. Montesquieu hath carried it very little farther in the case of the Africans; the real truth being

that no man is born to be a slave, unless to him who is able to make him so.

Thirdly, this subjection is absolute, and consists of a perfect resignation both of body and soul to the disposal of another; after which resignation, during a certain time, his subject retains no more power over his own will than an Asiatic slave, or an English wife, by the laws of both countries, and by the customs of one of them. If I should mention the instance of a stage-coachman, many of my readers would recognise the truth of what I have here observed; all, indeed, that ever have been under the dominion of that tyrant, who in this free country is as absolute as a Turkish bashaw. In two particulars only his power is defective; he cannot press you into his service, and if you enter yourself at one place, on condition of being discharged at a certain time at another, he is obliged to perform his agreement, if God permit, but all the intermediate time you are absolutely under his government; he carries you how he will, when he will, and whither he will, provided it be not much out of the road; you have nothing to eat or to drink, but what, and when, and where he pleases. Nay, you cannot sleep unless he pleases you should; for he will order you sometimes out of bed at midnight and hurry you away at a moment's warning: indeed, if you can sleep in his vehicle he cannot prevent it; nay, indeed, to give him his due, this he is ordinarily disposed to encourage: for the earlier he forces you to rise in the morning, the more time he will give you in the heat of the day, sometimes even six hours at an ale-house,

or at their doors, where he always gives you the same indulgence which he allows himself; and for this he is generally very moderate in his demands. I have known a whole bundle of passengers charged no more than half-a-crown for being suffered to remain quiet at an ale-house door for above a whole hour, and that even in the hottest day in summer.

But as this kind of tyranny, though it hath escaped our political writers, hath been I think touched by our dramatic, and is more trite among the generality of readers; and as this and all other kinds of such subjection are alike unknown to my friends, I will quit the passengers by land, and treat of those who travel by water; for whatever is said on this subject is applicable to both alike, and we may bring them together as closely as they are brought in the liturgy, when they are recommended to the prayers of all Christian congregations; and (which I have often thought very remarkable) where they are joined with other miserable wretches, such as women in labour, people in sickness, infants just born, prisoners and captives.

Goods and passengers are conveyed by water in divers vehicles, the principal of which being a ship, it shall suffice to mention that alone. Here the tyrant doth not derive his title, as the stage-coachman doth, from the vehicle itself in which he stows his goods and passengers, but he is called the captain —a word of such various use and uncertain signification, that it seems very difficult to fix any positive idea to it: if, indeed, there be any general meaning which may comprehend all its different uses, that of

the head or chief of any body of men seems to be most capable of this comprehension; for whether they be a company of soldiers, a crew of sailors, or a gang of rogues, he who is at the head of them is always stiled the captain.

The particular tyrant whose fortune it was to stow us aboard laid a farther claim to this appellation than the bare command of a vehicle of conveyance. He had been the captain of a privateer, which he chose to call being in the king's service, and thence derived a right of hoisting the military ornament of a cockade over the button of his hat. He likewise wore a sword of no ordinary length by his side, with which he swaggered in his cabin, among the wretches his passengers, whom he had stowed in cupboards on each side. He was a person of a very singular character. He had taken it into his head that he was a gentleman, from those very reasons that proved he was not one; and to shew himself a fine gentleman, by a behaviour which seemed to insinuate he had never seen one. He was, moreover, a man of gallantry; at the age of seventy he had the finicalness of Sir Courtly Nice, with the roughness of Surly; and, while he was deaf himself, had a voice capable of deafening all others.

Now, as I saw myself in danger by the delays of the captain, who was, in reality, waiting for more freight, and as the wind had been long nested, as it were, in the south-west, where it constantly blew hurricanes, I began with great reason to apprehend that our voyage might be long, and that my belly, which began already to be much extended, would

require the water to be let out at a time when no assistance was at hand ; though, indeed, the captain comforted me with assurances that he had a pretty young fellow on board who acted as his surgeon, as I found he likewise did as steward, cook, butler, sailor. In short, he had as many offices as Scrub in the play, and went through them all with great dexterity ; this of surgeon was, perhaps, the only one in which his skill was somewhat deficient, at least, that branch of tapping for the dropsy ; for he very ingenuously and modestly confessed he had never seen the operation performed, nor was possessed of that chirurgical instrument with which it is performed.

Friday, June 28. — By way of prevention, therefore, I this day sent for my friend Mr. Hunter, the great surgeon and anatomist of Covent-garden ; and, though my belly was not yet very full and tight, let out ten quarts of water ; the young sea-surgeon attended the operation, not as a performer, but as a student.

I was now eased of the greatest apprehension which I had from the length of the passage ; and I told the captain I was become indifferent as to the time of his sailing. He expressed much satisfaction in this declaration, and at hearing from me that I found myself, since my tapping, much lighter and better. In this, I believe, he was sincere ; for he was, as we shall have occasion to observe more than once, a very good-natured man ; and, as he was a very brave one too, I found that the heroic constancy with which I had borne an operation that is attended with scarce

any degree of pain had not a little raised me in his esteem. That he might adhere, therefore, in the most religious and rigorous manner to his word, when he had no longer any temptation from interest to break it, as he had no longer any hopes of more goods or passengers, he ordered his ship to fall down to Gravesend on Sunday morning, and there to wait his arrival.

Sunday, June 30. — Nothing worth notice passed till that morning, when my poor wife, after passing a night in the utmost torments of the toothache, resolved to have it drawn. I despatched therefore a servant into Wapping to bring in haste the best tooth-drawer he could find. He soon found out a female of great eminence in the art; but when he brought her to the boat, at the water-side, they were informed that the ship was gone; for indeed she had set out a few minutes after his quitting her; nor did the pilot, who well knew the errand on which I had sent my servant, think fit to wait a moment for his return, or to give me any notice of his setting out, though I had very patiently attended the delays of the captain four days, after many solemn promises of weighing anchor every one of the three last.

But of all the petty bashaws or turbulent tyrants I ever beheld, this sour-faced pilot was the worst tempered; for, during the time that he had the guidance of the ship, which was till we arrived in the Downs, he complied with no one's desires, nor did he give a civil word, or indeed a civil look, to any on board.

The tooth-drawer, who, as I said before, was one

of great eminence among her neighbours, refused to follow the ship; so that my man made himself the best of his way, and with some difficulty came up with us before we were got under full sail; for after that, as we had both wind and tide with us, he would have found it impossible to overtake the ship till she was come to an anchor at Gravesend.

The morning was fair and bright, and we had a passage thither, I think, as pleasant as can be conceived: for, take it with all its advantages, particularly the number of fine ships you are always sure of seeing by the way, there is nothing to equal it in all the rivers of the world. The yards of Deptford and of Woolwich are noble sights, and give us a just idea of the great perfection to which we are arrived in building those floating castles, and the figure which we may always make in Europe among the other maritime powers. That of Woolwich, at least, very strongly imprinted this idea on my mind; for there was now on the stocks there the Royal Anne, supposed to be the largest ship ever built, and which contains ten carriage-guns more than had ever yet equipped a first-rate.

It is true, perhaps, that there is more of ostentation than of real utility in ships of this vast and unwieldy burthen, which are rarely capable of acting against an enemy; but if the building such contributes to preserve, among other nations, the notion of the British superiority in naval affairs, the expence, though very great, is well incurred, and the ostentation is laudable and truly political. Indeed, I should be sorry to allow that Holland, France, or

Spain, possessed a vessel larger and more beautiful than the largest and most beautiful of ours; for this honour I would always administer to the pride of our sailors, who should challenge it from all their neighbours with truth and success. And sure I am that not our honest tars alone, but every inhabitant of this island, may exult in the comparison, when he considers the king of Great Britain as a maritime prince, in opposition to any other prince in Europe; but I am not so certain that the same idea of superiority will result from comparing our land forces with those of many other crowned heads. In numbers they all far exceed us, and in the goodness and splendour of their troops many nations, particularly the Germans and French, and perhaps the Dutch, cast us at a distance; for, however we may flatter ourselves with the Edwards and Henrys of former ages, the change of the whole art of war since those days, by which the advantage of personal strength is in a manner entirely lost, hath produced a change in military affairs to the advantage of our enemies. As for our successes in later days, if they were not entirely owing to the superior genius of our general, they were not a little due to the superior force of his money. Indeed, if we should arraign marshal Saxe of ostentation when he shewed his army, drawn up, to our captive general, the day after the battle of La Val, we cannot say that the ostentation was entirely vain; since he certainly shewed him an army which had not been often equalled, either in the number or goodness of the troops, and which, in those respects, so far exceeded ours, that none can

ever cast any reflexion on the brave young prince who could not reap the lawrels of conquest in that day; but his retreat will be always mentioned as an addition to his glory.

In our marine the case is entirely the reverse, and it must be our own fault if it doth not continue so; for continue so it will as long as the flourishing state of our trade shall support it, and this support it can never want till our legislature shall cease to give sufficient attention to the protection of our trade, and our magistrates want sufficient power, ability, and honesty, to execute the laws; a circumstance not to be apprehended, as it cannot happen till our senates and our benches shall be filled with the blindest ignorance, or with the blackest corruption.

Besides the ships in the docks, we saw many on the water: the yatchts are sights of great parade, and the king's body yatcht is, I believe, unequalled in any country for convenience as well as magnificence; both which are consulted in building and equipping her with the most exquisite art and workmanship.

We saw likewise several Indiamen just returned from their voyage. These are, I believe, the largest and finest vessels which are anywhere employed in commercial affairs. The colliers, likewise, which are very numerous, and even assemble in fleets, are ships of great bulk; and if we descend to those used in the American, African, and European trades, and pass through those which visit our own coasts, to the small craft that lie between Chatham and the Tower, the whole forms a most pleasing object to the eye, as well as highly warming to the heart of an English-

man who has any degree of love for his country, or can recognise any effect of the patriot in his constitution.

Lastly, the Royal Hospital at Greenwich, which presents so delightful a front to the water, and doth such honour at once to its builder and the nation, to the great skill and ingenuity of the one, and to the no less sensible gratitude of the other, very properly closes the account of this scene; which may well appear romantic to those who have not themselves seen that, in this one instance, truth and reality are capable, perhaps, of exceeding the power of fiction.

When we had past by Greenwich we saw only two or three gentlemen's houses, all of very moderate account, till we reached Gravesend: these are all on the Kentish shore, which affords a much drier, wholesomer, and pleasanter situation, than doth that of its opposite, Essex. This circumstance, I own, is somewhat surprising to me, when I reflect on the numerous villas that crowd the river from Chelsea upwards as far as Shepperton, where the narrower channel affords not half so noble a prospect, and where the continual succession of the small craft, like the frequent repetition of all things, which have nothing in them great, beautiful, or admirable, tire the eye, and give us distaste and aversion, instead of pleasure. With some of these situations, such as Barnes, Mortlake, &c., even the shore of Essex might contend, not upon very unequal terms; but on the Kentish borders there are many spots to be chosen by the builder which might justly claim the preference over almost the very finest of those in Middlesex and Surrey.

How shall we account for this depravity in taste? for surely there are none so very mean and contemptible as to bring the pleasure of seeing a number of little wherries, gliding along after one another, in competition with what we enjoy in viewing a succession of ships, with all their sails expanded to the winds, bounding over the waves before us.

And here I cannot pass by another observation on the deplorable want of taste in our enjoyments, which we shew by almost totally neglecting the pursuit of what seems to me the highest degree of amusement; this is, the sailing ourselves in little vessels of our own, contrived only for our ease and accommodation, to which such situations of our villas as I have recommended would be so convenient, and even necessary.

This amusement, I confess, if enjoyed in any perfection, would be of the expensive kind; but such expence would not exceed the reach of a moderate fortune, and would fall very short of the prices which are daily paid for pleasures of a far inferior rate. The truth, I believe, is, that sailing in the manner I have just mentioned is a pleasure rather unknown, or unthought of, than rejected by those who have experienced it; unless, perhaps, the apprehension of danger or sea-sickness may be supposed, by the timorous and delicate, to make too large deductions—insisting that all their enjoyments shall come to them pure and unmixed, and being ever ready to cry out,

—— Nocet empta dolore voluptas.

This, however, was my present case; for the ease and lightness which I felt from my tapping, the gai-

ety of the morning, the pleasant sailing with wind and tide, and the many agreeable objects with which I was constantly entertained during the whole way, were all suppressed and overcome by the single consideration of my wife's pain, which continued incessantly to torment her till we came to an anchor, when I dispatched a messenger in great haste for the best reputed operator in Gravesend. A surgeon of some eminence now appeared, who did not decline tooth-drawing, though he certainly would have been offended with the appellation of tooth-drawer no less than his brethren, the members of that venerable body, would be with that of barber, since the late separation between those long-united companies, by which, if the surgeons have gained much, the barbers are supposed to have lost very little.

This able and careful person (for so I sincerely believe he is) after examining the guilty tooth, declared that it was such a rotten shell, and so placed at the very remotest end of the upper jaw, where it was in a manner covered and secured by a large fine firm tooth, that he despaired of his power of drawing it.

He said, indeed, more to my wife, and used more rhetoric to dissuade her from having it drawn, than is generally employed to persuade young ladies to prefer a pain of three moments to one of three months' continuance, especially if those young ladies happen to be past forty and fifty years of age, when, by submitting to support a racking torment, the only good circumstance attending which is, it is so short that scarce one in a thousand can cry out "I feel it,"

they are to do a violence to their charms, and lose one of those beautiful holders with which alone Sir Courtly Nice declares a lady can ever lay hold of his heart.

He said at last so much, and seemed to reason so justly, that I came over to his side, and assisted him in prevailing on my wife (for it was no easy matter) to resolve on keeping her tooth a little longer, and to apply palliatives only for relief. These were opium applied to the tooth, and blisters behind the ears.

Whilst we were at dinner this day in the cabin, on a sudden the window on one side was beat into the room with a crash as if a twenty-pounder had been discharged among us. We were all alarmed at the suddenness of the accident, for which, however, we were soon able to account, for the sash, which was shivered all to pieces, was pursued into the middle of the cabin by the bowsprit of a little ship called a cod-smack, the master of which made us amends for running (carelessly at best) against us, and injuring the ship, in the sea-way; that is to say, by damning us all to hell, and uttering several pious wishes that it had done us much more mischief. All which were answered in their own kind and phrase by our men, between whom and the other crew a dialogue of oaths and scurrility was carried on as long as they continued in each other's hearing.

It is difficult, I think, to assign a satisfactory reason why sailors in general should, of all others, think themselves entirely discharged from the common bands of humanity, and should seem to glory in the

language and behaviour of savages! They see more of the world, and have, most of them, a more erudite education than is the portion of landmen of their degree. Nor do I believe that in any country they visit (Holland itself not excepted) they can ever find a parallel to what daily passes on the river Thames. Is it that they think true courage (for they are the bravest fellows upon earth) inconsistent with all the gentleness of a humane carriage, and that the contempt of civil order springs up in minds but little cultivated, at the same time and from the same principles with the contempt of danger and death? Is it ——? in short, it is so; and how it comes to be so I leave to form a question in the Robin Hood Society, or to be propounded for solution among the ænigmas in the Woman's Almanac for the next year.

Monday, July 1. — This day Mr. Welch took his leave of me after dinner, as did a young lady of her sister, who was proceeding with my wife to Lisbon. They both set out together in a post-chaise for London.

Soon after their departure our cabin, where my wife and I were sitting together, was visited by two ruffians, whose appearance greatly corresponded with that of the sheriff's, or rather the knight-marshal's bailiffs. One of these especially, who seemed to affect a more than ordinary degree of rudeness and insolence, came in without any kind of ceremony, with a broad gold lace on his hat, which was cocked with much military fierceness on his head. An inkhorn at his button-hole and some papers in his

hand sufficiently assured me what he was, and I asked him if he and his companion were not custom-house officers: he answered with sufficient dignity that they were, as an information which he seemed to conclude would strike the hearer with awe, and suppress all further enquiry; but, on the contrary, I proceeded to ask of what rank he was in the custom-house, and, receiving an answer from his companion, as I remember, that the gentleman was a riding surveyor, I replied that he might be a riding surveyor, but could be no gentleman, for that none who had any title to that denomination would break into the presence of a lady without an apology or even moving his hat. He then took his covering from his head and laid it on the table, saying, he asked pardon, and blamed the mate, who should, he said, have informed him if any persons of distinction were below. I told him he might guess by our appearance (which, perhaps, was rather more than could be said with the strictest adherence to truth) that he was before a gentleman and lady, which should teach him to be very civil in his behaviour, though we should not happen to be of that number whom the world calls people of fashion and distinction. However, I said, that as he seemed sensible of his error, and had asked pardon, the lady would permit him to put his hat on again if he chose it. This he refused with some degree of surliness, and failed not to convince me that, if I should condescend to become more gentle, he would soon grow more rude.

I now renewed a reflexion, which I have often seen occasion to make, that there is nothing so in-

congruous in nature as any kind of power with lowness of mind and of ability, and that there is nothing more deplorable than the want of truth in the whimsical notion of Plato, who tells us that "Saturn, well knowing the state of human affairs, gave us kings and rulers, not of human but divine original; for, as we make not shepherds of sheep, nor oxherds of oxen, nor goatherds of goats, but place some of our own kind over all as being better and fitter to govern them; in the same manner were demons by the divine love set over us as a race of beings of a superior order to men, and who, with great ease to themselves, might regulate our affairs and establish peace, modesty, freedom, and justice, and, totally destroying all sedition, might complete the happiness of the human race. So far, at least, may even now be said with truth, that in all states which are under the government of mere man, without any divine assistance, there is nothing but labour and misery to be found. From what I have said, therefore, we may at least learn, with our utmost endeavours, to imitate the Saturnian institution; borrowing all assistance from our immortal part, while we pay to this the strictest obedience, we should form both our private œconomy and public policy from its dictates. By this dispensation of our immortal minds we are to establish a law and to call it by that name. But if any government be in the hands of a single person, of the few, or of the many, and such governor or governors shall abandon himself or themselves to the unbridled pursuit of the wildest pleasures or desires, unable to restrain any passion, but possessed with an

insatiable bad disease; if such shall attempt to govern, and at the same time to trample on all laws, there can be no means of preservation left for the wretched people." Plato de Leg., lib. iv. p. 713, c. 714, edit. Serrani.

It is true that Plato is here treating of the highest or sovereign power in a state, but it is as true that his observations are general and may be applied to all inferior powers; and, indeed, every subordinate degree is immediately derived from the highest; and, as it is equally protected by the same force and sanctified by the same authority, is alike dangerous to the well-being of the subject.

Of all powers, perhaps, there is none so sanctified and protected as this which is under our present consideration. So numerous, indeed, and strong, are the sanctions given to it by many acts of parliament, that, having once established the laws of customs on merchandize, it seems to have been the sole view of the legislature to strengthen the hands and to protect the persons of the officers who became established by those laws, many of whom are so far from bearing any resemblance to the Saturnian institution, and to be chosen from a degree of beings superior to the rest of human race, that they sometimes seem industriously picked out of the lowest and vilest orders of mankind.

There is, indeed, nothing so useful to man in general, nor so beneficial to particular societies and individuals, as trade. This is that *alma mater* at whose plentiful breast all mankind are nourished. It is true, like other parents, she is not always equally

indulgent to all her children, but, though she gives to her favourites a vast proportion of redundancy and superfluity, there are very few whom she refuses to supply with the conveniences, and none with the necessaries, of life.

Such a benefactress as this must naturally be beloved by mankind in general; it would be wonderful, therefore, if her interest was not considered by them, and protected from the fraud and violence of some of her rebellious offspring, who, coveting more than their share or more than she thinks proper to allow them, are daily employed in meditating mischief against her, and in endeavouring to steal from their brethren those shares which this great *alma mater* had allowed them.

At length our governor came on board, and about six in the evening we weighed anchor, and fell down to the Nore, whither our passage was extremely pleasant, the evening being very delightful, the moon just past the full, and both wind and tide favourable to us.

Tuesday, *July* 2. — This morning we again set sail, under all the advantages we had enjoyed the evening before. This day we left the shore of Essex and coasted along Kent, passing by the pleasant island of Thanet, which is an island, and that of Sheppy, which is not an island, and about three o'clock, the wind being now full in our teeth, we came to an anchor in the Downs, within two miles of Deal. — My wife, having suffered intolerable pain from her tooth, again renewed her resolution of having it drawn, and another surgeon was sent for

from Deal, but with no better success than the former. He likewise declined the operation, for the same reason which had been assigned by the former: however, such was her resolution, backed with pain, that he was obliged to make the attempt, which concluded more in honour of his judgment than of his operation: for, after having put my poor wife to inexpressible torment, he was obliged to leave her tooth in *statu quo*; and she had now the comfortable prospect of a long fit of pain, which might have lasted her whole voyage, without any possibility of relief.

In these pleasing sensations, of which I had my just share, nature, overcome with fatigue, about eight in the evening resigned her to rest — a circumstance which would have given me some happiness, could I have known how to employ those spirits which were raised by it; but, unfortunately for me, I was left in a disposition of enjoying an agreeable hour without the assistance of a companion, which has always appeared to me necessary to such enjoyment; my daughter and her companion were both retired sea-sick to bed; the other passengers were a rude school-boy of fourteen years old and an illiterate Portuguese friar, who understood no language but his own, in which I had not the least smattering. The captain was the only person left in whose conversation I might indulge myself; but unluckily, besides a total ignorance of everything in the world but a ship, he had the misfortune of being so deaf, that to make him hear, I will not say understand, my words, I must run the risque of conveying them

to the ears of my wife, who, though in another room (called, I think, the state-room — being, indeed, a most stately apartment, capable of containing one human body in length, if not very tall, and three bodies in breadth), lay asleep within a yard of me. In this situation necessity and choice were one and the same thing; the captain and I sat down together to a small bowl of punch, over which we both soon fell fast asleep, and so concluded the evening.

Wednesday, July 3. — This morning I awaked at four o'clock, for my distemper seldom suffered me to sleep later. I presently got up, and had the pleasure of enjoying the sight of a tempestuous sea for four hours before the captain was stirring; for he loved to indulge himself in morning slumbers, which were attended with a wind-music, much more agreeable to the performers than to the hearers, especially such as have, as I had, the privilege of sitting in the orchestra. At eight o'clock the captain rose, and sent his boat on shore. I ordered my man likewise to go in it, as my distemper was not of that kind which entirely deprives us of appetite. Now, though the captain had well victualled his ship with all manner of salt provisions for the voyage, and had added great quantities of fresh stores, particularly of vegetables, at Gravesend, such as beans and peas, which had been on board only two days, and had possibly not been gathered above two more, I apprehended I could provide better for myself at Deal than the ship's ordinary seemed to promise. I accordingly sent for fresh provisions of all kinds from the shore, in order to put off the evil day of starving

as long as possible. My man returned with most of the articles I sent for, and I now thought myself in a condition of living a week on my own provisions. I therefore ordered my own dinner, which I wanted nothing but a cook to dress and a proper fire to dress it at; but those were not to be had, nor indeed any addition to my roast mutton, except the pleasure of the captain's company, with that of the other passengers; for my wife continued the whole day in a state of dozing, and my other females, whose sickness did not abate by the rolling of the ship at anchor, seemed more inclined to empty their stomachs than to fill them. Thus I passed the whole day (except about an hour at dinner) by myself, and the evening concluded with the captain as the preceding one had done; one comfortable piece of news he communicated to me, which was, that he had no doubt of a prosperous wind in the morning; but as he did not divulge the reasons of this confidence, and as I saw none myself besides the wind being directly opposite, my faith in this prophecy was not strong enough to build any great hopes upon.

Thursday, July 4. — This morning, however, the captain seemed resolved to fulfil his own predictions, whether the wind would or no; he accordingly weighed anchor, and, taking the advantage of the tide when the wind was not very boisterous, he hoisted his sails; and, as if his power had been no less absolute over Æolus than it was over Neptune, he forced the wind to blow him on in its own despight.

But as all men who have ever been at sea well know how weak such attempts are, and want no

authorities of Scripture to prove that the most absolute power of a captain of a ship is very contemptible in the wind's eye, so did it befal our noble commander, who, having struggled with the wind three or four hours, was obliged to give over, and lost in a few minutes all that he had been so long a-gaining; in short, we returned to our former station, and once more cast anchor in the neighbourhood of Deal.

Here, though we lay near the shore, that we might promise ourselves all the emolument which could be derived from it, we found ourselves deceived; and that we might with as much convenience be out of the sight of land: for, except when the captain launched forth his own boat, which he did always with great reluctance, we were incapable of procuring anything from Deal, but at a price too exorbitant, and beyond the reach even of modern luxury — the fair of a boat from Deal, which lay at two miles' distance, being at least three half-crowns, and, if we had been in any distress for it, as many half-guineas; for these good people consider the sea as a large common appendant to their manor, in which when they find any of their fellow-creatures impounded, they conclude that they have a full right of making them pay at their own discretion for their deliverance: to say the truth, whether it be that men who live on the sea-shore are of an amphibious kind, and do not entirely partake of human nature, or whatever else may be the reason, they are so far from taking any share in the distresses of mankind, or of being moved with any compassion for them, that they look upon them as blessings

showered down from above, and which the more they improve to their own use, the greater is their gratitude and piety. Thus at Gravesend a sculler requires a shilling for going less way than he would row in London for threepence; and at Deal a boat often brings more profit in a day than it can produce in London in a week, or perhaps in a month; in both places the owner of the boat founds his demand on the necessity and distress of one who stands more or less in absolute want of his assistance, and with the urgency of these always rises in the exorbitancy of his demand, without ever considering that, from these very circumstances, the power or ease of gratifying such demand is in like proportion lessened. Now, as I am unwilling that some conclusions, which may be, I am aware, too justly drawn from these observations, should be imputed to human nature in general, I have endeavoured to account for them in a way more consistent with the goodness and dignity of that nature. However it be, it seems a little to reflect on the governors of such monsters that they do not take some means to restrain these impositions, and prevent them from triumphing any longer in the miseries of those who are, in many circumstances at least, their fellow-creatures, and considering the distresses of a wretched seaman, from his being wrecked to his being barely wind-bound, as a blessing sent among them from above, and calling it by that blasphemous name.

Friday, July 5. — This day I sent a servant on board a man-of-war that was stationed here, with my compliments to the captain, to represent to him

the distress of the ladies, and to desire the favour of his long-boat to conduct us to Dover, at about seven miles' distance; and at the same time presumed to make use of a great lady's name, the wife of the first lord commissioner of the admiralty, who would, I told him, be pleased with any kindness shewn by him towards us in our miserable condition. And this I am convinced was true, from the humanity of the lady, though she was entirely unknown to me.

The captain returned a verbal answer to a long letter acquainting me that what I desired could not be complied with, it being a favour not in his power to grant. This might be, and I suppose was, true; but it is as true that, if he was able to write, and had pen, ink, and paper on board, he might have sent a written answer, and that it was the part of a gentleman so to have done; but this is a character seldom maintained on the watery element, especially by those who exercise any power on it. Every commander of a vessel here seems to think himself entirely free from all those rules of decency and civility which direct and restrain the conduct of the members of a society on shore; and each, claiming absolute dominion in his little wooden world, rules by his own laws and his own discretion. I do not, indeed, know so pregnant an instance of the dangerous consequences of absolute power, and its aptness to intoxicate the mind, as that of those petty tyrants, who become such in a moment, from very well-disposed and social members of that communion in which they affect no superiority, but live in an

orderly state of legal subjection with their fellow-citizens.

Saturday, July 6. — This morning our commander, declaring he was sure the wind would change, took the advantage of an ebbing tide, and weighed his anchor. His assurance, however, had the same completion, and his endeavours the same success, with his formal trial; and he was soon obliged to return once more to his old quarters. Just before we let go our anchor, a small sloop, rather than submit to yield us an inch of way, ran foul of our ship, and carried off her bowsprit. This obstinate frolic would have cost those aboard the sloop very dear, if our steersman had not been too generous to exert his superiority, the certain consequence of which would have been the immediate sinking of the other. This contention of the inferior with a might capable of crushing it in an instant may seem to argue no small share of folly or madness, as well as of impudence; but I am convinced there is very little danger in it: contempt is a port to which the pride of man submits to fly with reluctance, but those who are within it are always in a place of the most assured security; for whosoever throws away his sword prefers, indeed, a less honourable but much safer means of avoiding danger than he who defends himself with it. And here we shall offer another distinction, of the truth of which much reading and experience have well convinced us, that as in the most absolute governments there is a regular progression of slavery downwards, from the top to the bottom, the mischief of which is seldom felt with any great force and bitter-

ness but by the next immediate degree; so in the most dissolute and anarchical states there is as regular an ascent of what is called rank or condition, which is always laying hold of the head of him who is advanced but one step higher on the ladder, who might, if he did not too much despise such efforts, kick his pursuer headlong to the bottom. We will conclude this digression with one general and short observation, which will, perhaps, set the whole matter in a clearer light than the longest and most laboured harangue. Whereas envy of all things most exposes us to danger from others, so contempt of all things best secures us from them. And thus, while the dung-cart and the sloop are always meditating mischief against the coach and the ship, and throwing themselves designedly in their way, the latter consider only their own security, and are not ashamed to break the road and let the other pass by them.

Monday, July 8. — Having past our Sunday without anything remarkable, unless the catching a great number of whitings in the afternoon may be thought so, we now set sail on Monday at six o'clock, with a little variation of wind; but this was so very little, and the breeze itself so small, that the tide was our best and indeed almost our only friend. This conducted us along the short remainder of the Kentish shore. Here we past that cliff of Dover which makes so tremendous a figure in Shakspeare, and which whoever reads without being giddy, must, according to Mr. Addison's observation, have either a very good head or a very bad one; but which,

whoever contracts any such ideas from the sight of, must have at least a poetic if not a Shaksperian genius. In truth, mountains, rivers, heroes, and gods owe great part of their existence to the poets; and Greece and Italy do so plentifully abound in the former, because they furnish so glorious a number of the latter; who, while they bestowed immortality on every little hillock and blind stream, left the noblest rivers and mountains in the world to share the same obscurity with the eastern and western poets, in which they are celebrated.

This evening we beat the sea of Sussex in sight of Dungeness, with much more pleasure than progress; for the weather was almost a perfect calm, and the moon, which was almost at the full, scarce suffered a single cloud to veil her from our sight.

Tuesday, Wednesday, July 9, 10. — These two days we had much the same fine weather, and made much the same way; but in the evening of the latter day a pretty fresh gale sprung up at N.N.W., which brought us by the morning in sight of the Isle of Wight.

Thursday, July 11. — This gale continued till towards noon; when the east end of the island bore but little ahead of us. The captain swaggered and declared he would keep the sea; but the wind got the better of him, so that about three he gave up the victory, and making a sudden tack stood in for the shore, passed by Spithead and Portsmouth, and came to an anchor at a place called Ryde on the island.

A most tragical incident fell out this day at sea. While the ship was under sail, but making as will appear no great way, a kitten, one of four of the

feline inhabitants of the cabin, fell from the window into the water: an alarm was immediately given to the captain, who was then upon deck, and received it with the utmost concern and many bitter oaths. He immediately gave orders to the steersman in favour of the poor thing, as he called it; the sails were instantly slackened, and all hands, as the phrase is, employed to recover the poor animal. I was, I own, extremely surprised at all this; less indeed at the captain's extreme tenderness than at his conceiving any possibility of success; for if puss had had nine thousand instead of nine lives, I concluded they had been all lost. The boatswain, however, had more sanguine hopes, for, having stripped himself of his jacket, breeches, and shirt, he leaped boldly into the water, and to my great astonishment in a few minutes returned to the ship, bearing the motionless animal in his mouth. Nor was this, I observed, a matter of such great difficulty as it appeared to my ignorance, and possibly may seem to that of my fresh-water reader. The kitten was now exposed to air and sun on the deck, where its life, of which it retained no symptoms, was despaired of by all.

The captain's humanity, if I may so call it, did not so totally destroy his philosophy as to make him yield himself up to affliction on this melancholy occasion. Having felt his loss like a man, he resolved to shew he could bear it like one; and, having declared he had rather have lost a cask of rum or brandy, betook himself to threshing at backgammon with the Portuguese friar, in which innocent amusement they had passed about two-thirds of their time.

But as I have, perhaps, a little too wantonly endeavoured to raise the tender passions of my readers in this narrative, I should think myself unpardonable if I concluded it without giving them the satisfaction of hearing that the kitten at last recovered, to the great joy of the good captain, but to the great disappointment of some of the sailors, who asserted that the drowning a cat was the very surest way of raising a favourable wind; a supposition of which, though we have heard several plausible accounts, we will not presume to assign the true original reason.

Friday, July 12. — This day our ladies went ashore at Ryde, and drank their afternoon tea at an ale-house there with great satisfaction: here they were regaled with fresh cream, to which they had been strangers since they left the Downs.

Saturday, July 13. — The wind seeming likely to continue in the same corner where it had been almost constantly for two months together, I was persuaded by my wife to go ashore and stay at Ryde till we sailed. I approved the motion much; for though I am a great lover of the sea, I now fancied there was more pleasure in breathing the fresh air of the land; but how to get thither was the question; for, being really that dead luggage which I considered all passengers to be in the beginning of this narrative, and incapable of any bodily motion without external impulse, it was in vain to leave the ship, or to determine to do it, without the assistance of others. In one instance, perhaps, the living luggage is more difficult to be moved or removed than an equal or much superior weight of dead matter; which, if of the brittle

kind, may indeed be liable to be broken through negligence; but this, by proper care, may be almost certainly prevented; whereas the fractures to which the living lumps are exposed are sometimes by no caution avoidable, and often by no art to be amended.

I was deliberating on the means of conveyance, not so much out of the ship to the boat as out of a little tottering boat to the land; a matter which, as I had already experienced in the Thames, was not extremely easy, when to be performed by any other limbs than your own. Whilst I weighed all that could suggest itself on this head, without strictly examining the merit of the several schemes which were advanced by the captain and sailors, and, indeed, giving no very deep attention even to my wife, who, as well as her friend and my daughter, were exerting their tender concern for my ease and safety, Fortune, for I am convinced she had a hand in it, sent me a present of a buck; a present welcome enough of itself, but more welcome on account of the vessel in which it came, being a large hoy, which in some places would pass for a ship, and many people would go some miles to see the sight. I was pretty easily conveyed on board this hoy; but to get from hence to the shore was not so easy a task; for, however strange it may appear, the water itself did not extend so far; an instance which seems to explain those lines of Ovid,

Omnia pontus erant, deerant quoque littora ponto,

in a less tautological sense than hath generally been imputed to them.

In fact, between the sea and the shore there was, at low water, an impassable gulph, if I may so call it, of deep mud, which could neither be traversed by walking nor swimming; so that for near one half of the twenty-four hours Ryde was inaccessible by friend or foe. But as the magistrates of this place seemed more to desire the company of the former than to fear that of the latter, they had begun to make a small causeway to the low-water mark, so that foot passengers might land whenever they pleased; but as this work was of a public kind, and would have cost a large sum of money, at least ten pounds, and the magistrates, that is to say, the churchwardens, the overseers, constable, and tithing-man, and the principal inhabitants, had every one of them some separate scheme of private interest to advance at the expence of the public, they fell out among themselves; and, after having thrown away one half of the requisite sum, resolved at least to save the other half, and rather be contented to sit down losers themselves than to enjoy any benefit which might bring in a greater profit to another. Thus that unanimity which is so necessary in all public affairs became wanting, and every man, from the fear of being a bubble to another, was, in reality, a bubble to himself.

However, as there is scarce any difficulty to which the strength of men, assisted with the cunning of art, is not equal, I was at last hoisted into a small boat, and, being rowed pretty near the shore, was taken up by two sailors, who waded with me through the mud, and placed me in a chair on the land,

whence they afterwards conveyed me a quarter of a mile farther, and brought me to a house which seemed to bid the fairest for hospitality of any in Ryde.

We brought with us our provisions from the ship, so that we wanted nothing but a fire to dress our dinner, and a room in which we might eat it. In neither of these had we any reason to apprehend a disappointment, our dinner consisting only of beans and bacon; and the worst apartment in his majesty's dominions, either at home or abroad, being fully sufficient to answer our present ideas of delicacy.

Unluckily, however, we were disappointed in both; for when we arrived about four at our inn, exulting in the hopes of immediately seeing our beans smoking on the table, we had the mortification of seeing them on the table indeed, but without that circumstance which would have made the sight agreeable, being in the same state in which we had dispatched them from our ship.

In excuse for this delay, though we had exceeded, almost purposely, the time appointed, and our provision had arrived three hours before, the mistress of the house acquainted us that it was not for want of time to dress them that they were not ready, but for fear of their being cold or overdone before we should come; which she assured us was much worse than waiting a few minutes for our dinner: an observation so very just, that it is impossible to find any objection in it; but, indeed, it was not altogether so proper at this time, for we had given the most absolute orders to have them ready at four, and had been

ourselves, not without much care and difficulty, most exactly punctual in keeping to the very minute of our appointment. But tradesmen, inn-keepers, and servants, never care to indulge us in matters contrary to our true interest, which they always know better than ourselves; nor can any bribes corrupt them to go out of their way whilst they are consulting our good, in our own despight.

Our disappointment in the other particular, in defiance of our humility, as it was more extraordinary, was more provoking. In short, Mrs. Francis (for that was the name of the good woman of the house) no sooner received the news of our intended arrival than she considered more the gentility than the humanity of her guests, and applied herself not to that which kindles but to that which extinguishes fire, and, forgetting to put on her pot, fell to washing her house.

As the messenger who had brought my venison was impatient to be despatched, I ordered it to be brought and laid on the table in the room where I was seated; and the table not being large enough, one side, and that a very bloody one, was laid on the brick floor. I then ordered Mrs. Francis to be called in, in order to give her instructions concerning it; in particular, what I would have roasted and what baked; concluding that she would be highly pleased with the prospect of so much money being spent in her house as she might have now reason to expect, if the wind continued only a few days longer to blow from the same points whence it had blown for several weeks past.

I soon saw good cause, I must confess, to despise my own sagacity. Mrs. Francis, having received her orders, without making any answer, snatched the side from the floor, which remained stained with blood, and, bidding a servant to take up that on the table, left the room with no pleasant countenance, muttering to herself that, "had she known the litter which was to have been made, she would not have taken such pains to wash her house that morning. If this was gentility, much good may it do such gentlefolks; for her part she had no notion of it."

From these murmurs I received two hints. The one, that it was not from a mistake of our inclination that the good woman had starved us, but from wisely consulting her own dignity, or rather perhaps her vanity, to which our hunger was offered up as a sacrifice. The other, that I was now sitting in a damp room, a circumstance, though it had hitherto escaped my notice from the colour of the bricks, which was by no means to be neglected in a valetudinary state.

My wife, who, besides discharging excellently well her own and all the tender offices becoming the female character; who, besides being a faithful friend, an amiable companion, and a tender nurse, could likewise supply the wants of a decrepit husband, and occasionally perform his part, had, before this, discovered the immoderate attention to neatness in Mrs. Francis, and provided against its ill consequences. She had found, though not under the same roof, a very snug apartment belonging to Mr. Francis, and which had escaped the mop by his wife's being satisfied it could not possibly be visited by gentlefolks.

This was a dry, warm, oaken-floored barn, lined on both sides with wheaten straw, and opening at one end into a green field and a beautiful prospect. Here, without hesitation, she ordered the cloth to be laid, and came hastily to snatch me from worse perils by water than the common dangers of the sea.

Mrs. Francis, who could not trust her own ears, or could not believe a footman in so extraordinary a phenomenon, followed my wife, and asked her if she had indeed ordered the cloth to be laid in the barn? She answered in the affirmative; upon which Mrs. Francis declared she would not dispute her pleasure, but it was the first time she believed that quality had ever preferred a barn to a house. She shewed at the same time the most pregnant marks of contempt, and again lamented the labour she had undergone, through her ignorance of the absurd taste of her guests.

At length, we were seated in one of the most pleasant spots I believe in the kingdom, and were regaled with our beans and bacon, in which there was nothing deficient but the quantity. This defect was however so deplorable that we had consumed our whole dish before we had visibly lessened our hunger. We now waited with impatience the arrival of our second course, which necessity, and not luxury, had dictated. This was a joint of mutton which Mrs. Francis had been ordered to provide; but when, being tired with expectation, we ordered our servants *to see for something else*, we were informed that there was nothing else; on which Mrs. Francis, being summoned, declared there was no such thing as mut-

ton to be had at Ryde. When I expressed some astonishment at their having no butcher in a village so situated, she answered they had a very good one, and one that killed all sorts of meat in season, beef two or three times a year, and mutton the whole year round; but that, it being then beans and peas time, he killed no meat, by reason he was not sure of selling it. This she had not thought worthy of communication, any more than that there lived a fisherman at next door, who was then provided with plenty of soles, and whitings, and lobsters, far superior to those which adorn a city feast. This discovery being made by accident, we completed the best, the pleasantest, and the merriest meal, with more appetite, more real solid luxury, and more festivity, than was ever seen in an entertainment at White's.

It may be wondered at, perhaps, that Mrs. Francis should be so negligent of providing for her guests, as she may seem to be thus inattentive to her own interest; but this was not the case; for, having clapped a poll-tax on our heads at our arrival, and determined at what price to discharge our bodies from her house, the less she suffered any other to share in the levy the clearer it came into her own pocket; and that it was better to get twelve pence in a shilling than ten pence, which latter would be the case if she afforded us fish at any rate.

Thus we past a most agreeable day owing to good appetites and good humour; two hearty feeders which will devour with satisfaction whatever food you place before them; whereas, without these, the

elegance of St. James's, the charde, the perigordpie, or the ortolan, the venison, the turtle, or the custard, may titillate the throat, but will never convey happiness to the heart or chearfulness to the countenance.

As the wind appeared still immovable, my wife proposed my lying on shore. I presently agreed, though in defiance of an act of parliament, by which persons wandering abroad and lodging in ale-houses are decreed to be rogues and vagabonds; and this too after having been very singularly officious in putting that law in execution.

My wife, having reconnoitred the house, reported that there was one room in which were two beds. It was concluded, therefore, that she and Harriot should occupy one and myself take possession of the other. She added likewise an ingenious recommendation of this room to one who had so long been in a cabin, which it exactly resembled, as it was sunk down with age on one side, and was in the form of a ship with gunwales too.

For my own part, I make little doubt but this apartment was an ancient temple, built with the materials of a wreck, and probably dedicated to Neptune in honour of THE BLESSING sent by him to the inhabitants; such blessings having in all ages been very common to them. The timber employed in it confirms this opinion, being such as is seldom used by any but ship-builders. I do not find indeed any mention of this matter in Hearn; but perhaps its antiquity was too modern to deserve his notice. Certain it is that this island of Wight was not an early convert to Christianity; nay, there is some reason to

doubt whether it was ever entirely converted. But I have only time to touch slightly on things of this kind, which, luckily for us, we have a society whose peculiar profession it is to discuss and develop.

Sunday, *July* 19. — This morning early I summoned Mrs. Francis, in order to pay her the preceding day's account. As I could recollect only two or three articles I thought there was no necessity of pen and ink. In a single instance only we had exceeded what the law allows gratis to a foot-soldier on his march, viz., vinegar, salt, &c., and dressing his meat. I found, however, I was mistaken in my calculation; for when the good woman attended with her bill it contained as follows: —

	£	s.	d.
Bread and beer	0	2	4
Wind	0	2	0
Rum	0	2	0
Dressing dinner	0	3	0
Tea	0	1	6
Firing	0	1	0
Lodging	0	1	6
Servants' lodging	0	0	6
	£0	13	10

Now that five people and two servants should live a day and night at a public-house for so small a sum will appear incredible to any person in London above the degree of a chimney-sweeper; but more astonishing will it seem that these people should remain so long at such a house without tasting any other delicacy than bread, small beer, a teacupfull of milk called cream, a glass of rum converted into punch by their

own materials, and one bottle of *wind*, of which we only tasted a single glass, though possibly, indeed, our servants drank the remainder of the bottle.

This *wind* is a liquor of English manufacture, and its flavour is thought very delicious by the generality of the English, who drink it in great quantities. Every seventh year is thought to produce as much as the other six. It is then drank so plentifully that the whole nation are in a manner intoxicated by it; and consequently very little business is carried on at that season.

It resembles in colour the red wine which is imported from Portugal, as it doth in its intoxicating quality; hence, and from this agreement in the orthography, the one is often confounded with the other, though both are seldom esteemed by the same person. It is to be had in every parish of the kingdom, and a pretty large quantity is consumed in the metropolis, where several taverns are set apart solely for the vendition of this liquor, the masters never dealing in any other.

The disagreement in our computation produced some small remonstrance to Mrs. Francis on my side; but this received an immediate answer: "She scorned to overcharge gentlemen; her house had been always frequented by the very best gentry of the island; and she had never had a bill found fault with in her life, though she had lived upwards of forty years in the house, and within that time the greatest gentry in Hampshire had been at it; and that lawyer Willis never went to any other when he came to those parts. That for her part she did not

get her livelihood by travellers, who were gone and away, and she never expected to see them more, but that her neighbours might come again; wherefore, to be sure, they had the only right to complain."

She was proceeding thus, and from her volubility of tongue seemed likely to stretch the discourse to an immoderate length, when I suddenly cut all short by paying the bill.

This morning our ladies went to church, more, I fear, from curiosity than religion; they were attended by the captain in a most military attire, with his cockade in his hat and his sword by his side. So unusual an appearance in this little chapel drew the attention of all present, and probably disconcerted the women, who were in dishabille, and wished themselves drest, for the sake of the curate, who was the greatest of their beholders.

While I was left alone I received a visit from Mr. Francis himself, who was much more considerable as a farmer than as an inn-holder. Indeed, he left the latter entirely to the care of his wife, and he acted wisely, I believe, in so doing.

As nothing more remarkable past on this day I will close it with the account of these two characters, as far as a few days' residence could inform me of them. If they should appear as new to the reader as they did to me, he will not be displeased at finding them here.

This amiable couple seemed to border hard on their grand climacteric; nor indeed were they shy of owning enough to fix their ages within a year or two of that time. They appeared to be rather proud of

having employed their time well than ashamed of having lived so long; the only reason which I could ever assign why some fine ladies, and fine gentlemen too, should desire to be thought younger than they really are by the contemporaries of their grandchildren. Some, indeed, who too hastily credit appearances, might doubt whether they had made so good a use of their time as I would insinuate, since there was no appearance of anything but poverty, want, and wretchedness, about their house; nor could they produce anything to a customer in exchange for his money but a few bottles of *wind*, and spirituous liquors, and some very bad ale, to drink; with rusty bacon and worse cheese to eat. But then it should be considered, on the other side, that whatever they received was almost as entirely clear profit as the blessing of a wreck itself; such an inn being the very reverse of a coffee-house; for here you can neither sit for nothing nor have anything for your money.

Again, as many marks of want abounded everywhere, so were the marks of antiquity visible. Scarce anything was to be seen which had not some scar upon it, made by the hand of Time; not an utensil, it was manifest, had been purchased within a dozen years last past; so that whatever money had come into the house during that period at least must have remained in it, unless it had been sent abroad for food, or other perishable commodities; but these were supplied by a small portion of the fruits of the farm, in which the farmer allowed he had a very good bargain. In fact, it is inconceivable what

sums may be collected by starving only, and how easy it is for a man to die rich if he will but be contented to live miserable.

Nor is there in this kind of starving anything so terrible as some apprehend. It neither wastes a man's flesh nor robs him of his chearfulness. The famous Cornaro's case well proves the contrary; and so did farmer Francis, who was of a round stature, had a plump round face, with a kind of smile on it, and seemed to borrow an air of wretchedness rather from his coat's age than from his own.

The truth is, there is a certain diet which emaciates men more than any possible degree of abstinence; though I do not remember to have seen any caution against it, either in Cheney, Arbuthnot, or in any other modern writer or regimen. Nay, the very name is not, I believe, in the learned Dr. James's Dictionary; all which is the more extraordinary as it is a very common food in this kingdom, and the college themselves were not long since very liberally entertained with it by the present attorney and other eminent lawyers in Lincoln's-inn-hall, and were all made horribly sick by it.

But though it should not be found among our English physical writers, we may be assured of meeting with it among the Greeks; for nothing considerable in nature escapes their notice, though many things considerable in them, it is to be feared, have escaped the notice of their readers. The Greeks, then, to all such as feed too voraciously on this diet, give the name of Heautofagi, which our physicians will, I suppose, translate *men that eat themselves.*

As nothing is so destructive to the body as this kind of food, so nothing is so plentiful and cheap; but it was perhaps the only cheap thing the farmer disliked. Probably living much on fish might produce this disgust; for Diodorus Siculus attributes the same aversion in a people of Æthiopia to the same cause; he calls them the fish-eaters, and asserts that they cannot be brought to eat a single meal with the Heautofagi by any persuasion, threat, or violence whatever, not even though they should kill their children before their faces.

What hath puzzled our physicians, and prevented them from setting this matter in the clearest light, is possibly one simple mistake, arising from a very excusable ignorance; that the passions of men are capable of swallowing food as well as their appetites; that the former, in feeding, resemble the state of those animals who chew the cud; and therefore, such men, in some sense, may be said to prey on themselves, and as it were to devour their own entrails. And hence ensues a meagre aspect and thin habit of body, as surely as from what is called a consumption.

Our farmer was one of these. He had no more passion than an Ichthuofagus or Æthiopian fisher. He wished not for anything, thought not of anything; indeed he scarce did anything or said anything. Here I cannot be understood strictly; for then I must describe a nonentity, whereas I would rob him of nothing but that free agency which is the cause of all the corruption and of all the misery of human nature. No man, indeed, ever did more than

the farmer, for he was an absolute slave to labour all the week; but in truth, as my sagacious reader must have at first apprehended, when I said he resigned the care of the house to his wife, I meant more than I then expressed, even the house and all that belonged to it; for he was really a farmer only under the direction of his wife. In a word, so composed, so serene, so placid a countenance, I never saw; and he satisfied himself by answering to every question he was asked, "I don't know anything about it, sir; I leaves all that to my wife."

Now, as a couple of this kind would, like two vessels of oil, have made no composition in life, and for want of all savour must have palled every taste; nature or fortune, or both of them, took care to provide a proper quantity of acid in the materials that formed the wife, and to render her a perfect helpmate for so tranquil a husband. She abounded in whatsoever he was defective; that is to say, in almost everything. She was indeed as vinegar to oil, or a brisk wind to a standing-pool, and preserved all from stagnation and corruption.

Quin the player, on taking a nice and severe survey of a fellow-comedian, burst forth into this exclamation: —"If that fellow be not a rogue, God Almighty doth not write a legible hand." Whether he guessed right or no is not worth my while to examine; certain it is that the latter, having wrought his features into a proper harmony to become the characters of Iago, Shylock, and others of the same cast, gave us a semblance of truth to the observation that was sufficient to confirm the wit of it. Indeed, we may

remark, in favour of the physiognomist, though the law has made him a rogue and vagabond, that Nature is seldom curious in her works within, without employing some little pains on the outside; and this more particularly in mischievous characters, in forming which, as Mr. Derham observes, in venomous insects, as the sting or saw of a wasp, she is sometimes wonderfully industrious. Now, when she hath thus completely armed our hero to carry on a war with man, she never fails of furnishing that innocent lambkin with some means of knowing his enemy, and foreseeing his designs. Thus she hath been observed to act in the case of a rattlesnake, which never meditates a human prey without giving warning of his approach.

This observation will, I am convinced, hold most true, if applied to the most venomous individuals of human insects. A tyrant, a trickster, and a bully, generally wear the marks of their several dispositions in their countenances; so do the vixen, the shrew, the scold, and all other females of the like kind. But, perhaps, nature hath never afforded a stronger example of all this than in the case of Mrs. Francis. She was a short, squat woman; her head was closely joined to her shoulders, where it was fixed somewhat awry; every feature of her countenance was sharp and pointed; her face was furrowed with the small-pox; and her complexion, which seemed to be able to turn milk to curds, not a little resembled in colour such milk as had already undergone that operation. She appeared, indeed, to have many symptoms of a deep jaundice in her look; but the strength and firmness of her voice overbalanced them all; the tone

of this was a sharp treble at a distance, for I seldom heard it on the same floor, but was usually waked with it in the morning, and entertained with it almost continually through the whole day.

Though vocal be usually put in opposition to instrumental music, I question whether this might not be thought to partake of the nature of both; for she played on two instruments, which she seemed to keep for no other use from morning till night; these were two maids, or rather scolding-stocks, who, I suppose, by some means or other, earned their board, and she gave them their lodging *gratis*, or for no other service than to keep her lungs in constant exercise.

She differed, as I have said, in every particular from her husband; but very remarkably in this, that, as it was impossible to displease him, so it was as impossible to please her; and as no art could remove a smile from his countenance, so could no art carry it into hers. If her bills were remonstrated against she was offended with the tacit censure of her fair-dealing; if they were not, she seemed to regard it as a tacit sarcasm on her folly, which might have set down larger prices with the same success. On this latter hint she did indeed improve, for she daily raised some of her articles. A pennyworth of fire was to-day rated at a shilling, to-morrow at eighteen-pence; and if she dressed us two dishes for two shillings on the Saturday, we paid half-a-crown for the cookery of one on the Sunday; and, whenever she was paid, she never left the room without lamenting the small amount of her bill, saying, "she

knew not how it was that others got their money by gentlefolks, but for her part she had not the art of it." When she was asked why she complained, when she was paid all she demanded, she answered, "she could not deny that, nor did she know she had omitted anything; but that it was but a poor bill for gentlefolks to pay."

I accounted for all this by her having heard, that it is a maxim with the principal inn-holders on the continent, to levy considerable sums on their guests, who travel with many horses and servants, though such guests should eat little or nothing in their houses; the method being, I believe, in such cases, to lay a capitation on the horses, and not on their masters. But she did not consider that in most of these inns a very great degree of hunger, without any degree of delicacy, may be satisfied; and that in all such inns there is some appearance, at least, of provision, as well as of a man-cook to dress it, one of the hostlers being always furnished with a cook's cap, waistcoat, and apron, ready to attend gentlemen and ladies on their summons; that the case therefore of such inns differed from hers, where there was nothing to eat or to drink, and in reality no house to inhabit, no chair to sit upon, nor any bed to lie in; that one third or fourth part therefore of the levy imposed at inns was, in truth, a higher tax than the whole was when laid on in the other, where, in order to raise a small sum, a man is obliged to submit to pay as many various ways for the same thing as he doth to the government for the light which enters through his own window into his own

house, from his own estate; such are the articles of bread and beer, firing, eating and dressing dinner.

The foregoing is a very imperfect sketch of this extraordinary couple; for everything is here lowered instead of being heightened. Those who would see them set forth in more lively colours, and with the proper ornaments, may read the descriptions of the Furies in some of the classical poets, or of the Stoic philosophers in the works of Lucian.

Monday, July 20. — This day nothing remarkable passed; Mrs. Francis levied a tax of fourteen shillings for the Sunday. We regaled ourselves at dinner with venison and good claret of our own; and, in the afternoon, the women, attended by the captain, walked to see a delightful scene two miles distant, with the beauties of which they declared themselves most highly charmed at their return, as well as with the goodness of the lady of the mansion, who had slipt out of the way, that my wife and their company might refresh themselves with the flowers and fruits with which her garden abounded.

Tuesday, July 21. — This day, having paid our taxes of yesterday, we were permitted to regale ourselves with more venison. Some of this we would willingly have exchanged for mutton; but no such flesh was to be had nearer than Portsmouth, from whence it would have cost more to convey a joint to us than the freight of a Portugal ham from Lisbon to London amounts to; for though the water-carriage be somewhat cheaper here than at Deal, yet can you find no waterman who will go on board his

boat, unless by two or three hours' rowing he can get drunk for the residue of the week.

And here I have an opportunity, which possibly may not offer again, of publishing some observations on that political œconomy of this nation, which, as it concerns only the regulation of th mob, is below the notice of our great men, though on the due regulation of this order depend many emoluments, which the great men themselves, or at least many who tread close on thei heels, may enjoy, as well as some dangers which may some time or other arise from introducing a pure state of anarchy among them. I will represent the case, as it appears to me, very fairly and impartially between the mob and their betters.

The whole mischief which infects this part of our œconomy arises from the vague and uncertain use of a word called liberty, of which, as scarce any two men with whom I have ever conversed seem to have one and the same idea, I am inclined to doubt whether there be any simple universal notion represented by this word, or whether it conveys any clearer or more determinate idea than some of those old Punic compositions of syllables preserved in one of the comedies of Plautus, but at present, as I conceive, not supposed to be understood by any one.

By liberty, however, I apprehend, is commonly understood the power of doing what we please; not absolutely, for then it would be inconsistent with law, by whose control the liberty of the freest people, except only the Hottentots and wild Indians, must always be restrained.

But, indeed, however largely we extend, or however moderately we confine, the sense of the word, no politician will, I presume, contend that it is to pervade in an equal degree, and be, with the same extent, enjoyed by, every member of society; no such polity having been ever found, unless among those vile people just before commemorated. Among the Greeks and Romans the servile and free conditions were opposed to each other; and no man who had the misfortune to be enrolled under the former could lay any claim to liberty till the right was conveyed to him by that master whose slave he was, either by the means of conquest, of purchase, or of birth.

This was the state of all the free nations in the world; and this, till very lately, was understood to be the case of our own.

I will not indeed say this is the case at present, the lowest class of our people having shaken off all the shackles of their superiors, and become not only as free, but even freer, than most of their superiors. I believe it cannot be doubted, though perhaps we have no recent instance of it, that the personal attendance of every man who hath three hundred pounds per annum, in parliament, is indispensably his duty; and that, if the citizens and burgesses of any city or borough shall chuse such a one, however reluctant he appear, he may be obliged to attend, and be forcibly brought to his duty by the serjeant-at-arms.

Again, there are numbers of subordinate offices, some of which are of burthen, and others of expence, in the civil government — all of which persons who

are qualified are liable to have imposed on them, may be obliged to undertake and properly execute, notwithstanding any bodily labour, or even danger, to which they may subject themselves, under the penalty of fines and imprisonment; nay, and what may appear somewhat hard, may be compelled to satisfy the losses which are eventually incident, to that of sheriff in particular, out of their own private fortunes; and though this should prove the ruin of a family, yet the public, to whom the price is due, incurs no debt or obligation to preserve its officer harmless, let his innocence appear ever so clearly.

I purposely omit the mention of those military or militiary duties which our old constitution laid upon its greatest members. These might, indeed, supply their posts with some other able-bodied men; but if no such could have been found, the obligation nevertheless remained, and they were compellable to serve in their own proper persons.

The only one, therefore, who is possessed of absolute liberty is the lowest member of the society, who, if he prefers hunger, or the wild product of the fields, hedges, lanes, and rivers, with the indulgence of ease and laziness, to a food a little more delicate, but purchased at the expence of labour, may lay himself under a shade; nor can be forced to take the other alternative from that which he hath, I will not affirm whether wisely or foolishly, chosen.

Here I may, perhaps, be reminded of the last Vagrant Act, where all such persons are compellable to work for the usual and accustomed wages allowed in the place; but this is a clause little known to the

justices of the peace, and least likely to be executed by those who do know it, as they know likewise that it is formed on the antient power of the justices to fix and settle these wages every year, making proper allowances for the scarcity and plenty of the times, the cheapness and dearness of the place; and that *the usual and accustomed wages* are words without any force or meaning, when there are no such; but every man spunges and raps whatever he can get; and will haggle as long and struggle as hard to cheat his employer of twopence in a day's labour as an honest tradesman will to cheat his customers of the same sum in a yard of cloth or silk.

It is a great pity then that this power, or rather this practice, was not revived; but, this having been so long omitted that it is become obsolete, will be best done by a new law, in which this power, as well as the consequent power of forcing the poor to labour at a moderate and reasonable rate, should be well considered and their execution facilitated; for gentlemen who give their time and labour *gratis*, and even voluntarily, to the public, have a right to expect that all their business be made as easy as possible; and to enact laws without doing this is to fill our statute-books, much too full already, still fuller with dead letter, of no use but to the printer of the acts of parliament.

That the evil which I have here pointed at is of itself worth redressing, is, I apprehend, no subject of dispute; for why should any persons in distress be deprived of the assistance of their fellow-subjects, when they are willing amply to reward them for

their labour? or, why should the lowest of the people be permitted to exact ten times the value of their work? For those exactions encrease with the degrees of necessity in their object, insomuch that on the former side many are horribly imposed upon, and that often in no trifling matters. I was very well assured that at Deal no less than ten guineas was required, and paid by the supercargo of an Indiaman, for carrying him on board two miles from the shore when she was just ready to sail; so that his necessity, as his pillager well understood, was absolute. Again, many others, whose indignation will not submit to such plunder, are forced to refuse the assistance, though they are often great sufferers by so doing. On the latter side, the lowest of the people are encouraged in laziness and idleness; while they live by a twentieth part of the labour that ought to maintain them, which is diametrically opposite to the interest of the public; for that requires a great deal to be done, not to be paid, for a little. And moreover, they are confirmed in habits of exaction, and are taught to consider the distresses of their superiors as their own fair emolument.

But enough of this matter, of which I at first intended only to convey a hint to those who are alone capable of applying the remedy, though they are the last to whom the notice of those evils would occur, without some such monitor as myself, who am forced to travel about the world in the form of a passenger. I cannot but say I heartily wish our governors would attentively consider this method of fixing the price of labour, and by that means of compelling the poor to

work, since the due execution of such powers will, I apprehend, be found the true and only means of making them useful, and of advancing trade from its present visibly declining state to the height to which Sir William Petty, in his Political Arithmetic, thinks it capable of being carried.

In the afternoon the lady of the above-mentioned mansion called at our inn, and left her compliments to us with Mrs. Francis, with an assurance that while we continued wind-bound in that place, where she feared we could be but indifferently accommodated, we were extremely welcome to the use of anything which her garden or her house afforded. So polite a message convinced us, in spite of some arguments to the contrary, that we were not on the coast of Africa, or on some island where the few savage inhabitants have little of human in them besides their form.

And here I mean nothing less than to derogate from the merit of this lady, who is not only extremely polite in her behaviour to strangers of her own rank, but so extremely good and charitable to all her poor neighbours who stand in need of her assistance, that she hath the universal love and praises of all who live near her. But, in reality, how little doth the acquisition of so valuable a character, and the full indulgence of so worthy a disposition, cost those who possess it! Both are accomplished by the very offals which fall from a table moderately plentiful. That they are enjoyed therefore by so few arises truly from there being so few who have any such disposition to gratify, or who aim at any such character.

Wednesday, July 22. — This morning, after hav-

ing been mulcted as usual, we dispatched a servant with proper acknowledgments of the lady's goodness; but confined our wants entirely to the productions of her garden. He soon returned, in company with the gardener, both richly laden with almost every particular which a garden at this most fruitful season of the year produces.

While we were regaling ourselves with these, towards the close of our dinner, we received orders from our commander, who had dined that day with some inferior officers on board a man-of-war, to return instantly to the ship; for that the wind was become favourable, and he should weigh that evening. These orders were soon followed by the captain himself, who was still in the utmost hurry, though the occasion of it had long since ceased; for the wind had, indeed, a little shifted that afternoon, but was before this very quietly set down in its old quarters.

This last was a lucky hit for me; for, as the captain, to whose orders we resolved to pay no obedience, unless delivered by himself, did not return till past six, so much time seemed requisite to put up the furniture of our bed-chamber or dining-room, for almost every article, even to some of the chairs, were either our own or the captain's property; so much more in conveying it as well as myself, as dead a luggage as any, to the shore, and thence to the ship, that the night threatened first to overtake us. A terrible circumstance to me, in my decayed condition; especially as very heavy showers of rain, attended with a high wind, continued to fall incessantly; the being carried through which two miles in the dark,

in a wet and open boat, seemed little less than certain death.

However, as my commander was absolute, his orders peremptory, and my obedience necessary, I resolved to avail myself of a philosophy which hath been of notable use to me in the latter part of my life, and which is contained in this hemistich of Virgil : —

— Superanda omnis fortuna ferendo est.

The meaning of which, if Virgil had any, I think I rightly understood, and rightly applied.

As I was therefore to be entirely passive in my motion, I resolved to abandon myself to the conduct of those who were to carry me into a cart when it returned from unloading the goods.

But before this, the captain, perceiving what had happened in the clouds, and that the wind remained as much his enemy as ever, came upstairs to me with a reprieve till the morning. This was, I own, very agreeable news, and I little regretted the trouble of refurnishing my apartment, by sending back for the goods.

Mrs. Francis was not well pleased with this. As she understood the reprieve to be only till the morning, she saw nothing but lodging to be possibly added, out of which she was to deduct fire and candle, and the remainder, she thought, would scarce pay her for her trouble. She exerted therefore all the ill-humour of which she was mistress, and did all she could to thwart and perplex everything during the whole evening.

Thursday, July 23. — Early in the morning the

captain, who had remained on shore all night, came to visit us, and to press us to make haste on board. "I am resolved," says he, "not to lose a moment now the wind is coming about fair: for my own part, I never was surer of a wind in all my life." I use his very words; nor will I presume to interpret or comment upon them farther than by observing that they were spoke in the utmost hurry.

We promised to be ready as soon as breakfast was over, but this was not so soon as was expected; for, in removing our goods the evening before, the tea-chest was unhappily lost.

Every place was immediately searched, and many where it was impossible for it to be; for this was a loss of much greater consequence than it may at first seem to many of my readers. Ladies and valetudinarians do not easily dispense with the use of this sovereign cordial in a single instance; but to undertake a long voyage, without any probability of being supplied with it the whole way, was above the reach of patience. And yet, dreadful as this calamity was, it seemed unavoidable. The whole town of Ryde could not supply a single leaf; for, as to what Mrs. Francis and the shop called by that name, it was not of Chinese growth. It did not indeed in the least resemble tea, either in smell or taste, or in any particular, unless in being a leaf; for it was in truth no other than a tobacco of the mundungus species. And as for the hopes of relief in any other port, they were not to be depended upon, for the captain had positively declared he was sure of a wind, and would let go his anchor no more till he arrived in the Tajo.

When a good deal of time had been spent, most of it indeed wasted on this occasion, a thought occurred which every one wondered at its not having presented itself the first moment. This was to apply to the good lady, who could not fail of pitying and relieving such distress. A messenger was immediately despatched with an account of our misfortune, till whose return we employed ourselves in preparatives for our departure, that we might have nothing to do but to swallow our breakfast when it arrived. The tea-chest, though of no less consequence to us than the military-chest to a general, was given up as lost, or rather as stolen; for though I would not, for the world, mention any particular name, it is certain we had suspicions, and all, I am afraid, fell on the same person.

The man returned from the worthy lady with much expedition, and brought with him a canister of tea, despatched with so true a generosity, as well as politeness, that if our voyage had been as long again we should have incurred no danger of being brought to a short allowance in this most important article. At the very same instant likewise arrived William the footman with our own tea-chest. It had been, indeed, left in the hoy, when the other goods were re-landed, as William, when he first heard it was missing, had suspected; and whence, had not the owner of the hoy been unluckily out of the way, he had retrieved it soon enough to have prevented our giving the lady an opportunity of displaying some part of her goodness.

To search the hoy was, indeed, too natural a sug-

gestion to have escaped any one, nor did it escape being mentioned by many of us; but we were dissuaded from it by my wife's maid, who perfectly well remembered she had left the chest in the bed-chamber; for that she had never given it out of her hand in her way to or from the hoy; but William perhaps knew the maid better, and best understood how far she was to be believed; for otherwise he would hardly of his own accord, after hearing her declaration, have hunted out the hoy-man, with much pains and difficulty.

Thus ended this scene, which begun with such appearance of distress, and ended with becoming the subject of mirth and laughter.

Nothing now remained but to pay our taxes, which were indeed laid with inconceivable severity. Lodging was raised sixpence, fire in the same proportion, and even candles, which had hitherto escaped, were charged with a wantonness of imposition, from the beginning, and placed under the stile of oversight. We were raised a whole pound, whereas we had only burned ten, in five nights, and the pound consisted of twenty-four.

Lastly, an attempt was made which almost as far exceeds human credulity to believe as it did human patience to submit to. This was to make us pay as much for existing an hour or two as for existing a whole day; and dressing dinner was introduced as an article, though we left the house before either pot or spit had approached the fire. Here I own my patience failed me, and I became an example of the truth of the observation, "That all tyranny and op-

pression may be carried too far, and that a yoke may be made too intolerable for the neck of the tamest slave." When I remonstrated, with some warmth, against this grievance, Mrs. Francis gave me a look, and left the room without making any answer. She returned in a minute, running to me with pen, ink, and paper, in her hand, and desired me to make my own bill; "for she hoped," she said, "I did not expect that her house was to be dirtied, and her goods spoiled and consumed, for nothing. The whole is but thirteen shillings. Can gentlefolks lie a whole night at a public-house for less? If they can I am sure it is time to give off being a landlady: but pay me what you please; I would have people know that I value money as little as other folks. But I was always a fool, as I says to my husband, and never knows which side my bread is buttered of. And yet, to be sure, your honour shall be my warning not to be bit so again. Some folks knows better than other some how to make their bills. Candles! why yes, to be sure; why should not travellers pay for candles? I am sure I pays for my candles, and the chandler pays the king's majesty for them; and if he did not I must, so as it comes to the same thing in the end. To be sure I am out of sixteens at present, but these burn as white and as clear, though not quite so large. I expects my chandler here soon, or I would send to Portsmouth, if your honour was to stay any time longer. But when folks stays only for a wind, you knows there can be no dependence on such!" Here she put on a little slyness of aspect, and seemed willing to submit to interruption. I interrupted her

accordingly by throwing down half a guinea, and declared I had no more English money, which was indeed true; and, as she could not immediately change the thirty-six shilling pieces, it put a final end to the dispute. Mrs. Francis soon left the room, and we soon after left the house; nor would this good woman see us or wish us a good voyage.

I must not, however, quit this place, where we had been so ill-treated, without doing it impartial justice, and recording what may, with the strictest truth, be said in its favour.

First, then, as to its situation, it is, I think, most delightful, and in the most pleasant spot in the whole island. It is true it wants the advantage of that beautiful river which leads from Newport to Cowes; but the prospect here extending to the sea, and taking in Portsmouth, Spithead, and St. Helen's, would be more than a recompence for the loss of the Thames itself, even in the most delightful part of Berkshire or Buckinghamshire, though another Denham, or another Pope, should unite in celebrating it. For my own part, I confess myself so entirely fond of a sea prospect, that I think nothing on the land can equal it; and if it be set off with shipping, I desire to borrow no ornament from the *terra firma*. A fleet of ships is, in my opinion, the noblest object which the art of man hath ever produced; and far beyond the power of those architects who deal in brick, in stone, or in marble.

When the late Sir Robert Walpole, one of the best of men and of ministers, used to equip us a yearly fleet at Spithead, his enemies of taste must

have allowed that he, at least, treated the nation with a fine sight for their money. A much finer, indeed, than the same expence in an encampment could have produced. For what indeed is the best idea which the prospect of a number of huts can furnish to the mind, but of a number of men forming themselves into a society before the art of building more substantial houses was known? This, perhaps, would be agreeable enough; but, in truth, there is a much worse idea ready to step in before it, and that is of a body of cut-throats, the supports of tyranny, the invaders of the just liberties and properties of mankind, the plunderers of the industrious, the ravishers of the chaste, the murderers of the innocent, and, in a word, the destroyers of the plenty, the peace, and the safety, of their fellow-creatures.

And what, it may be said, are these men-of-war which seem so delightful an object to our eyes? Are they not alike the support of tyranny and oppression of innocence, carrying with them desolation and ruin wherever their masters please to send them? This is indeed too true; and however the ship of war may, in its bulk and equipment, exceed the honest merchant-man, I heartily wish there was no necessity for it; for, though I must own the superior beauty of the object on one side, I am more pleased with the superior excellence of the idea which I can raise in my mind on the other, while I reflect on the art and industry of mankind engaged in the daily improvements of commerce to the mutual benefit of all countries, and to the establishment and happiness of social life.

This pleasant village is situated on a gentle ascent from the water, whence it affords that charming prospect I have above described. Its soil is a gravel, which, assisted with its declivity, preserves it always so dry that immediately after the most violent rain a fine lady may walk without wetting her silken shoes. The fertility of the place is apparent from its extraordinary verdure, and it is so shaded with large and flourishing elms, that its narrow lanes are a natural grove or walk, which, in the regularity of its plantation, vies with the power of art, and in its wanton exuberancy greatly exceeds it.

In a field in the ascent of this hill, about a quarter of a mile from the sea, stands a neat little chapel. It is very small, but adequate to the number of inhabitants; for the parish doth not seem to contain above thirty houses.

At about two miles distant from this parish lives that polite and good lady to whose kindness we were so much obliged. It is placed on a hill whose bottom is washed by the sea, and which, from its eminence at top, commands a view of great part of the island as well as it does that of the opposite shore. This house was formerly built by one Boyce, who, from a blacksmith at Gosport, became possessed, by great success in smuggling, of forty thousand pound. With part of this he purchased an estate here, and, by chance probably, fixed on this spot for building a large house. Perhaps the convenience of carrying on his business, to which it is so well adapted, might dictate the situation to him. We can hardly, at least, attribute it to the same taste with which he

furnished his house, or at least his library, by sending an order to a bookseller in London to pack him up five hundred pounds' worth of his handsomest books. They tell here several almost incredible stories of the ignorance, the folly, and the pride, which this poor man and his wife discovered during the short continuance of his prosperity; for he did not long escape the sharp eyes of the revenue solicitors, and was, by extents from the court of Exchequer, soon reduced below his original state to that of confinement in the Fleet. All his effects were sold, and among the rest his books, by an auction at Portsmouth, for a very small price; for the bookseller was now discovered to have been perfectly a master of his trade, and, relying on Mr. Boyce's finding little time to read, had sent him not only the most lasting wares of his shop, but duplicates of the same, under different titles.

His estate and house were purchased by a gentleman of these parts, whose widow now enjoys them, and who hath improved them, particularly her gardens, with so elegant a taste, that the painter who would assist his imagination in the composition of a most exquisite landscape, or the poet who would describe an earthly paradise, could nowhere furnish themselves with a richer pattern.

We left this place about eleven in the morning, and were again conveyed, with more sunshine than wind, aboard our ship.

Whence our captain had acquired his power of prophecy, when he promised us and himself a prosperous wind, I will not determine; it is sufficient to

observe that he was a false prophet, and that the weathercocks continued to point as before.

He would not, however, so easily give up his skill in prediction. He persevered in asserting that the wind was changed, and, having weighed his anchor, fell down that afternoon to St. Helen's, which was at about the distance of five miles; and whither his friend the tide, in defiance of the wind, which was most manifestly against him, softly wafted him in as many hours.

Here, about seven in the evening, before which time we could not procure it, we sat down to regale ourselves with some roasted venison, which was much better drest than we imagined it would be, and an excellent cold pasty which my wife had made at Ryde, and which we had reserved uncut to eat on board our ship, whither we all chearfully exulted in being returned from the presence of Mrs. Francis, who, by the exact resemblance she bore to a fury, seemed to have been with no great propriety settled in paradise.

Friday, July 24. — As we passed by Spithead on the preceding evening we saw the two regiments of soldiers who were just returned from Gibraltar and Minorca; and this day a lieutenant belonging to one of them, who was the captain's nephew, came to pay a visit to his uncle. He was what is called by some a very pretty fellow; indeed, much too pretty a fellow at his years; for he was turned of thirty-four, though his address and conversation would have become him more before he had reached twenty. In his conversation, it is true, there was something

military enough, as it consisted chiefly of oaths, and of the great actions and wise sayings of Jack, and Will, and Tom of our regiment, a phrase eternally in his mouth; and he seemed to conclude that it conveyed to all the officers such a degree of public notoriety and importance that it intitled him, like the head of a profession, or a first minister, to be the subject of conversation among those who had not the least personal acquaintance with him. This did not much surprise me, as I have seen several examples of the same; but the defects in his address, especially to the women, were so great that they seemed absolutely inconsistent with the behaviour of a pretty fellow, much less of one in a red coat; and yet, besides having been eleven years in the army, he had had, as his uncle informed me, an education in France. This, I own, would have appeared to have been absolutely thrown away had not his animal spirits, which were likewise thrown away upon him in great abundance, borne the visible stamp of the growth of that country. The character to which he had an indisputable title was that of a merry fellow; so very merry was he that he laughed at everything he said, and always before he spoke. Possibly, indeed, he often laughed at what he did not utter, for every speech begun with a laugh, though it did not always end with a jest. There was no great analogy between the characters of the uncle and the nephew, and yet they seemed intirely to agree in enjoying the honour which the red-coat did to his family. This the uncle expressed with great pleasure in his countenance, and seemed desirous of shewing all

present the honour which he had for his nephew, who, on his side, was at some pains to convince us of his concurring in this opinion, and at the same time of displaying the contempt he had for the parts, as well as the occupation, of his uncle, which he seemed to think reflected some disgrace on himself, who was a member of that profession which makes every man a gentleman. Not that I would be understood to insinuate that the nephew endeavoured to shake off or disown his uncle, or indeed to keep him at any distance. On the contrary, he treated him with the utmost familiarity, often calling him Dick, and dear Dick, and old Dick, and frequently beginning an oration with D—n me, Dick.

All this condescension on the part of the young man was received with suitable marks of complaisance and obligation by the old one; especially when it was attended with evidences of the same familiarity with general officers and other persons of rank; one of whom, in particular, I know to have the pride and insolence of the devil himself, and who, without some strong bias of interest, is no more liable to converse familiarly with a lieutenant than of being mistaken in his judgment of a fool; which was not, perhaps, so certainly the case of the worthy lieutenant, who, in declaring to us the qualifications which recommended men to his countenance and conversation, as well as what effectually set a bar to all hopes of that honour, exclaimed, "No, sir, by the d— I hate all fools — No, d—n me, excuse me for that. That 's a little too much, old Dick. There are two or three officers of our regi-

ment whom I know to be fools; but d—n me if I am ever seen in their company. If a man hath a fool of a relation, Dick, you know he can't help that, old boy."

Such jokes as these the old man not only took in good part, but glibly gulped down the whole narrative of his nephew; nor did he, I am convinced, in the least doubt of our as readily swallowing the same. This made him so charmed with the lieutenant, that it is probable we should have been pestered with him the whole evening, had not the north wind, dearer to our sea-captain even than this glory of his family, sprung suddenly up, and called aloud to him to weigh his anchor.

While this ceremony was performing, the sea-captain ordered out his boat to row the land-captain to shore; not indeed on an uninhabited island, but one which, in this part, looked but little better, not presenting us the view of a single house. Indeed, our old friend, when his boat returned on shore, perhaps being no longer able to stifle his envy of the superiority of his nephew, told us with a smile that the young man had a good five mile to walk before he could be accommodated with a passage to Portsmouth.

It appeared now that the captain had been only mistaken in the date of his prediction, by placing the event a day earlier than it happened; for the wind which now arose was not only favourable but brisk, and was no sooner in reach of our sails than it swept us away by the back of the Isle of Wight, and, having in the night carried us by Christchurch

and Peveral-point, brought us the next noon, *Saturday*, *July* 25, off the island of Portland, so famous for the smallness and sweetness of its mutton, of which a leg seldom weighs four pounds. We would have bought a sheep, but our captain would not permit it; though he needed not have been in such a hurry, for presently the wind, I will not positively assert in resentment of his surliness, shewed him a dog's trick, and slily slipt back again to his summer-house in the south-west.

The captain now grew outrageous, and, declaring open war with the wind, took a resolution, rather more bold than wise, of sailing in defiance of it, and in its teeth. He swore he would let go his anchor no more, but would beat the sea while he had either yard or sail left. He accordingly stood from the shore, and made so large a tack that before night, though he seemed to advance but little on his way, he was got out of sight of land.

Towards the evening the wind began, in the captain's own language, and indeed it freshened so much, that before ten it blew a perfect hurricane.

The captain having got, as he supposed, to a safe distance, tacked again towards the English shore; and now the wind veered a point only in his favour, and continued to blow with such violence, that the ship ran about eight knots or miles an hour during this whole day and tempestuous night till bed-time. I was obliged to betake myself once more to my solitude, for my women were again all down in their sea-sickness, and the captain was busy on deck; for he began to grow uneasy, chiefly, I believe, because

he did not well know where he was, and would, I am convinced, have been very glad to have been in Portland-road, eating some sheep's-head broth.

Having contracted no great degree of good-humour by living a whole day alone, without a single soul to converse with, I took but ill physic to purge it off, by a bed-conversation with the captain, who, amongst many bitter lamentations of his fate, and protesting he had more patience than a Job, frequently intermixed summons to the commanding officer on the deck, who now happened to be one Morrison, a carpenter, the only fellow that had either common sense or common civility in the ship. Of Morrison he enquired every quarter of an hour concerning the state of affairs: the wind, the care of the ship, and other matters of navigation. The frequency of these summons, as well as the solicitude with which they were made, sufficiently testified the state of the captain's mind; he endeavoured to conceal it, and would have given no small alarm to a man who had either not learnt what it is to die, or known what it is to be miserable. And my dear wife and child must pardon me, if what I did not conceive to be any great evil to myself I was not much terrified with the thoughts of happening to them; in truth, I have often thought they are both too good and too gentle to be trusted to the power of any man I know, to whom they could possibly be so trusted.

Can I say then I had no fear? indeed I cannot. Reader, I was afraid for thee, lest thou shouldst have been deprived of that pleasure thou art now enjoying; and that I should not live to draw out on paper

that military character which thou didst peruse in the journal of yesterday.

From all these fears we were relieved, at six in the morning, by the arrival of Mr. Morrison, who acquainted us that he was sure he beheld land very near; for he could not see half a mile, by reason of the haziness of the weather. This land he said was, he believed, the Berry-head, which forms one side of Torbay: the captain declared that it was impossible, and swore, on condition he was right, he would give him his mother for a maid. A forfeit which became afterwards strictly due and payable; for the captain, whipping on his night-gown, ran up without his breeches, and within half an hour returning into the cabin, wished me joy of our lying safe at anchor in the bay.

Sunday, July 26. —Things now began to put on an aspect very different from what they had lately worn; the news that the ship had almost lost its mizen, and that we had procured very fine clouted cream and fresh bread and butter from the shore, restored health and spirits to our women, and we all sat down to a very chearful breakfast.

But, however pleasant our stay promised to be here, we were all desirous it should be short: I resolved immediately to despatch my man into the country to purchase a present of cider, for my friends of that which is called Southam, as well as to take with me a hogshead of it to Lisbon; for it is, in my opinion, much more delicious than that which is the growth of Herefordshire. I purchased three hogsheads for five pounds ten shillings, all which I should have scarce

thought worth mentioning, had I not believed it might be of equal service to the honest farmer who sold it me, and who is by the neighbouring gentlemen reputed to deal in the very best; and to the reader, who, from ignorance of the means of providing better for himself, swallows at a dearer rate the juice of Middlesex turnip, instead of that Vinum Pomonæ which Mr. Giles Leverance of Cheeshurst, near Dartmouth in Devon, will, at the price of forty shillings per hogshead, send in double casks to any part of the world. Had the wind been very sudden in shifting, I had lost my cider by an attempt of a boatman to exact, according to custom. He required five shillings for conveying my man a mile and a half to the shore, and four more if he staid to bring him back. This I thought to be such insufferable impudence that I ordered him to be immediately chased from the ship, without any answer. Indeed, there are few inconveniences that I would not rather encounter than encourage the insolent demands of these wretches, at the expence of my own indignation, of which I own they are not the only objects, but rather those who purchase a paultry convenience by encouraging them. But of this I have already spoken very largely. I shall conclude, therefore, with the leave which this fellow took of our ship; saying he should know it again, and would not put off from the shore to relieve it in any distress whatever.

It will, doubtless, surprise many of my readers to hear that, when we lay at anchor within a mile or two of a town several days together, and even in the most temperate weather, we should frequently

want fresh provisions and herbage, and other emoluments of the shore, as much as if we had been a hundred leagues from land. And this too while numbers of boats were in our sight, whose owners get their livelihood by rowing people up and down, and could be at any time summoned by a signal to our assistance, and while the captain had a little boat of his own, with men always ready to row it at his command.

This, however, hath been partly accounted for already by the imposing disposition of the people, who asked so much more than the proper price of their labour. And as to the usefulness of the captain's boat, it requires to be a little expatiated upon, as it will tend to lay open some of the grievances which demand the utmost regard of our legislature, as they affect the most valuable part of the king's subjects — those by whom the commerce of the nation is carried into execution.

Our captain then, who was a very good and experienced seaman, having been above thirty years the master of a vessel, part of which he had served, so he phrased it, as commander of a privateer, and had discharged himself with great courage and conduct, and with as great success, discovered the utmost aversion to the sending his boat ashore whenever we lay wind-bound in any of our harbours. This aversion did not arise from any fear of wearing out his boat by using it, but was, in truth, the result of experience, that it was easier to send his men on shore than to recal them. They acknowledged him to be their master while they remained on shipboard,

but did not allow his power to extend to the shores, where they had no sooner set their foot than every man became *sui juris*, and thought himself at full liberty to return when he pleased. Now it is not any delight that these fellows have in the fresh air or verdant fields on the land. Every one of them would prefer his ship and his hammock to all the sweets of Arabia the Happy ; but, unluckily for them, there are in every seaport in England certain houses whose chief livelihood depends on providing entertainment for the gentlemen of the jacket. For this purpose they are always well furnished with those cordial liquors which do immediately inspire the heart with gladness, banishing all careful thoughts, and indeed all others, from the mind, and opening the mouth with songs of chearfulness and thanksgiving for the many wonderful blessings with which a seafaring life overflows.

For my own part, however whimsical it may appear, I confess I have thought the strange story of Circe in the Odyssey no other than an ingenious allegory, in which Homer intended to convey to his countrymen the same kind of instruction which we intend to communicate to our own in this digression. As teaching the art of war to the Greeks was the plain design of the Iliad, so was teaching them the art of navigation the no less manifest intention of the Odyssey. For the improvement of this, their situation was most excellently adapted ; and accordingly we find Thucydides, in the beginning of his history, considers the Greeks as a sett of pirates or privateers, plundering each other by sea. This being

probably the first institution of commerce before the Ars Cauponaria was invented, and merchants, instead of robbing, began to cheat and outwit each other, and by degrees changed the Metabletic, the only kind of traffic allowed by Aristotle in his Politics, into the Chrematistic.

By this allegory then I suppose Ulysses to have been the captain of a merchant-ship, and Circe some good ale-wife, who made his crew drunk with the spirituous liquors of those days. With this the transformation into swine, as well as all other incidents of the fable, will notably agree; and thus a key will be found out for unlocking the whole mystery, and forging at least some meaning to a story which, at present, appears very strange and absurd.

Hence, moreover, will appear the very near resemblance between the sea-faring men of all ages and nations; and here perhaps may be established the truth and justice of that observation, which will occur oftener than once in this voyage, that all human flesh is not the same flesh, but that there is one kind of flesh of landmen, and another of seamen.

Philosophers, divines, and others, who have treated the gratification of human appetites with contempt, have, among other instances, insisted very strongly on that satiety which is so apt to overtake them even in the very act of enjoyment. And here they more particularly deserve our attention, as most of them may be supposed to speak from their own experience, and very probably gave us their lessons with a full stomach. Thus hunger and thirst, whatever delight they may afford while we are eating

and drinking, pass both away from us with the plate and the cup; and though we should imitate the Romans, if, indeed, they were such dull beasts, which I can scarce believe, to unload the belly like a dung-pot, in order to fill it again with another load, yet would the pleasure be so considerably lessened that it would scarce repay us the trouble of purchasing it with swallowing a bason of camomile tea. A second haunch of venison, or a second dose of turtle, would hardly allure a city glutton with its smell. Even the celebrated Jew himself, when well filled with calipash and calipee, goes contentedly home to tell his money, and expects no more pleasure from his throat during the next twenty-four hours. Hence I suppose Dr. South took that elegant comparison of the joys of a speculative man to the solemn silence of an Archimedes over a problem, and those of a glutton to the stillness of a sow at her wash. A simile which, if it became the pulpit at all, could only become it in the afternoon.

Whereas in those potations which the mind seems to enjoy, rather than the bodily appetite, there is happily no such satiety; but the more a man drinks, the more he desires; as if, like Mark Anthony in Dryden, his appetite encreased with feeding, and this to such an immoderate degree, *ut nullus sit desiderio aut pudor aut modus.* Hence, as with the gang of Captain Ulysses, ensues so total a transformation, that the man no more continues what he was. Perhaps he ceases for a time to be at all; or, though he may retain the same outward form and figure he had before, yet is his nobler part, as we are taught to call

it, so changed, that, instead of being the same man, he scarce remembers what he was a few hours before. And this transformation, being once obtained, is so easily preserved by the same potations, which induced no satiety, that the captain in vain sends or goes in quest of his crew. They know him no longer; or, if they do, they acknowledge not his power, having indeed as entirely forgotten themselves as if they had taken a large draught of the river of Lethe.

Nor is the captain always sure of even finding out the place to which Circe hath conveyed them. There are many of those houses in every port-town. Nay, there are some where the sorceress doth not trust only to her drugs; but hath instruments of a different kind to execute her purposes, by whose means the tar is effectually secreted from the knowledge and pursuit of his captain. This would, indeed, be very fatal, was it not for one circumstance; that the sailor is seldom provided with the proper bait for these harpies. However, the contrary sometimes happens, as these harpies will bite at almost anything, and will snap at a pair of silver buttons, or buckles, as surely as at the specie itself. Nay, sometimes they are so voracious, that the very naked hook will go down, and the jolly young sailor is sacrificed for his own sake.

In vain, at such a season as this, would the vows of a pious heathen have prevailed over Neptune, Æolus, or any other marine deity. In vain would the prayers of a Christian captain be attended with the like success. The wind may change how it pleases while all hands are on shore; the anchor

would remain firm in the ground, and the ship would continue in durance, unless, like other forcible prison-breakers, it forcibly got loose for no good purpose.

Now, as the favour of winds and courts, and such like, is always to be laid hold on at the very first motion, for within twenty-four hours all may be changed again; so, in the former case, the loss of a day may be the loss of a voyage: for, though it may appear to persons not well skilled in navigation, who see ships meet and sail by each other, that the wind blows sometimes east and west, north and south, backwards and forwards, at the same instant; yet, certain it is that the land is so contrived, that even the same wind will not, like the same horse, always bring a man to the end of his journey; but, that the gale which the mariner prayed heartily for yesterday, he may as heartily deprecate to-morrow; while all use and benefit which would have arisen to him from the westerly wind of to-morrow may be totally lost and thrown away by neglecting the offer of the easterly blast which blows to-day.

Hence ensues grief and disreputation to the innocent captain, loss and disappointment to the worthy merchant, and not seldom great prejudice to the trade of a nation whose manufactures are thus liable to lie unsold in a foreign warehouse, the market being forestalled by some rival whose sailors are under a better discipline. To guard against these inconveniences the prudent captain takes every precaution in his power; he makes the strongest contracts with his crew, and thereby binds them so firmly, that none but the greatest or least of men

can break through them with impunity; but for one of these two reasons, which I will not determine, the sailor, like his brother fish the eel, is too slippery to be held, and plunges into his element with perfect impunity.

To speak a plain truth, there is no trusting to any contract with one whom the wise citizens of London call a bad man; for, with such a one, though your bond be ever so strong, it will prove in the end good for nothing.

What then is to be done in this case? What, indeed, but to call in the assistance of that tremendous magistrate, the justice of peace, who can, and often doth, lay good and bad men in equal durance; and, though he seldom cares to stretch his bonds to what is great, never finds anything too minute for their detention, but will hold the smallest reptile alive so fast in his noose, that he can never get out till he is let drop through it.

Why, therefore, upon the breach of those contracts, should not an immediate application be made to the nearest magistrate of this order, who should be empowered to convey the delinquent either to ship or to prison, at the election of the captain, to be fettered by the leg in either place?

But, as the case now stands, the condition of this poor captain without any commission, and of this absolute commander without any power, is much worse than we have hitherto shewn it to be; for, notwithstanding all the aforesaid contracts to sail in the good ship the Elizabeth, if the sailor should, for better wages, find it more his interest to go on board

the better ship the Mary, either before their setting out or on their speedy meeting in some port, he may prefer the latter without any other danger than that of "doing what he ought not to have done," contrary to a rule which he is seldom Christian enough to have much at heart, while the captain is generally too good a Christian to punish a man out of revenge only, when he is to be at a considerable expense for so doing. There are many other deficiencies in our laws relating to maritime affairs, and which would probably have been long since corrected, had we any seamen in the House of Commons. Not that I would insinuate that the legislature wants a supply of many gentlemen in the sea-service; but, as these gentlemen are by their attendance in the house unfortunately prevented from ever going to sea, and there learning what they might communicate to their landed brethren, these latter remain as ignorant in that branch of knowledge as they would be if none but courtiers and fox-hunters had been elected into parliament, without a single fish among them. The following seems to me to be an effect of this kind, and it strikes me the stronger as I remember the case to have happened, and remember it to have been dispunishable. A captain of a trading vessel, of which he was part owner, took in a large freight of oats at Liverpool, consigned to the market at Bear-key: this he carried to a port in Hampshire, and there sold it as his own, and, freighting his vessel with wheat for the port of Cadiz, in Spain, dropt it at Oporto in his way; and there, selling it for his own use, took in a lading of

wine, with which he sailed again, and, having converted it in the same manner, together with a large sum of money with which he was intrusted, for the benefit of certain merchants, sold the ship and cargo in another port, and then wisely sat down contented with the fortune he had made, and returned to London to enjoy the remainder of his days, with the fruits of his former labours and a good conscience.

The sum he brought home with him consisted of near six thousand pounds, all in specie, and most of it in that coin which Portugal distributes so liberally over Europe.

He was not yet old enough to be past all sense of pleasure, nor so puffed up with the pride of his good fortune as to overlook his old acquaintances the journeymen taylors, from among whom he had been formerly pressed into the sea-service, and, having there laid the foundation of his future success by his shares in prizes, had afterwards become captain of a trading vessel, in which he purchased an interest, and had soon begun to trade in the honourable manner above mentioned.

The captain now took up his residence at an alehouse in Drury-lane, where, having all his money by him in a trunk, he spent about five pounds a day among his old friends the gentlemen and ladies of those parts.

The merchant of Liverpool, having luckily had notice from a friend during the blaze of his fortune, did, by the assistance of a justice of peace, without the assistance of the law, recover his whole loss. The captain, however, wisely chose to refund no

more; but, perceiving with what hasty strides Envy was pursuing his fortune, he took speedy means to retire out of her reach, and to enjoy the rest of his wealth in an inglorious obscurity; nor could the same justice overtake him time enough to assist a second merchant as he had done the first.

This was a very extraordinary case, and the more so as the ingenious gentleman had steered entirely clear of all crimes in our law.

Now, how it comes about that a robbery so very easy to be committed, and to which there is such immediate temptation always before the eyes of these fellows, should receive the encouragement of impunity, is to be accounted for only from the oversight of the legislature, as that oversight can only be, I think, derived from the reasons I have assigned for it.

But I will dwell no longer on this subject. If what I have here said should seem of sufficient consequence to engage the attention of any man in power, and should thus be the means of applying any remedy to the most inveterate evils, at least, I have obtained my whole desire, and shall have lain so long wind-bound in the ports of this kingdom to some purpose. I would, indeed, have this work — which, if I should live to finish it, a matter of no great certainty, if indeed of any great hope to me, will be probably the last I shall ever undertake — to produce some better end than the mere diversion of the reader.

Monday. — This day our captain went ashore, to dine with a gentleman who lives in these parts, and

who so exactly resembles the character given by Homer of Axylus, that the only difference I can trace between them is, the one, living by the highway, erected his hospitality chiefly in favour of land-travellers; and the other, living by the waterside, gratified his humanity by accommodating the wants of the mariner.

In the evening our commander received a visit from a brother bashaw, who lay wind-bound in the same harbour. This latter captain was a Swiss. He was then master of a vessel bound to Guinea, and had formerly been a privateering, when our own hero was employed in the same laudable service. The honesty and freedom of the Switzer, his vivacity, in which he was in no respect inferior to his near neighbours the French, the aukward and affected politeness, which was likewise of French extraction, mixed with the brutal roughness of the English tar — for he had served under the colours of this nation and his crew had been of the same — made such an odd variety, such a hotch-potch of character, that I should have been much diverted with him, had not his voice, which was as loud as a speaking-trumpet, unfortunately made my head ach. The noise which he conveyed into the deaf ears of his brother captain, who sat on one side of him, the soft addresses with which, mixed with aukward bows, he saluted the ladies on the other, were so agreeably contrasted, that a man must not only have been void of all taste of humour, and insensible of mirth, but duller than Cibber is represented in the Dunciad, who could be unentertained with him a little while; for, I confess, such

entertainments should always be very short, as they are very liable to pall. But he suffered not this to happen at present; for, having given us his company a quarter of an hour only, he retired, after many apologies for the shortness of his visit.

Tuesday. — The wind being less boisterous than it had hitherto been since our arrival here, several fishing-boats, which the tempestuous weather yesterday had prevented from working, came on board us with fish. This was so fresh, so good in kind, and so very cheap, that we supplied ourselves in great numbers, among which were very large soles at fourpence a pair, and whitings of almost a preposterous size at ninepence a score.

The only fish which bore any price was a john dorée, as it is called. I bought one of at least four pounds weight for as many shillings. It resembles a turbot in shape, but exceeds it in firmness and flavour. The price had the appearance of being considerable when opposed to the extraordinary cheapness of others of value, but was, in truth, so very reasonable when estimated by its goodness, that it left me under no other surprise than how the gentlemen of this country, not greatly eminent for the delicacy of their taste, had discovered the preference of the dorée to all other fish: but I was informed that Mr. Quin, whose distinguishing tooth hath been so justly celebrated, had lately visited Plymouth, and had done those honours to the dorée which are so justly due to it from that sect of modern philosophers who, with Sir Epicure Mammon, or Sir Epicure Quin, their head, seem more to delight in a fish-pond than

in a garden, as the old Epicureans are said to have done.

Unfortunately for the fishmongers of London, the dorée resides only in those seas; for, could any of this company but convey one to the temple of luxury under the Piazza, where Macklin the high-priest daily serves up his rich offerings to that goddess, great would be the reward of that fishmonger, in blessings poured down upon him from the goddess, as great would his merit be towards the high-priest, who could never be thought to overrate such valuable incense.

And here, having mentioned the extreme cheapness of fish in the Devonshire sea, and given some little hint of the extreme dearness with which this commodity is dispensed by those who deal in it in London, I cannot pass on without throwing forth an observation or two, with the same view with which I have scattered my several remarks through this voyage, sufficiently satisfied in having finished my life, as I have probably lost it, in the service of my country, from the best of motives, though it should be attended with the worst of success. Means are always in our power; ends are very seldom so.

Of all the animal foods with which man is furnished, there are none so plenty as fish. A little rivulet, that glides almost unperceived through a vast tract of rich land, will support more hundreds with the flesh of its inhabitants than the meadow will nourish individuals. But if this be true of rivers, it is much truer of the seashores, which abound with such immense variety of fish that the curious fisherman, after he hath made his draught,

often culls only the daintiest part and leaves the rest of his prey to perish on the shore.

If this be true it would appear, I think, that there is nothing which might be had in such abundance, and consequently so cheap, as fish, of which Nature seems to have provided such inexhaustible stores with some peculiar design. In the production of terrestrial animals she proceeds with such slowness, that in the larger kind a single female seldom produces more than one a-year, and this again requires three, four, or five years more to bring it to perfection. And though the lesser quadrupeds, those of the wild kind particularly, with the birds, do multiply much faster, yet can none of these bear any proportion with the aquatic animals, of whom every female matrix is furnished with an annual offspring almost exceeding the power of numbers, and which, in many instances at least, a single year is capable of bringing to some degree of maturity.

What then ought in general to be so plentiful, what so cheap, as fish? What then so properly the food of the poor? So in many places they are, and so might they always be in great cities, which are always situated near the sea, or on the conflux of large rivers. How comes it then, to look no farther abroad for instances, that in our city of London the case is so far otherwise that, except that of sprats, there is not one poor palate in a hundred that knows the taste of fish?

It is true indeed that this taste is generally of such excellent flavour that it exceeds the power of French cookery to treat the palates of the rich with anything

more exquisitely delicate; so that was fish the common food of the poor it might put them too much upon an equality with their betters in the great article of eating, in which, at present, in the opinion of some, the great difference in happiness between man and man consists. But this argument I shall treat with the utmost disdain: for if ortolans were as big as bustards, and at the same time as plenty as sparrows, I should hold it yet reasonable to indulge the poor with the dainty, and that for this cause especially, that the rich would soon find a sparrow, if as scarce as an ortolan, to be much the greater, as it would certainly be the rarer, dainty of the two.

Vanity or scarcity will be always the favourite of luxury; but honest hunger will be satisfied with plenty. Not to search deeper into the cause of the evil, I should think it abundantly sufficient to propose the remedies of it. And, first, I humbly submit the absolute necessity of immediately hanging all the fishmongers within the bills of mortality; and, however it might have been some time ago the opinion of mild and temporizing men that the evil complained of might be removed by gentler methods, I suppose at this day there are none who do not see the impossibility of using such with any effect. *Cuncta prius tentanda* might have been formerly urged with some plausibility, but *cuncta prius tentata* may now be replied: for surely, if a few monopolizing fishmongers could defeat that excellent scheme of the Westminster market, to the erecting which so many justices of peace, as well as other

wise and learned men, did so vehemently apply themselves, that they might be truly said not only to have laid the whole strength of their heads, but of their shoulders too, to the business, it would be a vain endeavour for any other body of men to attempt to remove so stubborn a nusance.

If it should be doubted whether we can bring this case within the letter of any capital law now subsisting, I am ashamed to own it cannot; for surely no crime better deserves such punishment; but the remedy may, nevertheless, be immediate; and if a law was made at the beginning of next session, to take place immediately, by which the starving thousands of poor was declared to be felony, without benefit of clergy, the fishmongers would be hanged before the end of the session.

A second method of filling the mouths of the poor, if not with loaves at least with fishes, is to desire the magistrates to carry into execution one at least out of near a hundred acts of parliament, for preserving the small fry of the river of Thames, by which means as few fish would satisfy thousands as may now be devoured by a small number of individuals. But while a fisherman can break through the strongest meshes of an act of parliament, we may be assured he will learn so to contrive his own meshes that the smallest fry will not be able to swim through them.

Other methods may, we doubt not, be suggested by those who shall attentively consider the evil here hinted at; but we have dwelt too long on it already, and shall conclude with observing that it is difficult to affirm whether the atrocity of the evil itself, the

facility of curing it, or the shameful neglect of the cure, be the more scandalous or more astonishing.

After having, however, gloriously regaled myself with this food, I was washing it down with some good claret with my wife and her friend, in the cabin, when the captain's valet-de-chambre, head cook, house and ship steward, footman in livery and out on't, secretary and fore-mast man, all burst into the cabin at once, being, indeed, all but one person, and, without saying by your leave, began to pack half a hogshead of small beer in bottles, the necessary consequence of which must have been either a total stop to conversation at that chearful season when it is most agreeable, or the admitting that polyonymous officer aforesaid to the participation of it. I desired him therefore to delay his purpose a little longer, but he refused to grant my request; nor was he prevailed on to quit the room till he was threatened with having one bottle to pack more than his number, which then happened to stand empty within my reach.

With these menaces he retired at last, but not without muttering some menaces on his side, and which, to our great terror, he failed not to put into immediate execution.

Our captain was gone to dinner this day with his Swiss brother; and, though he was a very sober man, was a little elevated with some champagne, which, as it cost the Swiss little or nothing, he dispensed at his table more liberally than our hospitable English noblemen put about those bottles, which the ingenious Peter Taylor teaches a led captain to

avoid by distinguishing by the name of that generous liquor, which all humble companions are taught to postpone to the flavour of methuen, or honest port.

While our two captains were thus regaling themselves, and celebrating their own heroic exploits with all the inspiration which the liquor, at least, of wit could afford them, the polyonymous officer arrived, and, being saluted by the name of Honest Tom, was ordered to sit down and take his glass before he delivered his message; for every sailor is by turns his captain's mate over a cann, except only that captain bashaw who presides in a man-of-war, and who upon earth has no other mate, unless it be another of the same bashaws.

Tom had no sooner swallowed his draught than he hastily began his narrative, and faithfully related what had happened on board our ship; we say faithfully, though from what happened it may be suspected that Tom chose to add perhaps only five or six immaterial circumstances, as is always I believe the case, and may possibly have been done by me in relating this very story, though it happened not many hours ago.

No sooner was the captain informed of the interruption which had been given to his officer, and indeed to his orders, for he thought no time so convenient as that of his absence for causing any confusion in the cabin, than he leapt with such haste from his chair that he had like to have broke his sword, with which he always begirt himself when he walked out of his ship, and sometimes when he walked about

in it; at the same time, grasping eagerly that other implement called a cockade, which modern soldiers wear on their helmets with the same view as the antients did their crests — to terrify the enemy, he muttered something, but so inarticulately that the word *damn* was only intelligible; he then hastily took leave of the Swiss captain, who was too well bred to press his stay on such an occasion, and leapt first from the ship to his boat, and then from his boat to his own ship, with as much fierceness in his looks as he had ever expressed on boarding his defenceless prey in the honourable calling of a privateer.

Having regained the middle deck, he paused a moment while Tom and others loaded themselves with bottles, and then descending into the cabin exclaimed with a thundering voice, "D—n me, why arn't the bottles stoed in, according to my orders?"

I answered him very mildly that I had prevented his man from doing it, as it was at an inconvenient time to me, and as in his absence, at least, I esteemed the cabin to be my own. "Your cabin!" repeated he many times; "no, d—n me! 't is my cabin. Your cabin! d—n me! I have brought my hogs to a fair market. I suppose indeed you think it your cabin, and your ship, by your commanding in it; but I will command in it, d—n me! I will shew the world I am the commander, and nobody but I! Did you think I sold you the command of my ship for that pitiful thirty pounds? I wish I had not seen you nor your thirty pounds aboard of her." He then repeated the words thirty pounds often, with great dis-

dain, and with a contempt which I own the sum did not seem to deserve in my eye, either in itself or on the present occasion; being, indeed, paid for the freight of —— weight of human flesh, which is above fifty per cent. dearer than the freight of any other luggage, whilst in really it takes up less room; in fact, no room at all.

In truth, the sum was paid for nothing more than for a liberty to six persons (two of them servants) to stay on board a ship while she sails from one port to another, every shilling of which comes clear into the captain's pocket. Ignorant people may perhaps imagine, especially when they are told that the captain is obliged to sustain them, that their diet at least is worth something, which may probably be now and then so far the case as to deduct a tenth part from the neat profits on this account; but it was otherwise at present; for when I had contracted with the captain at a price which I by no means thought moderate, I had some content in thinking I should have no more to pay for my voyage; but I was whispered that it was expected the passengers should find themselves in several things; such as tea, wine, and such like; and particularly that gentlemen should stowe of the latter a much larger quantity than they could use, in order to leave the remainder as a present to the captain at the end of the voyage; and it was expected likewise that gentlemen should put aboard some fresh stores, and the more of such things were put aboard the welcomer they would be to the captain.

I was prevailed with by these hints to follow the

advice proposed; and accordingly, besides tea and a large hamper of wine, with several hams and tongues, I caused a number of live chickens and sheep to be conveyed aboard; in truth, treble the quantity of provisions which would have supported the persons I took with me, had the voyage continued three weeks, as it was supposed, with a bare possibility, it might.

Indeed it continued much longer; but as this was occasioned by our being wind-bound in our own ports, it was by no means of any ill consequence to the captain, as the additional stores of fish, fresh meat, butter, bread, &c., which I constantly laid in, greatly exceeded the consumption, and went some way in maintaining the ship's crew. It is true I was not obliged to do this; but it seemed to be expected; for the captain did not think himself obliged to do it, and I can truly say I soon ceased to expect it of him. He had, I confess, on board a number of fowls and ducks sufficient for a West India voyage; all of them, as he often said, "Very fine birds, and of the largest breed." This I believe was really the fact, and I can add that they were all arrived at the full perfection of their size. Nor was there, I am convinced, any want of provisions of a more substantial kind; such as dried beef, pork, and fish; so that the captain seemed ready to perform his contract, and amply to provide for his passengers. What I did then was not from necessity, but, perhaps, from a less excusable motive, and was by no means chargeable to the account of the captain.

But, let the motive have been what it would, the consequence was still the same; and this was such that I am firmly persuaded the whole pitiful thirty pounds

came pure and neat into the captain's pocket, and not only so, but attended with the value of ten pound more in sundries into the bargain. I must confess myself therefore at a loss how the epithet *pitiful* came to be annexed to the above sum; for, not being a pitiful price for what it was given, I cannot conceive it to be pitiful in itself; nor do I believe it is thought by the greatest men in the kingdom; none of whom would scruple to search for it in the dirtiest kennel, where they had only a reasonable hope of success.

How, therefore, such a sum should acquire the idea of pitiful in the eyes of the master of a ship seems not easy to be accounted for; since it appears more likely to produce in him ideas of a different kind. Some men, perhaps, are no more sincere in the contempt for it which they express than others in their contempt of money in general; and I am the rather inclined to this persuasion, as I have seldom heard of either who have refused or refunded this their despised object. Besides, it is sometimes impossible to believe these professions, as every action of the man's life is a contradiction to it. Who can believe a tradesman who says he would not tell his name for the profit he gets by the selling such a parcel of goods, when he hath told a thousand lies in order to get it?

Pitiful, indeed, is often applied to an object not absolutely, but comparatively with our expectations, or with a greater object: in which sense it is not easy to set any bounds to the use of the word. Thus, a handful of halfpence daily appear pitiful to a porter, and a handful of silver to a drawer. The latter, I am convinced, at a polite tavern, will not tell his

name (for he will not give you any answer) under the price of gold. And in this sense thirty pound may be accounted pitiful by the lowest mechanic.

One difficulty only seems to occur, and that is this, how comes it that, if the profits of the meanest arts are so considerable, the professors of them are not richer than we generally see them? One answer to this shall suffice. Men do not become rich by what they get, but by what they keep. He who is worth no more than his annual wages or salary, spends the whole; he will be always a beggar let his income be what it will, and so will be his family when he dies. This we see daily to be the case of ecclesiastics, who, during their lives, are extremely well provided for, only because they desire to maintain the honour of the cloth by living like gentlemen, which would, perhaps, be better maintained by living unlike them.

But, to return from so long a digression, to which the use of so improper an epithet gave occasion, and to which the novelty of the subject allured, I will make the reader amends by concisely telling him that the captain poured forth such a torrent of abuse that I very hastily and very foolishly resolved to quit the ship. I gave immediate orders to summon a hoy to carry me that evening to Dartmouth, without considering any consequence. Those orders I gave in no very low voice, so that those above stairs might possibly conceive there was more than one master in the cabin. In the same tone I likewise threatened the captain with that which, he afterwards said, he feared more than any rock or quicksand. Nor can we wonder at this when we are told he had been twice obliged to

bring to and cast anchor there before, and had neither time escaped without the loss of almost his whole cargo.

The most distant sound of law thus frightened a man who had often, I am convinced, heard numbers of cannon roar round him with intrepidity. Nor did he sooner see the hoy approaching the vessel than he ran down again into the cabin, and, his rage being perfectly subsided, he tumbled on his knees, and a little too abjectly implored for mercy.

I did not suffer a brave man and an old man to remain a moment in this posture, but I immediately forgave him.

And here, that I may not be thought the sly trumpeter of my own praises, I do utterly disclaim all praise on the occasion. Neither did the greatness of my mind dictate, nor the force of my Christianity exact, this forgiveness. To speak truth, I forgave him from a motive which would make men much more forgiving if they were much wiser than they are, because it was convenient for me so to do.

Wednesday. — This morning the captain drest himself in scarlet in order to pay a visit to a Devonshire squire, to whom a captain of a ship is a guest of no ordinary consequence, as he is a stranger and a gentleman, who hath seen a great deal of the world in foreign parts, and knows all the news of the times.

The squire, therefore, was to send his boat for the captain, but a most unfortunate accident happened; for, as the wind was extremely rough and against the hoy, while this was endeavouring to avail itself of

great seamanship in hawling up against the wind, a sudden squall carried off sail and yard, or at least so disabled them that they were no longer of any use and unable to reach the ship; but the captain, from the deck, saw his hopes of venison disappointed, and was forced either to stay on board his ship, or to hoist forth his own long-boat, which he could not prevail with himself to think of, though the smell of the venison had had twenty times its attraction. He did, indeed, love his ship as his wife, and his boats as children, and never willingly trusted the latter, poor things! to the dangers of the seas.

To say truth, notwithstanding the strict rigour with which he preserved the dignity of his station, and the hasty impatience with which he resented any affront to his person or orders, disobedience to which he could in no instance brook in any person on board, he was one of the best natured fellows alive. He acted the part of a father to his sailors; he expressed great tenderness for any of them when ill, and never suffered any the least work of supererogation to go unrewarded by a glass of gin. He even extended his humanity, if I may so call it, to animals, and even his cats and kittens had large shares in his affections. An instance of which we saw this evening, when the cat, which had shewn it could not be drowned, was found suffocated under a feather-bed in the cabin. I will not endeavour to describe his lamentations with more prolixity than barely by saying they were grievous, and seemed to have some mixture of the Irish howl in them. Nay, he carried his fondness even to inanimate objects, of

which we have above set down a pregnant example in his demonstration of love and tenderness towards his boats and ship. He spoke of a ship which he had commanded formerly, and which was long since no more, which he had called the Princess of Brazil, as a widower of a deceased wife. This ship, after having followed the honest business of carrying goods and passengers for hire many years, did at last take to evil courses and turn privateer, in which service, to use his own words, she received many dreadful wounds, which he himself had felt as if they had been his own.

Thursday. — As the wind did not yesterday discover any purpose of shifting, and the water in my belly grew troublesome and rendered me short-breathed, I began a second time to have apprehensions of wanting the assistance of a trochar when none was to be found; I therefore concluded to be tapped again by way of precaution, and accordingly I this morning summoned on board a surgeon from a neighbouring parish, one whom the captain greatly recommended, and who did indeed perform his office with much dexterity. He was, I believe, likewise a man of great judgment and knowledge in the profession; but of this I cannot speak with perfect certainty, for, when he was going to open on the dropsy at large and on the particular degree of the distemper under which I laboured, I was obliged to stop him short, for the wind was changed, and the captain in the utmost hurry to depart; and to desire him, instead of his opinion, to assist me with his execution.

I was now once more delivered from my burthen, which was not indeed so great as I had apprehended, wanting two quarts of what was let out at the last operation.

While the surgeon was drawing away my water the sailors were drawing up the anchor; both were finished at the same time; we unfurled our sails and soon passed the Berry-head, which forms the mouth of the bay.

We had not however sailed far when the wind, which had, though with a slow pace, kept us company about six miles, suddenly turned about, and offered to conduct us back again; a favour which, though sorely against the grain, we were obliged to accept.

Nothing remarkable happened this day; for as to the firm persuasion of the captain that he was under the spell of witchcraft, I would not repeat it too often, though indeed he repeated it an hundred times every day; in truth, he talked of nothing else, and seemed not only to be satisfied in general of his being bewitched, but actually to have fixed with good certainty on the person of the witch, whom, had he lived in the days of Sir Matthew Hale, he would have infallibly indicted, and very possibly have hanged, for the detestable sin of witchcraft; but that law, and the whole doctrine that supported it, are now out of fashion; and witches, as a learned divine once chose to express himself, are put down by act of parliament. This witch, in the captain's opinion, was no other than Mrs. Francis of Ryde, who, as he insinuated, out of anger to me for not spending more

money in her house than she could produce anything to exchange for, or any pretence to charge for, had laid this spell on his ship.

Though we were again got near our harbour by three in the afternoon, yet it seemed to require a full hour or more before we could come to our former place of anchoring, or berth, as the captain called it.

On this occasion we exemplified one of the few advantages which the travellers by water have over the travellers by land. What would the latter often give for the sight of one of those hospitable mansions where he is assured *that there is good entertainment for man and horse;* and where both may consequently promise themselves to assuage that hunger which exercise is so sure to raise in a healthy constitution.

At their arrival at this mansion, how much happier is the state of the horse than that of the master! The former is immediately led to his repast, such as it is, and, whatever it is, he falls to it with appetite. But the latter is in a much worse situation. His hunger, however violent, is always in some degree delicate, and his food must have some kind of ornament, or, as the more usual phrase is, of dressing, to recommend it. Now all dressing requires time, and therefore, though perhaps the sheep might be just killed before you came to the inn, yet in cutting him up, fetching the joint, which the landlord by mistake said he had in the house, from the butcher at two miles' distance, and afterwards warming it a little by the fire, two hours at least must be consumed, while hunger, for want of better food, preys all the time on the vitals of the man.

How different was the case with us! we carried our provision, our kitchen, and our cook with us, and we were at one and the same time travelling on our road, and sitting down to a repast of fish, with which the greatest table in London can scarce at any rate be supplied.

Friday. — As we were disappointed of our wind, and obliged to return back the preceding evening, we resolved to extract all the good we could out of our misfortune, and to add considerably to our fresh stores of meat and bread, with which we were very indifferently provided when we hurried away yesterday. By the captain's advice we likewise laid in some stores of butter, which we salted and potted ourselves, for our use at Lisbon, and we had great reason afterwards to thank him for his advice.

In the afternoon I persuaded my wife, whom it was no easy matter for me to force from my side, to take a walk on shore, whither the gallant captain declared he was ready to attend her. Accordingly the ladies set out, and let me to enjoy a sweet and comfortable nap after the operation of the preceding day.

Thus we enjoyed our separate pleasures full three hours, when we met again, and my wife gave the foregoing account of the gentleman whom I have before compared to Axylus, and of his habitation, to both which she had been introduced by the captain, in the stile of an old friend and acquaintance, though this foundation of intimacy seemed to her to be no deeper laid than in an accidental dinner, eaten many years before, at this temple of hospitality, when the captain lay wind-bound in the same bay.

Saturday. — Early this morning the wind seemed inclined to change in our favour. Our alert captain snatched its very first motion, and got under sail with so very gentle a breeze that, as the tide was against him, he recommended to a fishing hoy to bring after him a vast salmon and some other provisions which lay ready for him on shore.

Our anchor was up at six, and before nine in the morning we had doubled the Berry-head, and were arrived off Dartmouth, having gone full three miles in as many hours, in direct opposition to the tide, which only befriended us out of our harbour; and though the wind was perhaps our friend, it was so very silent, and exerted itself so little in our favour, that, like some cool partisans, it was difficult to say whether it was with us or against us. The captain, however, declared the former to be the case during the whole three hours; but at last he perceived his error, or rather, perhaps, this friend, which had hitherto wavered in chusing his side, became now more determined. The captain then suddenly tacked about, and, asserting that he was bewitched, submitted to return to the place from whence he came. Now, though I am as free from superstition as any man breathing, and never did believe in witches, notwithstanding all the excellent arguments of my lord chief-justice Hale in their favour, and long before they were put down by act of parliament, yet by what power a ship of burthen should sail three miles against both wind and tide, I cannot conceive, unless there was some supernatural interposition in the case; nay, could we admit that the

wind stood neuter, the difficulty would still remain. So that we must of necessity conclude that the ship was either bewinded or bewitched.

The captain, perhaps, had another meaning. He imagined himself, I believe, bewitched, because the wind, instead of persevering in its change in his favour, for change it certainly did that morning, should suddenly return to its favourite station, and blow him back towards the bay. But, if this was his opinion, he soon saw cause to alter; for he had not measured half the way back when the wind again declared in his favour, and so loudly, that there was no possibility of being mistaken.

The orders for the second tack were given, and obeyed with much more alacrity than those had been for the first. We were all of us indeed in high spirits on the occasion; though some of us a little regretted the good things we were likely to leave behind us by the fisherman's neglect; I might give it a worse name, for he faithfully promised to execute the commission, which he had had abundant opportunity to do; but *nautica fides* deserves as much to be proverbial as ever *Punica fides* could formerly have done. Nay, when we consider that the Carthaginians came from the Phenicians, who are supposed to have produced the first mariners, we may probably see the true reason of the adage, and it may open a field of very curious discoveries to the antiquarian.

We were, however, too eager to pursue our voyage to suffer anything we left behind us to interrupt our happiness, which, indeed, many agreeable circum-

stances conspired to advance. The weather was inexpressibly pleasant, and we were all seated on the deck, when our canvas began to swell with the wind. We had likewise in our view above thirty other sail around us, all in the same situation. Here an observation occurred to me, which, perhaps, though extremely obvious, did not offer itself to every individual in our little fleet: when I perceived with what different success we proceeded under the influence of a superior power, which, while we lay almost idle ourselves, pushed us forward on our intended voyage, and compared this with the slow progress which we had made in the morning, of ourselves, and without any such assistance, I could not help reflecting how often the greatest abilities lie wind-bound as it were in life; or, if they venture out and attempt to beat the seas, they struggle in vain against wind and tide, and, if they have not sufficient prudence to put back, are most probably cast away on the rocks and quicksands which are every day ready to devour them.

It was now our fortune to set out *melioribus avibus.* The wind freshened so briskly in our poop that the shore appeared to move from us as fast as we did from the shore. The captain declared he was sure of a wind, meaning its continuance; but he had disappointed us so often that he had lost all credit. However, he kept his word a little better now, and we lost sight of our native land as joyfully, at least, as it is usual to regain it.

Sunday. — The next morning the captain told me he thought himself thirty miles to the westward of

Plymouth, and before evening declared that the Lizard Point, which is the extremity of Cornwall, bore several leagues to leeward. Nothing remarkable passed this day, except the captain's devotion, who, in his own phrase, summoned all hands to prayers, which were read by a common sailor upon deck, with more devout force and address than they are commonly read by a country curate, and received with more decency and attention by the sailors than are usually preserved in city congregations. I am indeed assured, that if any such affected disregard of the solemn office in which they were engaged, as I have seen practised by fine gentlemen and ladies, expressing a kind of apprehension lest they should be suspected of being really in earnest in their devotion, had been shewn here, they would have contracted the contempt of the whole audience. To say the truth, from what I observed in the behaviour of the sailors in this voyage, and on comparing it with what I have formerly seen of them at sea and on shore, I am convinced that on land there is nothing more idle and dissolute; in their own element there are no persons near the level of their degree who live in the constant practice of half so many good qualities. They are, for much the greater part, perfect masters of their business, and always extremely alert, and ready in executing it, without any regard to fatigue or hazard. The soldiers themselves are not better disciplined nor more obedient to orders than these whilst aboard: they submit to every difficulty which attends their calling with chearfulness, and no less virtues and patience

and fortitude are exercised by them every day of their lives.

All these good qualities, however, they always leave behind them on shipboard; the sailor out of water is, indeed, as wretched an animal as the fish out of water; for though the former hath, in common with amphibious animals, the bare power of existing on the land, yet if he be kept there any time he never fails to become a nuisance.

The ship having had a good deal of motion since she was last under sail, our women returned to their sickness, and I to my solitude; having, for twenty-four hours together, scarce opened my lips to a single person. This circumstance of being shut up within the circumference of a few yards, with a score of human creatures, with not one of whom it was possible to converse, was perhaps so rare as scarce ever to have happened before, nor could it ever happen to one who disliked it more than myself, or to myself at a season when I wanted more food for my social disposition, or could converse less wholesomely and happily with my own thoughts. To this accident, which fortune opened to me in the Downs, was owing the first serious thought which I ever entertained of enrolling myself among the voyage-writers; some of the most amusing pages, if, indeed, there be any which deserve that name, were possibly the production of the most disagreeable hours which ever haunted the author.

Monday.—At noon the captain took an observation, by which it appeared that Ushant bore some leagues northward of us, and that we were just enter-

ing the bay of Biscay. We had advanced a very few miles in this bay before we were entirely becalmed: we furled our sails, as being of no use to us while we lay in this most disagreeable situation, more detested by the sailors than the most violent tempest: we were alarmed with the loss of a fine piece of salt beef, which had been hung in the sea to freshen it; this being, it seems, the strange property of salt-water. The thief was immediately suspected, and presently afterwards taken by the sailors. He was, indeed, no other than a huge shark, who, not knowing when he was well off, swallowed another piece of beef, together with a great iron crook on which it was hung, and by which he was dragged into the ship.

I should scarce have mentioned the catching this shark, though so exactly conformable to the rules and practice of voyage-writing, had it not been for a strange circumstance that attended it. This was the recovery of the stolen beef out of the shark's maw, where it lay unchewed and undigested, and whence, being conveyed into the pot, the flesh, and the thief that had stolen it, joined together in furnishing variety to the ship's crew.

During this calm we likewise found the mast of a large vessel, which the captain thought had lain at least three years in the sea. It was stuck all over with a little shell-fish or reptile, called a barnacle, and which probably are the prey of the rock-fish, as our captain calls it, asserting that it is the finest fish in the world; for which we are obliged to confide entirely to his taste; for, though he struck the fish with a kind of harping-iron, and wounded him, I am convinced, to

death, yet he could not possess himself of his body; but the poor wretch escaped to linger out a few hours with probably great torments.

In the evening our wind returned, and so briskly, that we ran upwards of twenty leagues before the next day's [*Tuesday's*] observation, which brought us to lat. 47° 42′. The captain promised us a very speedy passage through the bay; but he deceived us, or the wind deceived him, for it so slackened at sunset, that it scarce carried us a mile in an hour during the whole succeeding night.

Wednesday. — A gale struck up a little after sunrising, which carried us between three and four knots or miles an hour. We were this day at noon about the middle of the bay of Biscay, when the wind once more deserted us, and we were so entirely becalmed, that we did not advance a mile in many hours. My fresh-water reader will perhaps conceive no unpleasant idea from this calm; but it affected us much more than a storm could have done; for, as the irascible passions of men are apt to swell with indignation long after the injury which first raised them is over, so fared it with the sea. It rose mountains high, and lifted our poor ship up and down, backwards and forwards, with so violent an emotion, that there was scarce a man in the ship better able to stand than myself. Every utensil in our cabin rolled up and down, as we should have rolled ourselves, had not our chairs been fast lashed to the floor. In this situation, with our tables likewise fastened by ropes, the captain and myself took our meal with some difficulty, and swallowed a little of our broth, for we spilt much the greater part.

The remainder of our dinner being an old, lean, tame duck roasted, I regretted but little the loss of, my teeth not being good enough to have chewed it.

Our women, who began to creep out of their holes in the morning, retired again within the cabin to their beds, and were no more heard of this day, in which my whole comfort was to find by the captain's relation that the swelling was sometimes much worse; he did, indeed, take this occasion to be more communicative than ever, and informed me of such misadventures that had befallen him within forty-six years at sea as might frighten a very bold spirit from undertaking even the shortest voyage. Were these, indeed, but universally known, our matrons of quality would possibly be deterred from venturing their tender offspring at sea; by which means our navy would lose the honour of many a young commodore, who at twenty-two is better versed in maritime affairs than real seamen are made by experience at sixty.

And this may, perhaps, appear the more extraordinary, as the education of both seems to be pretty much the same; neither of them having had their courage tried by Virgil's description of a storm, in which, inspired as he was, I doubt whether our captain doth not exceed him.

In the evening the wind, which continued in the N. W., again freshened, and that so briskly that Cape Finisterre appeared by this day's observation to bear a few miles to the southward. We now indeed sailed, or rather flew, near ten knots an hour; and the captain, in the redundancy of his good-humour, declared he would go to church at Lisbon

on Sunday next, for that he was sure of a wind; and, indeed, we all firmly believed him. But the event again contradicted him; for we were again visited by a calm in the evening.

But here, though our voyage was retarded, we were entertained with a scene, which as no one can behold without going to sea, so no one can form an idea of anything equal to it on shore. We were seated on the deck, women and all, in the serenest evening that can be imagined. Not a single cloud presented itself to our view, and the sun himself was the only object which engrossed our whole attention. He did indeed set with a majesty which is incapable of description, with which, while the horizon was yet blazing with glory, our eyes were called off to the opposite part to survey the moon, which was then at full, and which in rising presented us with the second object that this world hath offered to our vision. Compared to these the pageantry of theatres, or splendour of courts, are sights almost below the regard of children.

We did not return from the deck till late in the evening; the weather being inexpressibly pleasant, and so warm that even my old distemper perceived the alteration of the climate. There was indeed a swell, but nothing comparable to what we had felt before, and it affected us on the deck much less than in the cabin.

Friday. — The calm continued till sun-rising, when the wind likewise arose, but unluckily for us it came from a wrong quarter; it was S.S.E., which is that very wind which Juno would have solicited of Æolus, had Æneas been in our latitude bound for Lisbon.

The captain now put on his most melancholy aspect, and resumed his former opinion that he was bewitched. He declared with great solemnity that this was worse and worse, for that a wind directly in his teeth was worse than no wind at all. Had we pursued the course which the wind persuaded us to take we had gone directly for Newfoundland, if we had not fallen in with Ireland in our way. Two ways remained to avoid this; one was to put into a port of Galicia; the other, to beat to the westward with as little sail as possible: and this was our captain's election.

As for us, poor passengers, any port would have been welcome to us; especially, as not only our fresh provisions, except a great number of old ducks and fowls, but even our bread was come to an end, and nothing but sea-biscuit remained, which I could not chew. So that now for the first time in my life I saw what it was to want a bit of bread.

The wind however was not so unkind as we had apprehended; but, having declined with the sun, it changed at the approach of the moon, and became again favourable to us, though so gentle that the next day's observation carried us very little to the southward of Cape Finisterre. This evening at six the wind, which had been very quiet all day, rose very high, and continuing in our favour drove us seven knots an hour.

This day we saw a sail, the only one, as I heard of, we had seen in our whole passage through the bay. I mention this on account of what appeared to me somewhat extraordinary. Though she was at such a distance that I could only perceive she was a ship,

the sailors discovered that she was a snow, bound to a port in Galicia.

Sunday. — After prayers, which our good captain read on the deck with an audible voice, and with but one mistake, of a lion for Elias, in the second lesson for this day, we found ourselves far advanced in 42°, and the captain declared we should sup off Porte. We had not much wind this day; but, as this was directly in our favour, we made it up with sail, of which we crowded all we had. We went only at the rate of four miles an hour, but with so uneasy a motion, continually rolling from side to side, that I suffered more than I had done in our whole voyage; my bowels being almost twisted out of my belly. However, the day was very serene and bright, and the captain, who was in high spirits, affirmed he had never passed a pleasanter at sea.

The wind continued so brisk that we ran upward of six knots an hour the whole night.

Monday. — In the morning our captain concluded that he was got into lat. 40°, and was very little short of the Burlings, as they are called in the charts. We came up with them at five in the afternoon, being the first land we had distinctly seen since we left Devonshire. They consist of abundance of little rocky islands, a little distant from the shore, three of them only shewing themselves above the water.

Here the Portuguese maintain a kind of garrison, if we may allow it that name. It consists of malefactors, who are banished hither for a term, for divers small offences — a policy which they may have copied from the Egyptians, as we may read in Diodorus

Siculus. That wise people, to prevent the corruption of good manners by evil communication, built a town on the Red Sea, whither they transported a great number of their criminals, having first set an indelible mark on them, to prevent their returning and mixing with the sober part of their citizens.

These rocks lie about fifteen leagues north-west of Cape Roxent, or, as it is commonly called, the Rock of Lisbon, which we past early the next morning. The wind, indeed, would have carried us thither sooner; but the captain was not in a hurry, as he was to lose nothing by his delay.

Tuesday. — This is a very high mountain, situated on the northern side of the mouth of the river Tajo, which, rising about Madrid, in Spain, and soon becoming navigable for small craft, empties itself, after a long course, into the sea, about four leagues below Lisbon.

On the summit of the rock stands a hermitage, which is now in the possession of an Englishman, who was formerly master of a vessel trading to Lisbon; and, having changed his religion and his manners, the latter of which, at least, were none of the best, betook himself to this place, in order to do penance for his sins. He is now very old, and hath inhabited this hermitage for a great number of years, during which he hath received some countenance from the royal family, and particularly from the present queen dowager, whose piety refuses no trouble or expence by which she may make a proselyte, being used to say that the saving one soul would repay all the endeavours of her life.

Here we waited for the tide, and had the pleasure of surveying the face of the country, the soil of which, at this season, exactly resembles an old brick-kill, or a field where the green sward is pared up and set a burning, or rather a smoaking, in little heaps to manure the land. This sight will, perhaps, of all others, make an Englishman proud of, and pleased with, his own country, which in verdure excels, I believe, every other country. Another deficiency here is the want of large trees, nothing above a shrub being here to be discovered in the circumference of many miles.

At this place we took a pilot on board, who, being the first Portuguese we spoke to, gave us an instance of that religious observance which is paid by all nations to their laws; for, whereas it is here a capital offence to assist any person in going on shore from a foreign vessel before it hath been examined, and every person in it viewed by the magistrates of health, as they are called, this worthy pilot, for a very small reward, rowed the Portuguese priest to shore at this place, beyond which he did not dare to advance, and in venturing whither he had given sufficient testimony of love for his native country.

We did not enter the Tajo till noon, when, after passing several old castles and other buildings which had greatly the aspect of ruins, we came to the castle of Bellisle, where we had a full prospect of Lisbon, and were, indeed, within three miles of it.

Here we were saluted with a gun, which was a signal to pass no farther till we had complied with certain ceremonies which the laws of this country

require to be observed by all ships which arrive in this port. We were obliged then to cast anchor, and expect the arrival of the officers of the customs, without whose passport no ship must proceed farther than this place.

Here likewise we received a visit from one of those magistrates of health before mentioned. He refused to come on board the ship till every person in her had been drawn up on deck and personally viewed by him. This occasioned some delay on my part, as it was not the work of a minute to lift me from the cabin to the deck. The captain thought my particular case might have been excused from this ceremony, and that it would be abundantly sufficient if the magistrate, who was obliged afterwards to visit the cabin, surveyed me there. But this did not satisfy the magistrate's strict regard to his duty. When he was told of my lameness, he called out, with a voice of authority, "Let him be brought up," and his orders were presently complied with. He was, indeed, a person of great dignity, as well as of the most exact fidelity in the discharge of his trust. Both which are the most admirable as his salary is less than thirty pounds English per annum.

Before a ship hath been visited by one of those magistrates no person can lawfully go on board her, nor can any on board depart from her. This I saw exemplified in a remarkable instance. The young lad whom I have mentioned as one of our passengers was here met by his father, who, on the first news of the captain's arrival, came from Lisbon to Bellisle in a boat, being eager to embrace a son whom he had

not seen for many years. But when he came alongside our ship neither did the father dare ascend nor the son descend, as the magistrate of health had not yet been on board.

Some of our readers will, perhaps, admire the great caution of this policy, so nicely calculated for the preservation of this country from all pestilential distempers. Others will as probably regard it as too exact and formal to be constantly persisted in, in seasons of the utmost safety, as well as in times of danger. I will not decide either way, but will content myself with observing that I never yet saw or heard of a place where a traveller had so much trouble given him at his landing as here. The only use of which, as all such matters begin and end in form only, is to put it into the power of low and mean fellows to be either rudely officious or grossly corrupt, as they shall see occasion to prefer the gratification of their pride or of their avarice.

Of this kind, likewise, is that power which is lodged with other officers here, of taking away every grain of snuff and every leaf of tobacco brought hither from other countries, though only for the temporary use of the person during his residence here. This is executed with great insolence, and, as it is in the hands of the dregs of the people, very scandalously; for, under pretence of searching for tobacco and snuff, they are sure to steal whatever they can find, insomuch that when they came on board our sailors addressed us in the Covent-garden language: "Pray, gentlemen and ladies, take care of your swords and watches." Indeed, I never yet saw

anything equal to the contempt and hatred which our honest tars every moment expressed for these Portuguese officers.

At Bellisle lies buried Catharine of Arragon, widow of prince Arthur, eldest son of our Henry VII., afterwards married to, and divorced from, Henry VIII. Close by the church where her remains are deposited is a large convent of Geronymites, one of the most beautiful piles of building in all Portugal.

In the evening, at twelve, our ship, having received previous visits from all the necessary parties, took the advantage of the tide, and having sailed up to Lisbon cast anchor there, in a calm and moonshiny night, which made the passage incredibly pleasant to the women, who remained three hours enjoying it, whilst I was left to the cooler transports of enjoying their pleasures at second-hand; and yet, cooler as they may be, whoever is totally ignorant of such sensation is, at the same time, void of all ideas of friendship.

Wednesday. — Lisbon, before which we now lay at anchor, is said to be built on the same number of hills with old Rome; but these do not all appear to the water; on the contrary, one sees from thence one vast high hill and rock, with buildings arising above one another, and that in so steep and almost perpendicular a manner, that they all seem to have but one foundation.

As the houses, convents, churches, &c., are large, and all built with white stone, they look very beautiful at a distance; but as you approach nearer, and find them to want every kind of ornament, all idea of beauty vanishes at once. While I was surveying

the prospect of this city, which bears so little resemblance to any other that I have ever seen, a reflexion occurred to me that, if a man was suddenly to be removed from Palmyra hither, and should take a view of no other city, in how glorious a light would the antient architecture appear to him! and what desolation and destruction of arts and sciences would he conclude had happened between the several æras of these cities!

I had now waited full three hours upon deck for the return of my man, whom I had sent to bespeak a good dinner (a thing which had been long unknown to me) on shore, and then to bring a Lisbon chaise with him to the sea-shore; but it seems the impertinence of the providore was not yet brought to a conclusion. At three o'clock, when I was, from emptiness, rather faint than hungry, my man returned, and told me there was a new law lately made that no passenger should set his foot on shore without a special order from the providore, and that he himself would have been sent to prison for disobeying it, had he not been protected as the servant of the captain. He informed me likewise that the captain had been very industrious to get this order, but that it was then the providore's hour of sleep, a time when no man, except the king himself, durst disturb him.

To avoid prolixity, though in a part of my narrative which may be more agreeable to my reader than it was to me, the providore, having at last finished his nap, dispatched this absurd matter of form, and gave me leave to come, or rather to be carried, on shore.

What it was that gave the first hint of this

strange law is not easy to guess. Possibly, in the infancy of their defection, and before their government could be well established, they were willing to guard against the bare possibility of surprise, of the success of which bare possibility the Trojan horse will remain for ever on record, as a great and memorable example. Now the Portuguese have no walls to secure them, and a vessel of two or three hundred tons will contain a much larger body of troops than could be concealed in that famous machine, though Virgil tells us (somewhat hyperbolically, I believe) that it was as big as a mountain.

About seven in the evening I got into a chaise on shore, and was driven through the nastiest city in the world, though at the same time one of the most populous, to a kind of coffee-house, which is very pleasantly situated on the brow of a hill, about a mile from the city, and hath a very fine prospect of the river Tajo from Lisbon to the sea.

Here we regaled ourselves with a good supper, for which we were as well charged as if the bill had been made on the Bath-road, between Newbury and London.

And now we could joyfully say,

Egressi optata Troes potiuntur arena.

Therefore, in the words of Horace,

— hic Finis chartæque viæque.

END OF VOL. I

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KING ARTHUR AND HUNCAMUNCA

HUNCAMUNCA. . . . *A maid may want*
What she can neither eat nor drink
KING. *What's that?*
HUNC. *O spare my blushes; but I mean a husband*

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————————Quis iniquæ
Tam patiens urbis, tam ferreus, ut teneat se?
—Juv. Sat. I.

PROLOGUE, SPOKEN BY MR. JONES.

Too long the Tragick Muse hath aw'd the stage,
And frighten'd wives and children with her rage;
Too long Drawcansir roars, Parthenope weeps,
While ev'ry lady cries, and critick sleeps.
With ghosts, rapes, murders, tender hearts they wound,
Or else, like thunder, terrify with sound.
When the skill'd actress to her weeping eyes,
With artful sigh, the handkerchief applies,
How griev'd each sympathizing nymph appears!
And box and gallery both melt in tears.
Or when, in armour of Corinthian brass,
Heroick actor stares you in the face,
And cries aloud, with emphasis that 's fit, on
Liberty, freedom, liberty and Briton!
While frowning, gaping for applause he stands,
What generous Briton can refuse his hands?
Like the tame animals design'd for show,
You have your cues to clap, as they to bow;
Taught to commend, your judgments have no share;
By chance you guess aright, by chance you err.

But, handkerchiefs and Britain laid aside,
To-night we mean to laugh, and not to chide.

In days of yore, when fools were held in fashion,
Tho' now, alas! all banish'd from the nation,
A merry jester had reform'd his lord,
Who would have scorn'd the sterner Stoick's word.

Bred in Democritus his laughing schools,
Our author flies sad Heraclitus' rules;
No tears, no terror plead in his behalf;
The aim of Farce is but to make you laugh.
Beneath the tragick or the comick name,
Farces and puppet-shows ne'er miss of fame.
Since then, in borrow'd dress, they 've pleas'd the town,
Condemn them not, appearing in their own.

Smiles we expect from the good-natur'd few;
As ye are done by, ye malicious, do;
And kindly laugh at him who laughs at you.

PERSONS IN THE FARCE.

MEN.

Luckless, the Author and Master of the Show,	Mr. MULLART.
Witmore, his friend	Mr. LACY.
Marplay, sen., *Marplay, jun.*, Comedians	Mr. REYNOLDS, Mr. STOPLER.
Bookweight, a Bookseller	Mr. JONES.
Scarecrow, *Dash*, *Quibble*, *Blotpage*, Scribblers	Mr. MARSHAL, Mr. HALLAM, Mr. DOVE, Mr. WELLS, jun.
Index	———.
Jack, servant to Luckless	Mr. ACHURCH.
Jack-Pudding	Mr. REYNOLDS.
Bantomite	Mr. MARSHAL.

WOMEN.

Mrs. Moneywood, the Author's Landlady .	Mrs. MULLART.
Harriot, her daughter	Miss PALMS.

ACT I.

SCENE I. — LUCKLESS'S *Room in* MRS. MONEYWOOD'S *House.* — MRS. MONEYWOOD, HARRIOT, LUCKLESS.

Moneywood. Never tell me, Mr. Luckless, of your play, and your play. I tell you I must be paid. I would no more depend on a benefit-night of an unacted play than I would on a benefit-ticket in an undrawn lottery. Could I have guessed that I had a poet in my house! Could I have looked for a poet under laced clothes!

Luck. Why not? since you may often find poverty under them: nay, they are commonly the signs of it. And, therefore, why may not a poet be seen in them as well as a courtier?

Money. Do you make a jest of my misfortune, sir?

Luck. Rather my misfortune. I am sure I have a better title to poverty than you; for, notwithstanding the handsome figure I make, unless you are so good to invite me, I am afraid I shall scarce prevail on my stomach to dine to-day.

Money. Oh, never fear that — you will never want a dinner till you have dined at all the eating-houses round. —— No one shuts their doors against you the first time; and I think you are so kind, seldom to trouble them a second.

Luck. No. —— And if you will give me leave to walk out of your doors, the devil take me if ever I come into 'em again.

Money. Pay me, sir, what you owe me, and walk away whenever you please.

Luck. With all my heart, madam; get me a pen and ink, and I 'll give you my note for it immediately.

Money. Your note! who will discount it? Not your bookseller; for he has as many of your notes as he has of your works; both good lasting ware, and which are never likely to go out of his shop and his scrutore.

Har. Nay, but, madam, 't is barbarous to insult him in this manner.

Money. No doubt you 'll take his part. Pray get you about your business. I suppose he intends to pay me by ruining you. Get you in this instant: and remember, if ever I see you with him again I 'll turn you out of doors.

Scene II. — Luckless, Mrs. Moneywood.

Luck. Discharge all your ill-nature on me, madam, but spare poor Miss Harriot.

Money. Oh! then it is plain. I have suspected your familiarity a long while. You are a base man. Is it not enough to stay three months in my house without paying me a farthing, but you must ruin my child?

Luck. I love her as my soul. Had I the world I 'd give it her all.

Money. But, as you happen to have nothing in the world, I desire you would have nothing to say to her. I suppose you would have settled all your castles in the air. Oh! I wish you had lived in one of them,

instead of my house. Well, I am resolved, when you have gone away (which I heartily hope will be very soon) I'll hang over my door in great red letters, "No lodgings for poets." Sure never was such a guest as you have been. My floor is all spoiled with ink, my windows with verses, and my door has been almost beat down with duns.

Luck. Would your house had been beaten down, and everything but my dear Harriot crushed under it!

Money. Sir, sir ——

Luck. Madam, madam! I will attack you at your own weapons; I will pay you in your own coin.

Money. I wish you'd pay me in any coin, sir.

Luck. Look ye, madam, I'll do as much as a reasonable woman can require; I'll shew you all I have; and give you all I have too, if you please to accept it. [*Turns his pockets inside out.*

Money. I will not be used in this manner. No, sir, I will be paid, if there be any such thing as law.

Luck. By what law you will put money into my pocket I know not; for I never heard of any one who got money by the law but the lawyers. I have told you already, and I tell you again, that the first money I get shall be yours; and I have great expectations from my play. In the mean time your staying here can be of no service, and you may possibly drive some fine thoughts out of my head. I would write a love scene, and your daughter would be more proper company, on that occasion, than you.

Money. You would act a love-scene, I believe; but I shall prevent you; for I intend to dispose of myself before my daughter.

Luck. Dispose of yourself!

Money. Yes, sir, dispose of myself. 'T is very well known that I have had very good offers since my last dear husband died. I might have had an attorney of New Inn, or Mr. Fillpot, the exciseman; yes, I had my choice of two parsons, or a doctor of physick; and yet I slighted them all; yes, I slighted them for — for — for you.

Luck. For me?

Money. Yes, you have seen too visible marks of my passion; too visible for my reputation. [*Sobbing.*

Luck. I have heard very loud tokens of your passion; but I rather took it for the passion of anger than of love.

Money. Oh! it was love, indeed. Nothing but love, upon my soul!

Luck. The devil! This way of dunning is worse than the other.

Money. If thou can'st not pay me in money, let me have it in love. If I break through the modesty of my sex let my passion excuse it. I know the world will call it an impudent action; but if you will let me reserve all I have to myself, I will make myself yours for ever.

Luck. Toll, loll, loll!

Money. And is this the manner you receive my declaration, you poor beggarly fellow? You shall repent this; remember, you shall repent it; remember that. I 'll shew you the revenge of an injured woman.

Luck. I shall never repent anything that rids me of you, I am sure.

SCENE III. — LUCKLESS, HARRIOT.

Luck. Dear Harriot!

Har. I have waited an opportunity to return to you.

Luck. Oh! my dear, I am so sick!

Har. What 's the matter?

Luck. Oh! your mother! your mother!

Har. What, has she been scolding ever since?

Luck. Worse, worse!

Har. Heaven forbid she should threaten to go to law with you.

Luck. Oh, worse! worse! she threatens to go to church with me. She has made me a generous offer, that if I will but marry her she will suffer me to settle all she has upon her.

Har. Generous creature! Sure you will not resist the proposal?

Luck. Hum! what would you advise me to?

Har. Oh, take her, take her, by all means; you will be the prettiest, finest, loveliest, sweetest couple. Augh! what a delicate dish of matrimony you will make! Her age with your youth, her avarice with your extravagance, and her scolding with your poetry!

Luck. Nay, but I am serious, and I desire you would be so. You know my unhappy circumstances, and your mother's wealth. It would be at least a prudent match.

Har. Oh! extremely prudent, ha, ha, ha! the world will say, Lard! who could have thought Mr. Luckless had had so much prudence? This one action will overbalance all the follies of your life.

Luck. Faith, I think it will: but, dear Harriot, how can I think of losing you for ever? And yet, as our affairs stand, I see no possibility of our being happy together. It will be some pleasure, too, that I may have it in my power to serve you. Believe me, it is with the utmost reluctance I think of parting with you. For if it was in my power to have you ——

Har. Oh, I am very much obliged to you; I believe you — Yes, you need not swear, I believe you.

Luck. And can you as easily consult prudence, and part with me? for I would not buy my own happiness at the price of yours.

Har. I thank you, sir —— Part with you —— intolable vanity!

Luck. Then I am resolved; and so, my good landlady, have at you.

Har. Stay, sir, let me acquaint you with one thing — you are a villain! and don't think I'm vexed at anything, but that I should have been such a fool as ever to have had a good opinion of you. [*Crying.*

Luck. Ha, ha, ha! Caught, by Jupiter! And did my dear Harriot think me in earnest?

Har. And was you not in earnest?

Luck. What, to part with thee? A pretty woman will be sooner in earnest to part with her beauty, or a great man with his power.

Har. I wish I were assured of the sincerity of your love.

AIR. *Buttered Pease.*

Luck. Does my dearest Harriot ask
What for love I would pursue?
Would you, charmer, know what task
I would undertake for you?

Ask the bold ambitious, what
He for honours would atchieve?
Or the gay voluptuous, that
Which he'd not for pleasure give?

Ask the miser what he 'd do
To amass excessive gain?
Or the saint, what he 'd pursue,
His wish'd heav'n to obtain?

These I would attempt, and more—
For, oh! my Harriot is to me
All ambition, pleasure, store,
Or what heav'n itself can be!

Har. Would my dearest Luckless know
What his constant Harriot can
Her tender love and faith to show
For her dear, her only man?

Ask the vain coquette what she
For men's adoration would;
Or from censure to be free,
Ask the vile censorious prude.

In a coach and six to ride,
What the mercenary jade,
Or the widow to be bride
To a brisk broad-shoulder'd blade.

All these I would attempt for thee,
Could I but thy passion fix;
Thy will my sole commander be,
And thy arms my coach and six.

Money [*within*]. Harriot, Harriot.

Har. Hear the dreadful summons! adieu. I will take the first opportunity of seeing you again.

Luck. Adieu, my pretty charmer; go thy ways for the first of thy sex.

Scene IV. — Luckless, Jack.

Luck. So! what news bring you?

Jack. An 't please your honour I have been at my lord's, and his lordship thanks you for the favour you have offered of reading your play to him; but he has such a prodigious deal of business, he begs to be excused. I have been with Mr. Keyber too — he made me no answer at all. Mr. Bookweight will be here immediately.

Luck. Jack.

Jack. Sir.

Luck. Fetch my other hat hither; — carry it to the pawnbroker's.

Jack. To your honour's own pawnbroker!

Luck. Ay — and in thy way home call at the cook's shop. So, one way or other, I find my head must always provide for my belly.

Scene V. — Luckless, Witmore.

Luck. I am surprized! dear Witmore!

Wit. Dear Harry!

Luck. This is kind, indeed; but I do not more wonder at finding a man in this age who can be a friend to adversity, than that Fortune should be so much my friend as to direct you to me; for she is a lady I have not been much indebted to lately.

Wit. She who told me, I assure you, is one you have been indebted to a long while.

Luck. Whom do you mean?

Wit. One who complains of your unkindness in not visiting her — Mrs. Lovewood.

Luck. Dost thou visit there still, then?

Wit. I throw an idle hour away there sometimes. When I am in an ill-humour I am sure of feeding it there with all the scandal in town, for no bawd is half so diligent in looking after girls with an uncracked maidenhead as she in searching out women with cracked reputations.

Luck. The much more infamous office of the two.

Wit. Thou art still a favourer of the women, I find.

Luck. Ay, the women and the muses — the high roads to beggary.

Wit. What, art thou not cured of scribling yet?

Luck. No, scribling is as impossible to cure as the gout.

Wit. And as sure a sign of poverty as the gout of riches. 'Sdeath! in an age of learning and true politeness, where a man might succeed by his merit, there would be some encouragement. But now, when party and prejudice carry all before them; when learning is decried, wit not understood; when the theatres are puppet-shows, and the comedians ballad-singers; when fools lead the town, would a man think to thrive by his wit? If you must write, write nonsense, write operas, write Hurlothrumbos, set up an oratory and preach nonsense, and you may meet with encouragement enough. Be profane, be scurrilous, be immodest: if you would receive applause, deserve to receive sentence at the Old

Bailey; and if you would ride in a coach, deserve to ride in a cart.

Luck. You are warm, my friend.

Wit. It is because I am your friend. I cannot bear to hear the man I love ridiculed by fools — by idiots. To hear a fellow who, had he been born a Chinese, had starved for want of genius to have been even the lowest mechanick, toss up his empty noddle with an affected disdain of what he has not understood; and women abusing what they have neither seen nor heard, from an unreasonable prejudice to an honest fellow whom they have not known. If thou wilt write against all these reasons get a patron, be pimp to some worthless man of quality, write panegyricks on him, flatter him with as many virtues as he has vices. Then, perhaps, you will engage his lordship, his lordship engages the town on your side, and then write till your arms ake, sense or nonsense, it will all go down.

Luck. Thou art too satirical on mankind. It is possible to thrive in the world by justifiable means.

Wit. Ay, justifiable, and so they are justifiable by custom. What does the soldier or physician thrive by but slaughter? — the lawyer but by quarrels? — the courtier but by taxes? — the poet but by flattery? I know none that thrive by profiting mankind, but the husbandman and the merchant: the one gives you the fruit of your own soil, the other brings you those from abroad; and yet these are represented as mean and mechanical, and the others as honourable and glorious.

Luck. Well; but prithee leave railing, and tell me what you would advise me to do.

Wit. Do! why thou art a vigorous young fellow, and there are rich widows in town.

Luck. But I am already engaged.

Wit. Why don't you marry then —— for I suppose you are not mad enough to have any engagement with a poor mistress?

Luck. Even so, faith; and so heartily that I would not change her for the widow of a Crœsus.

Wit. Now thou art undone, indeed. Matrimony clenches ruin beyond retrieval. What unfortunate stars wert thou born under? Was it not enough to follow those nine ragged jades the muses, but you must fasten on some earth-born mistress as poor as them?

Mar. jun. [*within*]. Order my chairman to call on me at St. James's. —— No, let them stay.

Wit. Heyday, whom the devil have we here?

Luck. The young captain, sir; no less a person, I assure you.

Scene VI. — Luckless, Witmore, Marplay, jun.

Mar. jun. Mr. Luckless, I kiss your hands —— Sir, I am your most obedient humble servant; you see, Mr. Luckless, what power you have over me. I attend your commands, though several persons of quality have staid at court for me above this hour.

Luck. I am obliged to you — I have a tragedy for your house, Mr. Marplay.

Mar. jun. Ha! if you will send it to me, I will give you my opinion of it; and if I can make any alterations in it that will be for its advantage, I will do it freely.

Wit. Alterations, sir?

Mar. jun. Yes, sir, alterations — I will maintain it. Let a play be never so good, without alteration it will do nothing.

Wit. Very odd indeed!

Mar. jun. Did you ever write, sir?

Wit. No, sir, I thank Heaven.

Mar. jun. Oh! your humble servant — your very humble servant, sir. When you write yourself, you will find the necessity of alterations. Why, sir, would you guess that I had altered Shakspeare?

Wit. Yes, faith, sir, no one sooner.

Mar. jun. Alack-a-day! Was you to see the plays when they are brought to us — a parcel of crude undigested stuff. We are the persons, sir, who lick them into form — that mould them into shape. The poet make the play indeed! the colour-man might be as well said to make the picture, or the weaver the coat. My father and I, sir, are a couple of poetical tailors. When a play is brought us, we consider it as a tailor does his coat: we cut it, sir — we cut it; and let me tell you we have the exact measure of the town; we know how to fit their taste. The poets, between you and me, are a pack of ignorant ——

Wit. Hold, hold, sir. This is not quite so civil to Mr. Luckless; besides, as I take it, you have done the town the honour of writing yourself.

Mar. jun. Sir, you are a man of sense, and express yourself well. I did, as you say, once make a small sally into Parnassus — took a sort of flying leap over Helicon; but if ever they catch me there again — sir, the town have a prejudice to my family; for, if any play could have made them ashamed to damn it, mine must. It was all over plot. It would have made half a dozen novels: nor was it crammed with a pack of wit-traps, like Congreve and Wycherly, where every one knows when the joke was coming. I defy the sharpest critick of them all to have known when any jokes of mine were coming. The dialogue was plain, easy, and natural, and not one single joke in it from the beginning to the end: besides, sir, there was one scene of tender melancholy conversation — enough to have melted a heart of stone; and yet they damned it — and they damned themselves; for they shall have no more of mine.

Wit. Take pity on the town, sir.

Mar. jun. I! No, sir, no. I'll write no more. No more; unless I am forced to it.

Luck. That's no easy thing, Marplay.

Mar. jun. Yes, sir. Odes, odes, a man may be obliged to write those, you know.

Luck. and *Wit.* Ha, ha, ha! that's true indeed.

Luck. But about my tragedy, Mr. Marplay.

Mar. jun. I believe my father is at the playhouse: if you please, we will read it now; but I must call on a young lady first —— Hey, who's there? Is my footman there? Order my chair to the door. Your servant, gentlemen. — *Caro vien.*

[*Exit, singing*

Wit. This is the most finished gentleman I ever saw; and hath not, I dare swear, his equal.

Luck. If he has, here he comes.

SCENE VII. — LUCKLESS, WITMORE, BOOKWEIGHT.

Luck. Mr. Bookweight, your very humble servant.

Book. I was told, sir, that you had particular business with me.

Luck. Yes, Mr. Bookweight; I have something to put into your hands. I have a play for you, Mr. Bookweight.

Book. Is it accepted, sir?

Luck. Not yet.

Book. Oh, sir! when it is, it will be then time enough to talk about it. A play, like a bill, is of no value till it is accepted; nor indeed when it is, very often. Besides, sir, our playhouses are grown so plenty, and our actors so scarce, that really plays are become very bad commodities. But pray, sir, do you offer it to the players or the patentees?

Luck. Oh! to the players, certainly.

Book. You are in the right of that. But a play which will do on the stage will not always do for us; there are your acting plays and your reading plays.

Wit. I do not understand that distinction.

Book. Why, sir, your acting play is entirely supported by the merit of the actor; in which case, it signifies very little whether there be any sense in it or no. Now, your reading play is of a different stamp, and must have wit and meaning in it. These latter I call your substantive, as being able to sup-

port themselves. The former are your adjective, as what require the buffoonery and gestures of an actor to be joined with them to shew their signification.

Wit. Very learnedly defined, truly.

Luck. Well, but, Mr. Bookweight, will you advance fifty guineas on my play?

Book. Fifty guineas! Yes, sir. You shall have them with all my heart, if you will give me security for them. Fifty guineas for a play! Sir, I would not give fifty shillings.

Luck. 'Sdeath, sir! do you beat me down at this rate?

Book. No, nor fifty farthings. Fifty guineas! Indeed your name is well worth that.

Luck. Jack, take this worthy gentleman and kick him down stairs.

Book. Sir, I shall make you repent this.

Jack. Come, sir, will you please to brush?

Book. Help! murder! I'll have the law of you, sir.

Luck. Ha, ha, ha!

Scene VIII. — Luckless, Witmore, Mrs. Moneywood.

Money. What noise is this? It is a very fine thing, truly, Mr. Luckless, that you will make these uproars in my house.

Luck. If you dislike it, it is in your power to drown a much greater. Do you but speak, madam, and I am sure no one will be heard but yourself.

Money. Very well, indeed! fine reflexions on my

character! Sir, sir, all the neighbours know that I have been as quiet a woman as ever lived in the parish. I had no noises in my house till you came. We were the family of love. But you have been a nusance to the whole neighbourhood. While you had money, my doors were thundered at every morning at four and five, by coachmen and chairmen; and since you have had none, my house has been besieged all day by creditors and bailiffs. Then there 's the rascal your man; but I will pay the dog, I will scour him. Sir, I am glad you are a witness of his abuses of me.

Wit. I am indeed, madam, a witness how unjustly he has abused you. [JACK *whispers* LUCKLESS.

Luck. Witmore, excuse me a moment.

SCENE IX. — MRS. MONEYWOOD, WITMORE.

Money. Yes, sir; and, sir, a man that has never shewn one the colour of his money.

Wit. Very hard, truly. How much may he be in your debt, pray? Because he has ordered me to pay you.

Money. Ay! sir, I wish he had.

Wit. I am serious, I assure you.

Money. I am very glad to hear it, sir. Here is the bill as we settled it this very morning. I always thought, indeed, Mr. Luckless had a great deal of honesty in his principles: any man may be unfortunate; but I knew when he had money I should have it; and what signifies dunning a man when he hath it not? Now that is a way with some people which I could never come in to.

Wit. There, madam, is your money. You may give Mr. Luckless the receipt.

Money. Sir, I give you both a great many thanks. I am sure it is almost as charitable as if you gave it me; for I am to make up a sum to-morrow morning. Well, if Mr. Luckless was but a little soberer I should like him for a lodger exceedingly: for I must say, I think him a very pleasant good-humoured man.

SCENE X. — LUCKLESS, WITMORE, MONEYWOOD.

Luck. Those are words I never heard out of that mouth before.

Money. Ha, ha, ha! you are pleased to be merry: ha, ha!

Luck. Why, Witmore, thou hast the faculty opposite to that of a witch, and canst lay a tempest. I should as soon have imagined one man could have stopt a cannon-ball in its full force as her tongue.

Money. Ha, ha, ha! he is the best company in the world, sir, and so full of his similitudes!

Wit. Luckless, good morrow; I shall see you soon again.

Luck. Let it be soon, I beseech you; for thou hast brought a calm into this house that was scarce ever in it before.

SCENE XI. — LUCKLESS, MRS. MONEYWOOD, JACK.

Money. Well, Mr. Luckless, you are a comical man, to give one such a character to a stranger.

Luck. The company is gone, madam; and now, like true man and wife, we may fall to abusing one another as fast as we please.

Money. Abuse me as you please, so you pay me, sir.

Luck. 'Sdeath! madam, I will pay you.

Money. Nay, sir, I do not ask it before it is due. I don't question your payment at all: if you was to stay in my house this quarter of a year, as I hope you will, I should not ask you for a farthing.

Luck. Toll, loll, loll. — But I shall have her begin with her passion immediately; and I had rather be the object of her rage for a year than of her love for half an hour.

Money. But why did you choose to surprise me with my money? Why did you not tell me you would pay me?

Luck. Why, have I not told you?

Money. Yes, you told me of a play, and stuff: but you never told me you would order a gentleman to pay me. A sweet, pretty, good-humoured gentleman he is, heaven bless him! Well, you have comical ways with you: but you have honesty at the bottom, and I'm sure the gentleman himself will own I gave you that character.

Luck. Oh! I smell you now. — You see, madam, I am better than my word to you: did he pay it you in gold or silver?

Money. All pure gold.

Luck. I have a vast deal of silver, which he brought me, within; will you do me the favour of taking it in silver? that will be of use to you in the shop too.

Money. Anything to oblige you, sir.

Luck. Jack, bring out the great bag, number one. Please to tell the money, madam, on that table.

Money. It 's easily told: heaven knows there 's not so much on 't.

Jack. Sir, the bag is so heavy, I cannot bring it in.

Luck. Why, then, come and help to thrust a heavier bag out.

Money. What do you mean?

Luck. Only to pay you in my bed-chamber.

Money. Villain, dog, I'll swear a robbery, and have you hanged: rogues, villains!

Luck. Be as noisy as you please —[*Shuts the door.*] Jack, call a coach; and, d' ye hear? get up behind it and attend me.

ACT II

SCENE I. — *The Playhouse.* — LUCKLESS, MARPLAY, senior, MARPLAY, junior.

Luck. [*Reads.*] "Then hence my sorrow, hence my ev'ry fear;
No matter where, so we are bless'd together.
With thee, the barren rocks, where not one step
Of human race lies printed in the snow,
Look lovely as the smiling infant spring."

Mar. sen. Augh! will you please to read that again, sir?

Luck. "Then hence my sorrow, hence my ev'ry fear."

Mar. sen. "Then hence my sorrow." — Horror is a much better word. — And then in the second line — "No matter where, so we are bless'd together." — Undoubtedly, it should be, "No matter where, so somewhere we 're together." Where is the question, somewhere is the answer. — Read on, sir.

Luck. "With thee, ——"

Mar. sen. No, no, I could alter those lines to a much better idea.

"With thee, the barren blocks, where not a bit
Of human face is painted on the bark,
Look green as Covent-garden in the spring."

Luck. Green as Covent-garden!

Mar. jun. Yes, yes; Covent-garden market, where they sell greens.

Luck. Monstrous!

Mar. sen. Pray, sir, read on.

Luck. "LEANDRA: oh, my Harmonio, I could hear thee still;
The nightingale to thee sings out of tune,
While on thy faithful breast my head reclines,
The downy pillow 's hard; while from thy lips
I drink delicious draughts of nectar down,
Falernian wines seem bitter to my taste."

Mar. jun. Here 's meat, drink, singing, and lodging, egad.

Luck. He answers.

Mar. jun. But, sir —

Luck. "Oh, let me pull thee, press thee to my heart,
Thou rising spring of everlasting sweets!
Take notice, Fortune, I forgive thee all!
Thou 'st made Leandra mine. Thou flood of joy
Mix with my soul, and rush thro' ev'ry vein."

Mar. sen. Those two last lines again if you please.

Luck. "Thou 'st made," &c.

Mar. jun. "—— Thou flood of joy,
Mix with my soul and rush thro' ev'ry vein."
Those are two excellent lines indeed: I never writ better myself: but, Sar ——

Luck. "Leandra 's mine, go bid the tongue of fate
Pronounce another word of bliss like that;
Search thro' the eastern mines and golden shores,
Where lavish Nature pours forth all her stores;

For to my lot could all her treasures fall,
I would not change Leandra for them all."

There ends act the first, and such an act as, I believe, never was on this stage yet.

Mar. jun. Nor never will, I hope.

Mar. sen. Pray, sir, let me look at one thing.

"Falernian wines seem bitter to my taste."

Pray, sir, what sort of wines may your Falernian be? for I never heard of them before; and I am sure, as I keep the best company, if there had been such sorts of wines, I should have tasted them. Tokay I have drank, and Lacrimæ I have drank, but what your Falernian is, the devil take me if I can tell.

Mar. jun. I fancy, father, these wines grow at the top of Parnassus.

Luck. Do they so, Mr. Pert? why then I fancy you have never tasted them.

Mar. sen. Suppose you should say the wines of Cape are bitter to my taste.

Luck. Sir, I cannot alter it.

Mar. sen. Nor we cannot act it. It won't do, sir, and so you need give yourself no farther trouble about it.

Luck. What particular fault do you find?

Mar. jun. Sar, there's nothing that touches me, nothing that is coercive to my passions.

Luck. Fare you well, sir: may another play be coercive to your passions.

Scene II. — Marplay, senior, Marplay, junior.

Mar. sen. Ha, ha, ha!

Mar. jun. What do you think of the play?

Mar. sen. It may be a very good one, for aught I know: but I am resolved, since the town will not receive any of mine, they shall have none from any other. I 'll keep them to their old diet.

Mar. jun. But suppose they won't feed on 't?

Mar. sen. Then it shall be crammed down their throats.

Mar. jun. I wish, father, you would leave me that art for a legacy, since I am afraid I am like to have no other from you.

Mar. sen. 'T is buff, child, 't is buff — true Corinthian brass; and, heaven be praised, tho' I have given thee no gold, I have given thee enough of that, which is the better inheritance of the two. Gold thou might'st have spent, but this is a lasting estate that will stick by thee all thy life.

Mar. jun. What shall be done with that farce which was damned last night?

Mar. sen. Give it them again to-morrow. I have told some persons of quality that it is a good thing, and I am resolved not to be in the wrong: let us see which will be weary first, the town of damning, or we of being damned.

Mar. jun. Rat the town, I say.

Mar. sen. That 's a good boy; and so say I: but, prithee, what didst thou do with the comedy which I gave thee t' other day, that I thought a good one?

Mar. jun. Did as you ordered me; returned it to the author, and told him it would not do.

Mar. sen. You did well. If thou writest thyself, and that I know thou art very well qualified to do, it is thy interest to keep back all other authors of any merit, and be as forward to advance those of none.

Mar. jun. But I am a little afraid of writing; for my writings, you know, have fared but ill hitherto.

Mar. sen. That is because thou hast a little mistaken the method of writing. The art of writing, boy, is the art of stealing old plays, by changing the name of the play, and new ones, by changing the name of the author.

Mar. jun. If it was not for these cursed hisses and catcalls ——

Mar. sen. Harmless musick, child, very harmless musick, and what, when one is but well seasoned to it, has no effect at all: for my part, I have been used to them.

Mar. jun. Ay, and I have been used to them too, for that matter.

Mar. sen. And stood them bravely too. Idle young actors are fond of applause, but, take my word for it, a clap is a mighty silly, empty thing, and does no more good than a hiss; and, therefore, if any man loves hissing, he may have his three shillings worth at me whenever he pleases.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — *A Room in* BOOKWEIGHT'S *house.* — DASH, BLOTPAGE, QUIBBLE, *writing at several tables.*

Dash. Pox on 't, I 'm as dull as an ox, tho' I have not a bit of one within me. I have not dined these two days, and yet my head is as heavy as any alderman's, or lord's. I carry about me symbols of all the elements; my head is as heavy as water, my pockets are as light as air, my appetite is as hot as fire, and my coat is as dirty as earth.

Blot. Lend me your Bysshe, Mr. Dash, I want a rhime for wind.

Dash. Why there 's blind, and kind, and behind, and find, and mind: it is of the easiest termination imaginable; I have had it four times in a page.

Blot. None of those words will do.

Dash. Why then you may use any that end in ond, or and, or end. I am never so exact: if the two last letters are alike, it will do very well. Read the verse.

Blot. "Inconstant as the seas or as the wind."

Dash. What would you express in the next line?

Blot. Nay, that I don't know, for the sense is out already. I would say something about inconstancy.

Dash. I can lend you a verse, and it will do very well too.

"Inconstancy will never have an end."

End rhimes very well with wind.

Blot. It will do well enough for the middle of a poem.

Dash. Ay, ay, anything will do well enough for the middle of a poem. If you can but get twenty good lines to place at the beginning for a taste, it will sell very well.

Quib. So that, according to you, Mr. Dash, a poet acts pretty much on the same principles with an oister-woman.

Dash. Pox take your simile, it has set my chaps a watering: but come, let us leave off work for a while, and hear Mr. Quibble's song.

Quib. My pipes are pure and clear, and my stomach is as hollow as any trumpet in Europe.

Dash. Come, the song.

SONG.

AIR. *Ye Commons and Peers.*

How unhappy 's the fate
To live by one's pate,
And be forced to write hackney for bread!
An author 's a joke
To all manner of folk,
Wherever he pops up his head, his head,
Wherever he pops up his head.

Tho' he mount on that hack,
Old Pegasus' back,
And of Helicon drink till he burst,
Yet a curse of those streams,
Poetical dreams,
They never can quench one's thirst, &c.

Ah! how should he fly
On fancy so high,
When his limbs are in durance and hold?
Or how should he charm,
With genius so warm,
When his poor naked body 's a cold, &c.

SCENE IV. — BOOKWEIGHT, DASH, QUIBBLE, BLOTPAGE.

Book. Fie upon it, gentlemen! what, not at your pens? Do you consider, Mr. Quibble, that it is a fortnight since your Letter to a Friend in the Country was published? Is it not high time for an Answer to come out? At this rate, before your Answer is printed, your Letter will be forgot. I love to keep a controversy up warm. I have had authors who have writ a pamphlet in the morning, answered it in the afternoon, and answered that again at night.

Quib. Sir, I will be as expeditious as possible: but it is harder to write on this side the question, because it is the wrong side.

Book. Not a jot. So far on the contrary, that I have known some authors choose it as the properest to shew their genius. But let me see what you have produced; "With all deference to what that very learned and most ingenious person, in his Letter to a Friend in the Country, hath advanced." Very well, sir; for, besides that, it may sell more of the Letter: all controversial writers should begin with complimenting their adversaries, as prize-fighters kiss before they engage. Let it be finished with all speed. Well, Mr. Dash, have you done that murder yet?

Dash. Yes, sir, the murder is done; I am only about a few moral reflexions to place before it.

Book. Very well: then let me have the ghost finished by this day se'nnight.

Dash. What sort of a ghost would you have this, sir? the last was a pale one.

Book. Then let this be a bloody one. Mr. Quibble, you may lay by that life which you are about; for I hear the person is recovered, and write me out proposals for delivering five sheets of Mr. Bailey's English Dictionary every week, till the whole be finished. If you do not know the form, you may copy the proposals for printing Bayle's Dictionary in the same manner. The same words will do for both.

Enter INDEX.

So, Mr. Index, what news with you?

Index. I have brought my bill, sir.

Book. What's here? For fitting the motto of Risum teneatis Amici to a dozen pamphlets, at sixpence per each, six shillings; for Omnia vincit Amor, et nos cedamus Amori, sixpence; for Difficile est Satyram non scribere, sixpence. Hum! hum! hum! — sum total for thirty-six Latin mottoes, eighteen shillings; ditto English, one shilling and ninepence; ditto Greek, four — four shillings. These Greek mottoes are excessively dear.

Ind. If you have them cheaper at either of the universities, I will give you mine for nothing.

Book. You shall have your money immediately; and pray remember, that I must have two Latin seditious mottoes and one Greek moral motto for pamphlets by to-morrow morning.

Quib. I want two Latin sentences, sir — one for page the fourth in the praise of loyalty, and another for page the tenth in praise of liberty and property.

Dash. The ghost would become a motto very well if you would bestow one on him.

Book. Let me have them all.

Ind. Sir, I shall provide them. Be pleased to look on that, sir, and print me five hundred proposals and as many receipts.

Book. "Proposals for printing by subscription a New Translation of Cicero Of the Nature of the Gods, and his Tusculan Questions, by Jeremy Index, Esq." I am sorry you have undertaken this, for it prevents a design of mine.

Ind. Indeed, sir, it does not; for you see all of the book that I ever intend to publish. It is only a handsome way of asking one's friends for a guinea.

Book. Then you have not translated a word of it, perhaps.

Ind. Not a single syllable.

Book. Well, you shall have your proposals forthwith: but I desire you would be a little more reasonable in your bills for the future, or I shall deal with you no longer; for I have a certain fellow of a college, who offers to furnish me with second-hand mottoes out of the Spectator for twopence each.

Ind. Sir, I only desire to live by my goods; and I hope you will be pleased to allow some difference between a neat fresh piece, piping hot out of the classicks, and old threadbare worn-out stuff that has past through every pedant's mouth and been as common at the universities as their whores.

SCENE V. — BOOKWEIGHT, DASH, QUIBBLE, BLOTPAGE, SCARECROW.

Scare. Sir, I have brought you a libel against the ministry.

Book. Sir, I shall not take anything against them; — for I have two in the press already. [*Aside.*

Scare. Then, sir, I have an Apology in defence of them.

Book. That I shall not meddle with neither; they don't sell so well.

Scare. I have a translation of Virgil's Æneid, with notes on it, if we can agree about the price.

Book. Why, what price would you have?

Scare. You shall read it first, otherwise how will you know the value?

Book. No, no, sir, I never deal that way — a poem is a poem, and a pamphlet a pamphlet with me. Give me a good handsome large volume, with a full promising title-page at the head of it, printed on a good paper and letter, the whole well bound and gilt, and I'll warrant its selling. You have the common error of authors, who think people buy books to read. No, no, books are only bought to furnish libraries, as pictures and glasses, and beds and chairs, are for other rooms. Look ye, sir, I don't like your title-page: however, to oblige a young beginner, I don't care if I do print it at my own expence.

Scare. But pray, sir, at whose expence shall I eat?

Book. At whose? Why, at mine, sir, at mine.

I am as great a friend to learning as the Dutch are to trade: no one can want bread with me who will earn it; therefore, sir, if you please to take your seat at my table, here will be everything necessary provided for you: good milk porridge, very often twice a day, which is good wholesome food and proper for students; a translator too is what I want at present, my last being in Newgate for shop-lifting. The rogue had a trick of translating out of the shops as well as the languages.

Scare. But I am afraid I am not qualified for a translator, for I understand no language but my own.

Book. What, and translate Virgil?

Scare. Alas! I translated him out of Dryden.

Book. Lay by your hat, sir — lay by your hat, and take your seat immediately. Not qualified! — thou art as well versed in thy trade as if thou hadst laboured in my garret these ten years. Let me tell you, friend, you will have more occasion for invention than learning here. You will be obliged to translate books out of all languages, especially French, that were never printed in any language whatsoever.

Scare. Your trade abounds in mysteries.

Book. The study of bookselling is as difficult as the law: and there are as many tricks in the one as the other. Sometimes we give a foreign name to our own labours, and sometimes we put our names to the labours of others. Then, as the lawyers have John-a-Nokes and Tom-a-Stiles, so we have Messieurs Moore near St. Paul's and Smith near the Royal Exchange.

SCENE VI. — *To them,* LUCKLESS.

Luck. Mr. Bookweight, your servant. Who can form to himself an idea more amiable than of a man at the head of so many patriots working for the benefit of their country.

Book. Truly, sir, I believe it is an idea more agreeable to you than that of a gentleman in the Crown-office paying thirty or forty guineas for abusing an honest tradesman.

Luck. Pshaw! that was only jocosely done, and a man who lives by wit must not be angry at a jest.

Book. Look ye, sir, if you have a mind to compromise the matter, and have brought me any money —

Luck. Hast thou been in thy trade so long, and talk of money to a modern author? You might as well have talked Latin or Greek to him. I have brought you paper, sir.

Book. That is not bringing me money, I own. Have you brought me an opera?

Luck. You may call it an opera if you will, but I call it a puppet-show.

Book. A puppet-show!

Luck. Ay, a puppet-show; and is to be played this night at Drury-lane playhouse.

Book. A puppet-show in a playhouse!

Luck. Ay, why, what have been all the playhouses a long while but puppet-shows?

Book. Why, I don't know but it may succeed; at

least if we can make out a tolerable good title-page: so, if you will walk in, if I can make a bargain with you I will. Gentlemen, you may go to dinner.

SCENE VII. — *Enter* JACK-PUDDING, Drummer, Mob.

Jack-P. This is to give notice to all gentlemen, ladies, and others, that at the Theatre Royal in Drury-lane, this evening, will be performed the whole puppet-show called the Pleasures of the Town; in which will be shewn the whole court of nonsense, with abundance of singing, dancing, and several other entertainments: also the comical and diverting humours of Some-body and No-body; Punch and his wife Joan to be performed by figures, some of them six foot high. God save the King.

[*Drum beats.*

SCENE VIII. — WITMORE *with a paper, meeting* LUCKLESS.

Wit. Oh! Luckless, I am overjoyed to meet you; here, take this paper, and you will be discouraged from writing, I warrant you.

Luck. What is it? — Oh! one of my play-bills.

Wit. One of thy play-bills!

Luck. Even so —— I have taken the advice you gave me this morning.

Wit. Explain.

Luck. Why, I had some time since given this performance of mine to be rehearsed, and the actors were all perfect in their parts; but we happened to differ about some particulars, and I had a design to have

given it over; 'till having my play refused by Marplay, I sent for the managers of the other house in a passion, joined issue with them, and this very evening it is to be acted.

Wit. Well, I wish you success.

Luck. Where are you going?

Wit. Anywhere but to hear you damned, which I must, was I to go to your puppet-show.

Luck. Indulge me in this trial; and I assure thee, if it be successless, it shall be the last.

Wit. On that condition I will; but should the torrent run against you, I shall be a fashionable friend and hiss with the rest.

Luck. No, a man who could do so unfashionable and so generous a thing as Mr. Witmore did this morning ——

Wit. Then I hope you will return it, by never mentioning it to me more. I will now to the pit.

Luck. And I behind the scenes.

Scene IX. — Luckless, Harriot.

Luck. Dear Harriot!

Har. I was going to the playhouse to look after you — I am frightened out of my wits — I have left my mother at home with the strangest sort of man, who is inquiring after you: he has raised a mob before the door by the oddity of his appearance; his dress is like nothing I ever saw, and he talks of kings, and Bantam, and the strangest stuff.

Luck. What the devil can he be?

Har. One of your old acquaintance, I suppose, in

disguise — one of his majesty's officers with his commission in his pocket, I warrant him.

Luck. Well, but have you your part perfect?

Har. I had, unless this fellow hath frightened it out of my head again; but I am afraid I shall play it wretchedly.

Luck. Why so?

Har. I shall never have assurance enough to go through with it, especially if they should hiss me.

Luck. Oh! your mask will keep you in countenance, and as for hissing, you need not fear it. The audience are generally so favourable to young beginners: but hist, here is your mother and she has seen us. Adieu, my dear, make what haste you can to the playhouse. [*Exit.*

SCENE X. — HARRIOT, MONEYWOOD.

Har. I wish I could avoid her, for I suppose we shall have an alarum.

Money. So, so, very fine: always together, always caterwauling. How like a hangdog he stole off; and it 's well for him he did, for I should have rung such a peal in his ears. — There 's a friend of his at my house would be very glad of his company, and I wish it was in my power to bring them together.

Har. You would not surely be so barbarous.

Money. Barbarous! ugh! You whining, puling fool! Hussey, you have not a drop of my blood in you. What, you are in love, I suppose?

Har. If I was, madam, it would be no crime.

Money. Yes, madam, but it would, and a folly too.

No woman of sense was ever in love with anything but a man's pocket. What, I suppose he has filled your head with a pack of romantick stuff of streams and dreams, and charms and arms. I know this is the stuff they all run on with, and so run into our debts, and run away with our daughters. Come, confess; are not you two to live in a wilderness together on love? Ah! thou fool! thou wilt find he will pay thee in love just as he has paid me in money. If thou wert resolved to go a-begging, why did you not follow the camp? There, indeed, you might have carried a knapsack; but here you will have no knapsack to carry. There, indeed, you might have had a chance of burying half a score husbands in a campaign; whereas a poet is a long-lived animal; you have but one chance of burying him, and that is, starving him.

Har. Well, madam, and I would sooner starve with the man I love than ride in a coach and six with him I hate: and, as for his passion, you will not make me suspect that, for he hath given me such proofs on't.

Money. Proofs! I shall die. Has he given you proofs of love?

Har. All that any modest woman can require.

Money. If he has given you all a modest woman can require, I am afraid he has given you more than a modest woman should take: because he has been so good a lodger, I suppose I shall have some more of the family to keep. It is probable I shall live to see half a dozen grandsons of mine in Grub-street.

Scene XI. — Moneywood, Harriot, Jack.

Jack. Oh, madam! the man whom you took for a bailiff is certainly some great man; he has a vast many jewels and other fine things about him; he offered me twenty guineas to shew him my master, and has given away so much money among the chairmen, that some folks believe he intends to stand member of parliament for Westminster.

Money. Nay, then, I am sure he is worth inquiring into. So, d'ye hear, sirrah, make as much haste as you can before me, and desire him to part with no more money till I come.

Har. So, now my mother is in pursuit of money, I may securely go in pursuit of my lover: and I am mistaken, good mamma, if e'en you would not think that the better pursuit of the two.

In generous love transporting raptures lie,
Which age, with all its treasures, cannot buy.

THE

TRAGEDY OF TRAGEDIES

OR, THE

LIFE AND DEATH OF TOM THUMB THE GREAT

WITH THE ANNOTATIONS OF H. SCRIBLERUS SECUNDUS

First Acted in 1730, and Altered in 1731

H. SCRIBLERUS SECUNDUS,

HIS PREFACE.

THE town hath seldom been more divided in its opinion than concerning the merit of the following scenes. While some publickly affirmed that no author could produce so fine a piece but Mr. P——, others have with as much vehemence insisted that no one could write anything so bad but Mr. F——.

Nor can we wonder at this dissension about its merit, when the learned world have not unanimously decided even the very nature of this tragedy. For though most of the universities in Europe have honoured it with the name of "Egregium et maximi pretii opus, tragœdiis tam antiquis quàm novis longè anteponendum;" nay, Dr. B—— hath pronounced, "Citiùs Mævii Æneadem quàm Scribleri istius tragœdiam hanc crediderim, cujus autorem Senecam ipsum tradidisse haud dubitârim:" and the great professor Burman hath styled Tom Thumb "Heroum omnium tragicorum facilè principem:" nay, though it hath, among other languages, been translated into Dutch, and celebrated with great applause at Amsterdam (where burlesque never came) by the title of Mynheer Vander Thumb, the burgomasters receiving it with that reverent and silent attention which becometh an audience at a deep tragedy. Not-

withstanding all this, there have not been wanting some who have represented these scenes in a ludicrous light; and Mr. D—— hath been heard to say, with some concern, that he wondered a tragical and Christian nation would permit a representation on its theatre so visibly designed to ridicule and extirpate everything that is great and solemn among us.

This learned critick and his followers were led into so great an error by that surreptitious and piratical copy which stole last year into the world; with what injustice and prejudice to our author will be acknowledged, I hope, by every one who shall happily peruse this genuine and original copy. Nor can I help remarking, to the great praise of our author, that, however imperfect the former was, even that faint resemblance of the true Tom Thumb contained sufficient beauties to give it a run of upwards of forty nights to the politest audiences. But, notwithstanding that applause which it received from all the best judges, it was as severely censured by some few bad ones, and, I believe rather maliciously than ignorantly, reported to have been intended a burlesque on the loftiest parts of tragedy, and designed to banish what we generally call fine things from the stage.

Now, if I can set my country right in an affair of this importance, I shall lightly esteem any labour which it may cost. And this I the rather undertake, first, as it is indeed in some measure incumbent on me to vindicate myself from that surreptitious copy before mentioned, published by some ill-mean-

ing people under my name; secondly, as knowing myself more capable of doing justice to our author than any other man, as I have given myself more pains to arrive at a thorough understanding of this little piece, having for ten years together read nothing else; in which time, I think, I may modestly presume, with the help of my English dictionary, to comprehend all the meanings of every word in it.

But should any error of my pen awaken Clariss. Bentleium to enlighten the world with his annotations on our author, I shall not think that the least reward or happiness arising to me from these my endeavours.

I shall waive at present what hath caused such feuds in the learned world, whether this piece was originally written by Shakspeare, though certainly that, were it true, must add a considerable share to its merit, especially with such who are so generous as to buy and commend what they never read, from an implicit faith in the author only: a faith which our age abounds in as much as it can be called deficient in any other.

Let it suffice, that THE TRAGEDY OF TRAGEDIES; OR, THE LIFE AND DEATH OF TOM THUMB, was written in the reign of queen Elizabeth. Nor can the objection made by Mr. D——, that the tragedy must then have been antecedent to the history, have any weight, when we consider that, though the HISTORY OF TOM THUMB, printed by and for Edward M——r, at the Looking-glass on London-bridge, be of a later date, still must we suppose this history to have been transcribed from some other, unless we

suppose the writer thereof to be inspired: a gift very faintly contended for by the writers of our age. As to this history's not bearing the stamp of second, third, or fourth edition, I see but little in that objection; editions being very uncertain lights to judge of books by: and perhaps Mr. M——r may have joined twenty editions in one, as Mr. C——l hath ere now divided one into twenty.

Nor doth the other argument, drawn from the little care our author hath taken to keep up to the letter of this history, carry any greater force. Are there not instances of plays wherein the history is so perverted, that we can know the heroes whom they celebrate by no other marks than their names? nay, do we not find the same character placed by different poets in such different lights, that we can discover not the least sameness, or even likeness, in the features? The Sophonisba of Mairet and of Lee is a tender, passionate, amorous mistress of Massinissa: Corneille and Mr. Thomson give her no other passion but the love of her country, and make her as cool in her affection to Massinissa as to Syphax. In the two latter she resembles the character of queen Elizabeth; in the two former she is the picture of Mary queen of Scotland. In short, the one Sophonisba is as different from the other as the Brutus of Voltaire is from the Marius, jun., of Otway, or as the Minerva is from the Venus of the ancients.

Let us now proceed to a regular examination of the tragedy before us, in which I shall treat separately of the Fable, the Moral, the Characters, the Sentiments, and the Diction. And first of the

Fable; which I take to be the most simple imaginable; and, to use the words of an eminent author, "one, regular, and uniform, not charged with a multiplicity of incidents, and yet affording several revolutions of fortune, by which the passions may be excited, varied, and driven to their full tumult of emotion."—Nor is the action of this tragedy less great than uniform. The spring of all is the love of Tom Thumb for Huncamunca; which caused the quarrel between their majesties in the first act; the passion of Lord Grizzle in the second; the rebellion, fall of Lord Grizzle and Glumdalca, devouring of Tom Thumb by the cow, and that bloody catastrophe, in the third.

Nor is the Moral of this excellent tragedy less noble than the Fable; it teaches these two instructive lessons, viz., that human happiness is exceeding transient; and that death is the certain end of all men: the former whereof is inculcated by the fatal end of Tom Thumb; the latter, by that of all the other personages.

The Characters are, I think, sufficiently described in the dramatis personæ; and I believe we shall find few plays where greater care is taken to maintain them throughout, and to preserve in every speech that characteristical mark which distinguishes them from each other. "But (says Mr. D——) how well doth the character of Tom Thumb, whom we must call the hero of this tragedy, if it hath any hero, agree with the precepts of Aristotle, who defineth 'Tragedy to be the imitation of a short but perfect action, containing a just greatness in itself'? &c.

What greatness can be in a fellow whom history relateth to have been no higher than a span?" This gentleman seemeth to think, with serjeant Kite, that the greatness of a man's soul is in proportion to that of his body; the contrary of which is affirmed by our English physiognomical writers. Besides, if I understand Aristotle right, he speaketh only of the greatness of the action, and not of the person.

As for the Sentiments and the Diction, which now only remain to be spoken to; I thought I could afford them no stronger justification than by producing parallel passages out of the best of our English writers. Whether this sameness of thought and expression, which I have quoted from them, proceeded from an agreement in their way of thinking, or whether they have borrowed from our author, I leave the reader to determine. I shall adventure to affirm this of the Sentiments of our author, that they are generally the most familiar which I have ever met with, and at the same time delivered with the highest dignity of phrase; which brings me to speak of his diction. Here I shall only beg one postulatum, viz., That the greatest perfection of the language of a tragedy is, that it is not to be understood; which granted (as I think it must be), it will necessarily follow that the only way to avoid this is by being too high or too low for the understanding, which will comprehend everything within its reach. Those two extremities of stile Mr. Dryden illustrates by the familiar image of two inns, which I shall term the aërial and the subterrestrial.

Horace goes farther, and sheweth when it is proper to call at one of these inns, and when at the other:

> Telephus et Peleus, cùm pauper et exul uterque,
> Projicit ampullas et sesquipedalia verba.

That he approveth of the sesquipedalia verba is plain; for, had not Telephus and Peleus used this sort of diction in prosperity, they could not have dropt it in adversity. The aërial inn, therefore (says Horace), is proper only to be frequented by princes and other great men in the highest affluence of fortune; the subterrestrial is appointed for the entertainment of the poorer sort of people only, whom Horace advises,

> — dolere sermone pedestri.

The true meaning of both which citations is, that bombast is the proper language for joy, and doggrel for grief; the latter of which is literally implied in the sermo pedestris, as the former is in the sesquipedalia verba.

Cicero recommendeth the former of these: "Quid est tam furiosum vel tragicum quàm verborum sonitus inanis, nullâ subjectâ sententiâ neque scientiâ." What can be so proper for tragedy as a set of big sounding words, so contrived together as to convey no meaning? which I shall one day or other prove to be the sublime of Longinus. Ovid declareth absolutely for the latter inn:

> Omne genus scripti gravitate tragœdia vincit.

Tragedy hath, of all writings, the greatest share in the bathos; which is the profound of Scriblerus.

I shall not presume to determine which of these two stiles be properer for tragedy. It sufficeth, that our author excelleth in both. He is very rarely within sight through the whole play, either rising higher than the eye of your understanding can soar, or sinking lower than it careth to stoop. But here it may perhaps be observed that I have given more frequent instances of authors who have imitated him in the sublime than in the contrary. To which I answer, first, Bombast being properly a redundancy of genius, instances of this nature occur in poets whose names do more honour to our author than the writers in the doggrel, which proceeds from a cool, calm, weighty way of thinking. Instances whereof are most frequently to be found in authors of a lower class. Secondly, That the works of such authors are difficultly found at all. Thirdly, That it is a very hard task to read them, in order to extract these flowers from them. And lastly, it is very difficult to transplant them at all; they being like some flowers of a very nice nature, which will flourish in no soil but their own: for it is easy to transcribe a thought, but not the want of one. The Earl of Essex, for instance, is a little garden of choice rarities, whence you can scarce transplant one line so as to preserve its original beauty. This must account to the reader for his missing the names of several of his acquaintance, which he had certainly found here, had I ever read their works; for which, if I have not a just esteem, I can at least say with Cicero, "Quæ non contemno, quippè quæ nunquam legerim." However, that the reader may meet with due satisfaction in

this point, I have a young commentator from the university, who is reading over all the modern tragedies, at five shillings a dozen, and collecting all that they have stole from our author, which shall be shortly added as an appendix to this work.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Men.

King Arthur, a passionate sort of king, husband to queen Dollallolla, of whom he stands a little in fear; father to Huncamunca, whom he is very fond of, and in love with Glumdalca	Mr. Mullart.
Tom Thumb the Great, a little hero with a great soul, something violent in his temper, which is a little abated by his love for Huncamunca	Young Verhuyck.
Ghost of Gaffer Thumb, a whimsical sort of ghost	Mr. Lacy.
Lord Grizzle, extremely zealous for the liberty of the subject, very cholerick in his temper and in love with Huncamunca . . .	Mr. Jones.
Merlin, a conjurer, and in some sort father to Tom Thumb	Mr. Hallam.
Noodle, *Doodle*, courtiers in place, and consequently of that party that is uppermost	Mr. Reynolds, Mr. Wathan.
Foodle, a courtier that is out of place, and consequently of that party that is undermost	Mr. Ayres.
Bailiff, *and Follower*, of the party of the plaintiff	Mr. Peterson, Mr. Hicks.
Parson, of the side of the church	Mr. Watson.

Women.

Queen Dollallolla, wife to king Arthur, and mother to Huncamunca, a woman intirely faultless, saving that she is a little given to drink, a little too much a virago towards her husband, and in love with Tom Thumb	Mrs. Mullart.
The Princess Huncamunca, daughter to their majesties king Arthur and queen Dollallolla, of a very sweet, gentle, and amorous disposition, equally in love with Lord Grizzle and Tom Thumb, and desirous to be married to them both	Mrs. Jones.
Glumdalca, of the giants, a captive queen, beloved by the king, but in love with Tom Thumb	Mrs. Dove.

Cleora, *Mustacha*, maids of honour in love with Noodle and Doodle. — *Courtiers*, *Guards*, *Rebels*, *Drums*, *Trumpets*, *Thunder and Lightning.*

Scene, the court of king Arthur, and a plain thereabouts.

ACT I

SCENE I. — *The Palace.* DOODLE, NOODLE.

Doodle. Sure such a[1] day as this was never seen!
The sun himself, on this auspicious day,
Shines like a beau in a new birth-day suit:
This down the seams embroidered, that the beams.
All nature wears one universal grin.

Nood. This day, O Mr. Doodle, is a day

[1] Corneille recommends some very remarkable day wherein to fix the action of a tragedy. This the best of our tragical writers have understood to mean a day remarkable for the serenity of the sky, or what we generally call a fine summer's day: so that, according to this their exposition, the same months are proper for tragedy which are proper for pastoral. Most of our celebrated English tragedies, as Cato, Mariamne, Tamerlane, &c., begin with their observations on the morning. Lee seems to have come the nearest to this beautiful description of our author's:

> The morning dawns with an unwonted crimson,
> The flowers all odorous seem, the garden birds
> Sing louder, and the laughing sun ascends
> The gaudy earth with an unusual brightness:
> All nature smiles. — *Cæs. Borg.*

Massinissa, in the New Sophonisba, is also a favourite of the sun:

> ——— The sun too seems
> As conscious of my joy, with broader eye
> To look abroad the world, and all things smile
> Like Sophonisba.

Indeed! — A day,[1] we never saw before.
The mighty[2] Thomas Thumb victorious comes;
Millions of giants crowd his chariot wheels,
[3] Giants! to whom the giants in Guildhall

Memnon, in the Persian Princess, makes the sun decline rising, that he may not peep on objects which would profane his brightness:

——— The morning rises slow,
And all those ruddy streaks that used to paint
The day's approach are lost in clouds, as if
The horrors of the night had sent 'em back,
To warn the sun he should not leave the sea,
To peep, &c.

[1] This line is highly conformable to the beautiful simplicity of the antients. It hath been copied by almost every modern.

Not to be is not to be in woe. — *State of Innocence.*

Love is not sin but where 't is sinful love. — *Don Sebastian.*

Nature is nature, Lælius. — *Sophonisba.*

Men are but men, we did not make ourselves. — *Revenge.*

[2] Dr. B—y reads, The mighty Tall-mast Thumb. Mr. D—s, The mighty Thumbing Thumb. Mr. T—d reads, Thundering. I think Thomas more agreeable to the great simplicity so apparent in our author.

[3] That learned historian Mr. S—n, in the third number of his criticism on our author, takes great pains to explode this passage. "It is," says he, "difficult to guess what giants are here meant, unless the giant Despair in the Pilgrim's Progress, or the giant Greatness in the Royal Villain; for I have heard of no other sort of giants in the reign of King Arthur." Petrus Burmannus makes three Tom Thumbs, one whereof he supposes to have been the same person whom the Greeks called Hercules; and that by these giants are to be understood the Centaurs slain by that hero. Another Tom Thumb he contends to have been no other than the Hermes Trismegistus of the antients. The third Tom Thumb he places under the reign of king Arthur; to which third Tom Thumb, says he, the

Are infant dwarfs. They frown, and foam, and roar,
While Thumb, regardless of their noise, rides on.
So some cock-sparrow in a farmer's yard,
Hops at the head of an huge flock of turkeys.

Dood. When Goody Thumb first brought this Thomas forth,
The Genius of our land triumphant reign'd;
Then, then, O Arthur! did thy Genius reign.

Nood. They tell me it is[1] whisper'd in the books

actions of the other two were attributed. Now, though I know that this opinion is supported by an assertion of Justus Lipsius, "Thomam illum Thumbum non alium quàm Herculem fuisse satis constat," yet shall I venture to oppose one line of Mr. Midwinter against them all:

In Arthur's court Tom Thumb did live.

"But then," says Dr. B—y, "if we place Tom Thumb in the court of king Arthur, it will be proper to place that court out of Britain, where no giants were ever heard of." Spenser, in his Fairy Queen, is of another opinion, where, describing Albion, he says,

——— Far within a savage nation dwelt
Of hideous giants.

And in the same canto:

Then Elfar, with two brethren giants had,
The one of which had two heads ——
The other three.

Risum teneatis, amici.

[1] "To whisper in books," says Mr. D—s, "is arrant nonsense." I am afraid this learned man does not sufficiently understand the extensive meaning of the word whisper. If he had rightly understood what is meant by the "senses whisp'ring the soul," in the Persian Princess, or what "whisp'ring like winds" is in Aurengzebe, or like thunder in another author, he would have understood this. Emmeline in Dryden sees a

Of all our sages, that this mighty hero,
By Merlin's art begot, hath not a bone
Within his skin, but is a lump of gristle.

Dood. Then 't is a gristle of no mortal kind;
Some God, my Noodle, stept into the place
Of Gaffer Thumb, and more than [1] half begot
This mighty Tom.

Nood. —[2] Sure he was sent express
From Heaven to be the pillar of our state.
Though small his body be, so very small
A chairman's leg is more than twice as large,
Yet is his soul like any mountain big;
And as a mountain once brought forth a mouse,
[3] So doth this mouse contain a mighty mountain.

voice, but she was born blind, which is an excuse Panthea cannot plead in Cyrus, who hears a sight:

> ———Your description will surpass
> All fiction, painting, or dumb shew of horror,
> That ever ears yet heard, or eyes beheld.

When Mr. D—s understands these, he will understand whispering in books.

[1] — Some ruffian stept into his father's place,
And more than half begot him. — *Mary Queen of Scots.*

[2] — For Ulamar seems sent express from Heaven,
To civilize this rugged Indian clime. — *Liberty Asserted.*

[3] "Omne majus continet in se minus, sed minus non in se majus continere potest," says Scaliger in Thumbo. I suppose he would have cavilled at these beautiful lines in the Earl of Essex:

> —— Thy most inveterate soul,
> That looks through the foul prison of thy body.

And at those of Dryden:

> The palace is without too well design'd;
> Conduct me in, for I will view thy mind. — *Aurengzebe.*

Dood. Mountain indeed! So terrible his name.
[1] The giant nurses frighten children with it,
And cry Tom Thumb is come, and if you are
Naughty, will surely take the child away.

Nood. But hark! [2] these trumpets speak the king's approach.

Dood. He comes most luckily for my petition.

[*Flourish.*

SCENE II. — KING, QUEEN, GRIZZLE, NOODLE, DOODLE, FOODLE.

King. [3] Let nothing but a face of joy appear;
The man who frowns this day shall lose his head,
That he may have no face to frown withal.
Smile Dollallolla — Ha! what wrinkled sorrow

[1] Mr. Banks hath copied this almost verbatim:

> It was enough to say, here 's Essex come,
> And nurses still'd their children with the fright.
> — *Earl of Essex.*

[2] The trumpet in a tragedy is generally as much as to say, Enter king, which makes Mr. Banks, in one of his plays, call it the trumpet's formal sound.

[3] Phraortes, in the Captives, seems to have been acquainted with King Arthur:

> Proclaim a festival for seven days' space,
> Let the court shine in all its pomp and lustre,
> Let all our streets resound with shouts of joy;
> Let musick's care-dispelling voice be heard;
> The sumptuous banquet and the flowing goblet
> Shall warm the cheek and fill the heart with gladness.
> Astarbe shall sit mistress of the feast.

[1] Hangs, sits, lies, frowns upon thy knitted brow?
Whence flow those tears fast down thy blubber'd
checks,
Like a swoln gutter, gushing through the streets?
Queen. [2] Excess of joy, my lord, I 've heard folks
say,
Gives tears as certain as excess of grief.
King. If it be so, let all men cry for joy,
[3] Till my whole court be drowned with their tears;

[1] Repentance frowns on thy contracted brow. — *Sophonisba.*

Hung on his clouded brow, I mark'd despair. — *Ibid.*

—— A sullen gloom
Scowls on his brow. — *Busiris.*

[2] Plato is of this opinion, and so is Mr. Banks:

Behold these tears sprung from fresh pain and joy.
— *Earl of Essex.*

[3] These floods are very frequent in the tragick authors:

Near to some murmuring brook I 'll lay me down,
Whose waters, if they should too shallow flow,
My tears shall swell them up till I will drown.
— *Lee's Sophonisba.*

Pouring forth tears at such a lavish rate,
That were the world on fire they might have drown'd
The wrath of heaven, and quench'd the mighty ruin.
— *Mithridates.*

One author changes the waters of grief to those of joy:

—— These tears, that sprung from tides of grief,
Are now augmented to a flood of joy. — *Cyrus the Great.*

Another:

Turns all the streams of heat, and makes them flow
In pity's channel. — *Royal Villain.*

Nay, till they overflow my utmost land,
And leave me nothing but the sea to rule.
Dood. My liege, I a petition have here got.
King. Petition me no petitions, sir, to-day:
Let other hours be set apart for business.
To-day it is our pleasure to be [1] drunk.
And this our queen shall be as drunk as we.

One drowns himself:

—— Pity like a torrent pours me down,
Now I am drowning all within a deluge. — *Anna Bullen.*

Cyrus drowns the whole world:

Our swelling grief
Shall melt into a deluge, and the world
Shall drown in tears. — *Cyrus the Great.*

[1] An expression vastly beneath the dignity of tragedy, says Mr. D—s, yet we find the word he cavils at in the mouth of Mithridates less properly used, and applied to a more terrible idea:

I would be drunk with death. — *Mithridates.*

The author of the New Sophonisba taketh hold of this monosyllable, and uses it pretty much to the same purpose:

The Carthaginian sword with Roman blood
Was drunk.

I would ask Mr. D—s which gives him the best idea, a drunken king, or a drunken sword?

Mr. Tate dresses up King Arthur's resolution in heroick:

Merry, my lord, o' th' captain's humour right,
I am resolved to be dead drunk to-night.

Lee also uses this charming word:

Love 's the drunkenness of the mind. — *Gloriana.*

Queen. (Though I already [1] half seas over am)
If the capacious goblet overflow
With arrack punch——'fore George! I 'll see it out:
Of rum and brandy I 'll not taste a drop.

King. Though rack, in punch, eight shillings be a quart,
And rum and brandy be no more than six,
Rather than quarrel you shall have your will.

[*Trumpets.*

But, ha! the warrior comes — the great Tom Thumb,
The little hero, giant-killing boy,
Preserver of my kingdom, is arrived.

Scene III. — Tom Thumb *to them, with* Officers, Prisoners, *and* Attendants.

King. [2] Oh! welcome most, most welcome to my arms.
What gratitude can thank away the debt
Your valour lays upon me?

Queen. ——————[3] Oh! ye gods! [*Aside.*

Thumb. When I 'm not thank'd at all, I 'm thank'd enough.

[4] I 've done my duty, and I 've done no more,

[1] Dryden hath borrowed this, and applied it improperly:

I 'm half seas o'er in death. — *Cleomenes.*

[2] This figure is in great use among the tragedians:

'T is therefore, therefore 't is. — *Victim.*

I long, repent, repent, and long again. — *Busiris.*

[3] A tragical exclamation.

[4] This line is copied verbatim in the Captives.

Queen. Was ever such a godlike creature seen?
[*Aside.*

King. Thy modesty 's a [1] candle to thy merit,
It shines itself, and shews thy merit too.
But say, my boy, where didst thou leave the giants?

Thumb. My liege, without the castle gates they stand,
The castle gates too low for their admittance.

King. What look they like?

Thumb. Like nothing but themselves.

Queen. [2] And sure thou art like nothing but thyself. [*Aside.*

King. Enough! the vast idea fills my soul.
I see them — yes, I see them now before me;
The monstrous, ugly, barb'rous sons of whores.
But ha! what form majestick strikes our eyes?
[3] So perfect, that it seems to have been drawn

[1] We find a candlestick for this candle in two celebrated authors:

——— Each star withdraws
His golden head, and burns within the socket. — *Nero.*

A soul grown old and sunk into the socket. — *Sebastian.*

[2] This simile occurs very frequently among the dramatic writers of both kinds.

[3] Mr. Lee hath stolen this thought from our author:

This perfect face, drawn by the gods in council,
Which they were long a making. — *Luc. Jun. Brut.*

—— At his birth the heavenly council paused,
And then at last cry'd out, This is a man!

Dryden hath improved this hint to the utmost perfection:

So perfect, that the very gods who form'd you wonder'd
At their own skill, and cry'd, A lucky hit

By all the gods in council: so fair she is,
That surely at her birth the council paused,
And then at length cry'd out, This is a woman!

Thumb. Then were the gods mistaken — she is not
A woman, but a giantess —— whom we,
[1] With much ado, have made a shift to hawl
Within the town: [2] for she is by a foot
Shorter than all her subject giants were.

Glum. We yesterday were both a queen and wife,
One hundred thousand giants own'd our sway,
Twenty whereof were married to ourself.

Queen. Oh! happy state of giantism where husbands
Like mushrooms grow, whilst hapless we are forced
To be content, nay, happy thought, with one.

> Has mended our design! Their envy hindered,
> Or you had been immortal, and a pattern,
> When Heaven would work for ostentation sake,
> To copy out again. — *All for Love.*

Banks prefers the works of Michael Angelo to that of the gods:

> A pattern for the gods to make a man by,
> Or Michael Angelo to form a statue.

[1] It is impossible, says Mr. W——, sufficiently to admire this natural easy line.

[2] This tragedy, which in most points resembles the ancients, differs from them in this — that it assigns the same honour to lowness of stature which they did to height. The gods and heroes in Homer and Virgil are continually described higher by the head than their followers, the contrary of which is observed by our author. In short, to exceed on either side is equally admirable; and a man of three foot is as wonderful a sight as a man of nine.

Glum. But then to lose them all in one black day,
That the same sun which, rising, saw me wife
To twenty giants, setting should behold
Me widow'd of them all. —— [1] My worn-out heart,
That ship, leaks fast, and the great heavy lading,
My soul, will quickly sink.
Queen. Madam, believe
I view your sorrows with a woman's eye :
But learn to bear them with what strength you may,
To-morrow we will have our grenadiers
Drawn out before you, and you then shall choose
What husbands you think fit.
Glum. [2] Madam, I am
Your most obedient and most humble servant.
King. Think, mighty princess, think this court your own,
Nor think the landlord me, this house my inn ;
Call for whate'er you will, you 'll nothing pay.
[3] I feel a sudden pain within my breast,
Nor know I whether it arise from love

[1] My blood leaks fast, and the great heavy lading
My soul will quickly sink. — *Mithridates.*

My soul is like a ship. — *Injured Love.*

[2] This well-bred line seems to be copied in the Persian Princess : —

To be your humblest and most faithful slave.

[3] This doubt of the king puts me in mind of a passage in the Captives, where the noise of feet is mistaken for the rustling of leaves.

——— Methinks I hear
The sound of feet :
No ; 't was the wind that shook yon cypress boughs.

Or only the wind-cholick. Time must shew.
O Thumb! what do we to thy valour owe!
Ask some reward, great as we can bestow.

Thumb. [1] I ask not kingdoms, I can conquer those;
I ask not money, money I've enough;
For what I've done, and what I mean to do,
For giants slain, and giants yet unborn,
Which I will slay —— if this be called a debt,
Take my receipt in full: I ask but this, —
[2] To sun myself in Huncamunca's eyes.

King. Prodigious bold request. }
Queen. —— [3] Be still, my soul. } [*Aside.*

Thumb. [4] My heart is at the threshold of your mouth,

[1] Mr. Dryden seems to have had this passage in his eye in the first page of Love Triumphant.

[2] Don Carlos, in the Revenge, suns himself in the charms of his mistress:

While in the lustre of her charms I lay.

[3] A tragical phrase much in use.

[4] This speech hath been taken to pieces by several tragical authors, who seem to have rifled it, and shared its beauties among them.

My soul waits at the portal of thy breast,
To ravish from thy lips the welcome news. — *Anna Bullen.*

My soul stands list'ning at my ears. — *Cyrus the Great.*

Love to his tune my jarring heart would bring,
But reason overwinds, and cracks the string. — *D. of Guise.*

—————— I should have loved,
Though Jove, in muttering thunder, had forbid it.
— *New Sophonisba.*

And when it (*my heart*) wild resolves to love no more,
Then is the triumph of excessive love. — *Ibid.*

And waits its answer there. —— Oh ! do not frown.
I've try'd to reason's tune to tune my soul,
But love did overwind and crack the string.
Though Jove in thunder had cry'd out, YOU SHAN'T,
I should have loved her still ——for oh, strange fate,
Then when I loved her least I loved her most !

King. It is resolv'd — the princess is your own.

Thumb. Oh ! [1] happy, happy, happy, happy Thumb.

Queen. Consider, sir ; reward your soldier's merit,
But give not Huncamunca to Tom Thumb.

King. Tom Thumb ! Odzooks ! my wide-extended realm,
Knows not a name so glorious as Tom Thumb.
Let Macedonia Alexander boast,
Let Rome her Cæsars and her Scipios show,
Her Messieurs France, let Holland boast Mynheers,
Ireland her O's, her Macs let Scotland boast,
Let England boast no other than Tom Thumb.

Queen. Though greater yet his boasted merit was,
He shall not have my daughter, that is pos'.

King. Ha ! sayst thou, Dollallolla ?

Queen. ——————— I say he shan't.

King. [2] Then by our royal self we swear you lie.

Queen. [3] Who but a dog, who but a dog

[1] Massinissa is one-fourth less happy than Tom Thumb.

Oh ! happy, happy, happy ! — *New Sophonisba.*

[2] No by myself. — *Anna Bullen.*

[3] ——————— Who caused
This dreadful revolution in my fate.
Ulamar. Who but a dog — who but a dog ? — *Liberty As.*

Would use me as thou dost? Me, who have lain
[1] These twenty years so loving by thy side!
But I will be revenged. I 'll hang myself.
Then tremble all who did this match persuade,
[2] For, riding on a cat, from high I 'll fall,
And squirt down royal vengeance on you all.

Food. [3] Her majesty the queen is in a passion.

King. [4] Be she, or be she not, I 'll to the girl
And pave thy way, oh Thumb — Now by ourself,
We were indeed a pretty king of clouts
To truckle to her will —— For when by force
Or art the wife her husband over-reaches,
Give him the petticoat, and her the breeches.

Thumb. [5] Whisper ye winds, that Huncamunca's mine!
Echoes repeat, that Huncamunca's mine!
The dreadful bus'ness of the war is o'er,
And beauty, heav'nly beauty! crowns my toils!
I 've thrown the bloody garment now aside

[1] ———— A bride,
Who twenty years lay loving by your side. — *Banks.*

[2] For, borne upon a cloud, from high I 'll fall,
And rain down royal vengeance on you all. — *Alb. Queens.*

[3] An information very like this we have in the tragedy of Love, where, Cyrus having stormed in the most violent manner, Cyaxares observes very calmly,

Why, nephew Cyrus, you are moved.

[4] 'T is in your choice.
Love me, or love me not. — *Conquest of Granada.*

[5] There is not one beauty in this charming speech but what hath been borrow'd by almost every tragick writer.

And hymeneal sweets invite my bride.
So when some chimney-sweeper all the day
Hath through dark paths pursued the sooty way,
At night to wash his hands and face he flies,
And in his t'other shirt with his Brickdusta lies.

Scene IV.

Grizzle (*solus.*) [1] Where art thou, Grizzle? where are now thy glories?
Where are the drums that waken thee to honour?
Greatness is a laced coat from Monmouth-street,
Which fortune lends us for a day to wear,
To-morrow puts it on another's back.
The spiteful sun but yesterday survey'd
His rival high as Saint Paul's cupola;
Now may he see me as Fleet-ditch laid low.

Scene V. — Queen, Grizzle.

Queen. [2] Teach me to scold, prodigious-minded Grizzle,
Mountain of treason, ugly as the devil,
Teach this confounded hateful mouth of mine
To spout forth words malicious as thyself,
Words which might shame all Billingsgate to speak.
Griz. Far be it from my pride to think my tongue

[1] Mr. Banks has (I wish I could not say too servilely) imitated this of Grizzle in his Earl of Essex:

Where art thou, Essex, &c.

[2] The countess of Nottingham, in the Earl of Essex, is apparently acquainted with Dollallolla.

Your royal lips can in that art instruct,
Wherein you so excel. But may I ask,
Without offence, wherefore my queen would scold?
Queen. Wherefore? Oh! blood and thunder! han't you heard
(What every corner of the court resounds)
That little Thumb will be a great man made?
Griz. I heard it, I confess — for who, alas!
[1] Can always stop his ears? — But would my teeth,
By grinding knives, had first been set on edge!
Queen. Would I had heard, at the still noon of night,
The hallalloo of fire in every street!
Odsbobs! I have a mind to hang myself,
To think I should a grandmother be made
By such a rascal! — Sure the king forgets
When in a pudding, by his mother put,
The bastard, by a tinker, on a stile
Was dropp'd. — O, good lord Grizzle! can I bear
To see him from a pudding mount the throne?
Or can, oh can, my Huncamunca bear
To take a pudding's offspring to her arms?
Griz. Oh horror! horror! horror! cease, my queen,
[2] Thy voice, like twenty screech-owls, wracks my brain.

[1] Grizzle was not probably possessed of that glew of which Mr. Banks speaks in his Cyrus.

I 'll glew my ears to every word.

[2] Screech-owls, dark ravens, and amphibious monsters,
Are screaming in that voice. — *Mary Queen of Scots.*

Queen. Then rouse thy spirit — we may yet prevent this hated match.

Griz. ——We will[1]; nor fate itself,
Should it conspire with Thomas Thumb, should cause it.
I'll swim through seas; I'll ride upon the clouds;
I'll dig the earth; I'll blow out every fire;
I'll rave; I'll rant; I'll rise; I'll rush; I'll roar;
Fierce as the man whom[2] smiling dolphins bore
From the prosaick to poetick shore.
I'll tear the scoundrel into twenty pieces.

Queen. Oh, no! prevent the match, but hurt him not;
For, though I would not have him have my daughter,
Yet can we kill the man that kill'd the giants?

Griz. I tell you, madam, it was all a trick;
He made the giants first, and then he kill'd them;
As fox-hunters bring foxes to the wood,
And then with hounds they drive them out again.

Queen. How! have you seen no giants? Are there not
Now, in the yard, ten thousand proper giants?

[1] The reader may see all the beauties of this speech in a late ode called the Naval Lyrick.

[2] This epithet to a dolphin doth not give one so clear an idea as were to be wished; a smiling fish seeming a little more difficult to be imagined than a flying fish. Mr. Dryden is of opinion that smiling is the property of reason, and that no irrational creature can smile:

> Smiles not allow'd to beasts from reason move.
> — *State of Innocence.*

Griz. [1] Indeed I cannot positively tell,
But firmly do believe there is not one.
Queen. Hence! from my sight! thou traitor, hie away;
By all my stars! thou enviest Tom Thumb.
Go, sirrah! go,[2] hie away! hie! —— thou art
A setting dog: be gone.
Griz. Madam, I go.
Tom Thumb shall feel the vengeance you have raised.
So, when two dogs are fighting in the streets,
With a third dog one of the two dogs meets,
With angry teeth he bites him to the bone,
And this dog smarts for what that dog has done.

[1] These lines are written in the same key with those in the Earl of Essex:

> Why, say'st thou so? I love thee well, indeed
> I do, and thou shalt find by this 't is true.

Or with this in Cyrus:

> The most heroick mind that ever was.

And with above half of the modern tragedies.

[2] Aristotle, in that excellent work of his which is very justly stiled his masterpiece, earnestly recommends using the terms of art, however coarse or even indecent they may be. Mr. Tate is of the same opinion.

> *Bru.* Do not, like young hawks, fetch a course about,
> Your game flies fair.
>
> *Fra.* Do not fear it.
> He answers you in your own hawking phrase.
> — *Injured Love.*

I think these two great authorities are sufficient to justify Dollallolla in the use of the phrase, "Hie away, hie!" when in the same line she says she is speaking to a setting-dog.

Scene VI.

Queen (*sola*). And whither shall I go? — Alack a day!
I love Tom Thumb — but must not tell him so;
For what 's a woman when her virtue 's gone?
A coat without its lace; wig out of buckle;
A stocking with a hole in 't —— I can't live
Without my virtue, or without Tom Thumb.
[1] Then let me weigh them in two equal scales;
In this scale put my virtue, that Tom Thumb.
Alas! Tom Thumb is heavier than my virtue.
But hold! — perhaps I may be left a widow:
This match prevented, then Tom Thumb is mine;
In that dear hope I will forget my pain.
So, when some wench to Tothill Bridewell's sent
With beating hemp and flogging she 's content;
She hopes in time to ease her present pain,
At length is free, and walks the streets again.

[1] We meet with such another pair of scales in Dryden's King Arthur:

> Arthur and Oswald, and their different fates,
> Are weighing now within the scales of heaven.

Also in Sebastian:

> This hour my lot is weighing in the scales.

ACT II.

SCENE I. — *The street.* Bailiff, Follower.

[1] *Bail.* Come on, my trusty follower, come on;
This day discharge thy duty, and at night
A double mug of beer, and beer shall glad thee.
Stand here by me, this way must Noodle pass.
Fol. No more, no more, oh Bailiff! every word
Inspires my soul with virtue. Oh! I long
To meet the enemy in the street — and nab him:
To lay arresting hands upon his back,
And drag him trembling to the spunging-house.
Bail. There when I have him, I will spunge upon him.
Oh! glorious thought! by the sun, moon, and stars,
I will enjoy it, though it be in thought!
Yes, yes, my follower, I will enjoy it.
Fol. Enjoy it then some other time, for now
Our prey approaches.
Bail. Let us retire.

SCENE II. — TOM THUMB, NOODLE, Bailiff, Follower.

Thumb. Trust me, my Noodle, I am wondrous sick;
For, though I love the gentle Huncamunca,

[1] Mr. Rowe is generally imagined to have taken some hints from this scene in his character of Bajazet; but as he, of all the tragick writers, bears the least resemblance to our author in his diction, I am unwilling to imagine he would condescend to copy him in this particular.

Yet at the thought of marriage I grow pale:
For, oh! — [1] but swear thou 'lt keep it ever secret,
I will unfold a tale will make thee stare.

Nood. I swear by lovely Huncamunca's charms.

Thumb. Then know — [2] my grandmamma hath often said,
Tom Thumb, beware of marriage.

Nood. Sir, I blush
To think a warrior, great in arms as you,
Should be affrighted by his grandmamma.
Can an old woman's empty dreams deter
The blooming hero from the virgin's arms?
Think of the joy that will your soul alarm,
When in her fond embraces clasp'd you lie,
While on her panting breast, dissolved in bliss,
You pour out all Tom Thumb in every kiss.

Thumb. Oh! Noodle, thou hast fired my eager soul;
Spite of my grandmother she shall be mine;
I 'll hug, caress, I 'll eat her up with love:
Whole days, and nights, and years shall be too short
For our enjoyment; every sun shall rise
[3] Blushing to see us in our bed together.

[1] This method of surprizing an audience, by raising their expectation to the highest pitch, and then baulking it, hath been practised with great success by most of our tragical authors.

[2] Almeyda, in Sebastian, is in the same distress:

> Sometimes methinks I hear the groan of ghosts,
> Thin hollow sounds and lamentable screams;
> Then, like a dying echo from afar,
> My mother's voice that cries, Wed not, Almeyda;
> Forewarn'd, Almeyda, marriage is thy crime.

[1] "As very well he may, if he hath any modesty in him," says Mr. D—s. The author of Busiris is extremely zealous to prevent the sun's blushing at any indecent object; and there-

Nood. Oh, sir! this purpose of your soul pursue.
Bail. Oh! sir! I have an action against you.
Nood. At whose suit is it?
Bail. At your taylor's, sir.
Your taylor put this warrant in my hands,
And I arrest you, sir, at his commands.
Thumb. Ha! dogs! Arrest my friend before my face!
Think you Tom Thumb will suffer this disgrace?
But let vain cowards threaten by their word,
Tom Thumb shall shew his anger by his sword.
[*Kills* Bailiff *and* Follower.
Bail. Oh, I am slain!
Fol. I am murdered also,
And to the shades, the dismal shades below,
My bailiff's faithful follower I go.
Nood. [1] Go then to hell, like rascals as you are,
And give our service to the bailiffs there.

fore on all such occasions he addresses himself to the sun, and desires him to keep out of the way.

Rise never more, O sun! let night prevail,
Eternal darkness close the world's wide scene. — *Busiris.*
Sun hide thy face, and put the world in mourning. — *Ibid.*

Mr. Banks makes the sun perform the office of Hymen, and therefore not likely to be disgusted at such a sight:

The sun sets forth like a gay brideman with you.
— *Mary Queen of Scots.*

[1] Nourmahal sends the same message to heaven;

For I would have you, when you upwards move,
Speak kindly of us to our friends above. — *Aurengzebe.*

We find another to hell, in the Persian Princess:

Villain, get thee down
To hell, and tell them that the fray 's begun.

Thumb. Thus perish all the bailiffs in the land,
Till debtors at noon-day shall walk the streets,
And no one fear a bailiff or his writ.

SCENE III. — *The Princess* HUNCAMUNCA'S *Apartment,* HUNCAMUNCA, CLEORA, MUSTACHA.

Hunc. [1] Give me some music — see that it be sad.

CLEORA *sings.*

Cupid, ease a love-sick maid,
Bring thy quiver to her aid;
With equal ardour wound the swain,
Beauty should never sigh in vain.

Let him feel the pleasing smart,
Drive the arrow through his heart:
When one you wound, you then destroy;
When both you kill, you kill with joy.

Hunc. [2] O Tom Thumb! Tom Thumb! wherefore art thou Tom Thumb?
Why hadst thou not been born of royal race?
Why had not mighty Bantam been thy father?
Or else the king of Brentford, Old or New?

Must. I am surprised that your highness can give yourself a moment's uneasiness about that little insignificant fellow,[3] Tom Thumb the Great — one

[1] Anthony gives the same command in the same words.

[2] Oh! Marius, Marius, wherefore art thou Marius?
Otway's Marius.

[3] Nothing is more common than these seeming contradictions; such as,

Haughty weakness. — *Victim.*

Great small world. — *Noah's Flood.*

properer for a plaything than a husband. Were he my husband his horns should be as long as his body. If you had fallen in love with a grenadier, I should not have wondered at it. If you had fallen in love with something; but to fall in love with nothing!

Hunc. Cease, my Mustacha, on thy duty cease.
The zephyr, when in flowery vales it plays,
Is not so soft, so sweet as Thummy's breath.
The dove is not so gentle to its mate.

Must. The dove is every bit as proper for a husband. — Alas! Madam, there's not a beau about the court looks so little like a man. He is a perfect butterfly, a thing without substance, and almost without shadow too.

Hunc. This rudeness is unseasonable: desist;
Or I shall think this railing comes from love.
Tom Thumb's a creature of that charming form,
That no one can abuse, unless they love him.

Must. Madam, the king.

SCENE IV. — KING, HUNCAMUNCA.

King. Let all but Huncamunca leave the room.
[*Exeunt* CLEORA *and* MUSTACHA.
Daughter, I have observed of late some grief
Unusual in your countenance: your eyes
[1] That, like two open windows, used to shew

[1] Lee hath improved this metaphor:

Dost thou not view joy peeping from my eyes,
The casements open'd wide to gaze on thee?
So Rome's glad citizens to windows rise,
When they some young triumpher fain would see.
— *Gloriana.*

The lovely beauty of the rooms within,
Have now two blinds before them. What is the cause?
Say, have you not enough of meat and drink?
We've given strict orders not to have you stinted.
Hunc. Alas! my lord, I value not myself
That once I eat two fowls and half a pig;
[1] Small is that praise! but oh! a maid may want
What she can neither eat nor drink.
King. What 's that?
Hunc. O [2] spare my blushes; but I mean a husband.

[1] Almahide hath the same contempt for these appetites.

To eat and drink can no perfection be.
— *Conquest of Granada.*

The earl of Essex is of a different opinion, and seems to place the chief happiness of a general therein:

Were but commanders half so well rewarded,
Then they might eat. — *Banks's Earl of Essex.*

But, if we may believe one who knows more than either, the devil himself, we shall find eating to be an affair of more moment than is generally imagined:

Gods are immortal only by their food.
— *Lucifer, in the State of Innocence.*

[2] "This expression is enough of itself," says Mr. D., "utterly to destroy the character of Huncamunca!" Yet we find a woman of no abandoned character in Dryden adventuring farther, and thus excusing herself:

To speak our wishes first, forbid it pride,
Forbid it modesty; true, they forbid it,
But Nature does not. When we are athirst,
Or hungry, will imperious Nature stay,
Nor eat, nor drink, before 't is bid fall on? — *Cleomenes.*

Cassandra speaks before she is asked: Huncamunca afterwards. Cassandra speaks her wishes to her lover: Huncamunca only to her father.

King. If that be all, I have provided one,
A husband great in arms, whose warlike sword
Streams with the yellow blood of slaughter'd giants,
Whose name in Terrâ Incognitâ is known,
Whose valour, wisdom, virtue make a noise
Great as the kettle-drums of twenty armies.

Hunc. Whom does my royal father mean?

King. Tom Thumb.

Hunc. Is it possible?

King. Ha! the window-blinds are gone;
[1]A country-dance of joy is in your face.
Your eyes spit fire, your cheeks grow red as beef.

Hunc. O, there's a magick-musick in that sound,
Enough to turn me into beef indeed!
Yes, I will own, since licensed by your word,
I'll own Tom Thumb the cause of all my grief.
For him I've sigh'd, I've wept, I've gnaw'd my sheets.

King. Oh! thou shalt gnaw thy tender sheets no more.
A husband thou shalt have to mumble now.

Hunc. Oh! happy sound! henceforth let no one tell
That Huncamunca shall lead apes in hell.
Oh! I am overjoy'd!

King. I see thou art.
[2]Joy lightens in thy eyes, and thunders from thy brows;

[1] Her eyes resistless magick bear;
Angels, I see, and gods, are dancing there.
— *Lee's Sophonisba.*

[2] Mr. Dennis, in that excellent tragedy called Liberty Asserted, which is thought to have given so great a stroke to the

Transports, like lightning, dart along thy soul,
As small-shot through a hedge.

Hunc. Oh! say not small.

King. This happy news shall on our tongue ride post,
Ourself we bear the happy news to Thumb.
Yet think not, daughter, that your powerful charms
Must still detain the hero from his arms;
Various his duty, various his delight;
Now in his turn to kiss, and now to fight,
And now to kiss again. So, mighty [1] Jove,
When with excessive thund'ring tired above,
Comes down to earth, and takes a bit — and then
Flies to his trade of thund'ring back again.

SCENE V. — GRIZZLE, HUNCAMUNCA.

[2] *Griz.* Oh! Huncamunca, Huncamunca, oh!
Thy pouting breasts, like kettle-drums of brass,

late French king, hath frequent imitations of this beautiful speech of King Arthur:

Conquest light'ning in his eyes, and thund'ring in his arm.
Joy lighten'd in her eyes.
Joys like lightning dart along my soul.

[1] Jove, with excessive thund'ring tired above,
Comes down for ease, enjoys a nymph, and then
Mounts dreadful, and to thund'ring goes again. — *Gloriana.*

[2] This beautiful line, which ought, says Mr. W——, to be written in gold, is imitated in the New Sophonisba:

Oh! Sophonisba; Sophonisba, oh!
Oh! Narva; Narva, oh!

The author of a song called Duke upon Duke hath improved it:

Alas! O Nick! O Nick, alas!

Where, by the help of a little false spelling, you have two meanings in the repeated words.

Beat everlasting loud alarms of joy ;
As bright as brass they are, and oh, as hard.
Oh ! Huncamunca, Huncamunca, oh !

Hunc. Ha ! dost thou know me, princess as I am,
[1] That thus of me you dare to make your game ?

Griz. Oh ! Huncamunca, well I know that you
A princess are, and a king's daughter, too ;
But love no meanness scorns, no grandeur fears ;
Love often lords into the cellar bears,
And bids the sturdy porter come up stairs.
For what 's too high for love, or what 's too low ?
Oh ! Huncamunca, Huncamunca, oh !

Hunc. But, granting all you say of love were true,
My love, alas ! is to another due.
In vain to me a suitoring you come,
For I 'm already promised to Tom Thumb.

Griz. And can my princess such a durgen wed ?
One fitter for your pocket than your bed !
Advised by me, the worthless baby shun,
Or you will ne'er be brought to bed of one.
Oh take me to thy arms, and never flinch,
Who am a man, by Jupiter ! every inch.
[2] Then, while in joys together lost we lie,
I 'll press thy soul while gods stand wishing by.

[1] Edith, in the Bloody Brother, speaks to her lover in the same familiar language :

Your grace is full of game.

[2] Traverse the glitt'ring chambers of the sky,
Borne on a cloud in view of fate I 'll lie,
And press her soul while gods stand wishing by.
— *Hannibal.*

Hunc. If, sir, what you insinuate you prove,
All obstacles of promise you remove;
For all engagements to a man must fall,
Whene'er that man is proved no man at all.

Griz. Oh! let him seek some dwarf, some fairy miss,
Where no joint-stool must lift him to the kiss!
But, by the stars and glory! you appear
Much fitter for a Prussian grenadier;
One globe alone on Atlas' shoulders rests,
Two globes are less than Huncamunca's breasts;
The milky way is not so white, that 's flat,
And sure thy breasts are full as large as that.

Hunc. Oh, sir, so strong your eloquence I find,
It is impossible to be unkind.

Griz. Ah! speak that o'er again, and let the [1] sound
From one pole to another pole rebound;
The earth and sky each be a battledore,
And keep the sound, that shuttlecock, up an hour:
To Doctors' Commons for a licence I
Swift as an arrow from a bow will fly.

Hunc. Oh, no! lest some disaster we should meet
'T were better to be married at the Fleet.

Griz. Forbid it, all ye powers, a princess should
By that vile place contaminate her blood;

[1] Let the four winds from distant corners meet,
And on their wings first bear it into France;
Then back again to Edina's proud walls,
Till victim to the sound th' aspiring city falls.
— *Albion Queens.*

My quick return shall to my charmer prove
I travel on the [1] post-horses of love.

Hunc. Those post-horses to me will seem too slow
Though they should fly swift as the gods, when they
Ride on behind that post-boy, Opportunity.

SCENE VI — TOM THUMB, HUNCAMUNCA.

Thumb. Where is my princess? where 's my Huncamunca?
Where are those eyes, those cardmatches of love,
That [2] light up all with love my waxen soul?
Where is that face which artful nature made
[3] In the same moulds where Venus's self was cast?

[1] I do not remember any metaphors so frequent in the tragic poets as those borrowed from riding post:

The gods and opportunity ride post. — *Hannibal.*

—— Let 's rush together,
For death rides post! — *Duke of Guise.*

Destruction gallops to thy murder post. — *Gloriana.*

[2] This image, too, very often occurs:

Bright as when thy eye
First lighted up our loves. — *Aurengzebe.*

'T is not a crown alone lights up my name. — *Busiris.*

[3] There is great dissension among the poets concerning the method of making man. One tells his mistress that the mould she was made in being lost, Heaven cannot form such another. Lucifer, in Dryden, gives a merry description of his own formation:

Whom heaven, neglecting, made and scarce design'd,
But threw me in for number to the rest. — *State of Innocence.*

Hunc. [1] Oh! what is music to the ear that 's deaf,
Or a goose-pie to him that has no taste?
What are these praises now to me, since I
Am promised to another?
Thumb. Ha! promised?

In one place the same poet supposes man to be made of metal:

I was form'd
Of that coarse metal which, when she was made
The gods threw by for rubbish. — *All for Love.*

In another of dough:

When the gods moulded up the paste of man,
Some of their clay was left upon their hands,
And so they made Egyptians. — *Cleomenes.*

In another of clay:

—— Rubbish of remaining clay. — *Sebastian.*

One makes the soul of wax:

Her waxen soul begins to melt apace. — *Anna Bullen.*

Another of flint:

Sure our two souls have somewhere been acquainted
In former beings, or, struck out together,
One spark to Africk flew, and one to Portugal. — *Sebastian.*

To omit the great quantities of iron, brazen, and leaden souls which are so plenty in modern authors — I cannot omit the dress of a soul as we find it in Dryden:

Souls shirted but with air. — *King Arthur.*

Nor can I pass by a particular sort of soul in a particular sort of description in the New Sophonisba:

Ye mysterious powers,
——Whether thro' your gloomy depths I wander,
Or on the mountains walk, give me the calm,
The steady smiling soul, where wisdom sheds
Eternal sunshine, and eternal joy.

[1] This line Mr. Banks has plunder'd entire in his Anna Bullen.

Hunc. Too sure; 't is written in the book of fate.
Thumb. [1] Then I will tear away the leaf
Wherein it 's writ; or, if fate won't allow
So large a gap within its journal-book,
I 'll blot it out at least.

SCENE VII. — GLUMDALCA, TOM THUMB, HUNCAMUNCA.

Glum. [2] I need not ask if you are Huncamunca.
Your brandy-nose proclaims ——
Hunc. I am a princess;
Nor need I ask who you are.
Glum. A giantess;
The queen of those who made and unmade queens.
Hunc. The man whose chief ambition is to be
My sweetheart hath destroy'd these mighty giants.
Glum. Your sweetheart? Dost thou think the man who once
Hath worn my easy chains will e'er wear thine?
Hunc. Well may your chains be easy, since, if fame
Says true, they have been tried on twenty husbands.

[1] Good Heaven! the book of fate before me lay,
But to tear out the journal of that day.
Or, if the order of the world below
Will not the gap of one whole day allow,
Give me that minute when she made her vow.
— *Conquest of Granada.*

[2] I know some of the commentators have imagined that Mr. Dryden, in the altercative scene between Cleopatra and Octavia, a scene which Mr. Addison inveighs against with great bitterness, is much beholden to our author. How just this their observation is I will not presume to determine.

[3] The glove or boot, so many times pull'd on,
May well sit easy on the hand or foot.

Glum. I glory in the number, and when I
Sit poorly down, like thee, content with one,
Heaven change this face for one as bad as thine.

Hunc. Let me see nearer what this beauty is
That captivates the heart of men by scores.
[*Holds a candle to her face.*
Oh! Heaven, thou art as ugly as the devil.

Glum. You 'd give the best of shoes within your shop
To be but half so handsome.

Hunc. Since you come
[2] To that, I 'll put my beauty to the test:
Tom Thumb, I 'm yours, if you with me will go.

[1] "A cobling poet indeed," says Mr. D.; and yet I believe we may find as monstrous images in the tragick authors: I 'll put down one:

> Untie your folded thoughts, and let them dangle loose as a bride's hair. — *Injured Love.*

Which line seems to have as much title to a milliner's shop as our author's to a shoemaker's.

[2] Mr. L—— takes occasion in this place to commend the great care of our author to preserve the metre of blank verse, in which Shakspeare, Jonson, and Fletcher, were so notoriously negligent; and the moderns, in imitation of our author, so laudably observant:

> Then does
> Your majesty believe that he can be
> A traitor? — *Earl of Essex.*

Every page of Sophonisba gives us instances of this excellence.

Glum. Oh! stay, Tom Thumb, and you alone shall fill
That bed where twenty giants used to lie.

Thumb. In the balcony that o'erhangs the stage,
I've seen a whore two 'prentices engage;
One half-a-crown does in his fingers hold,
The other shews a little piece of gold;
She the half-guinea wisely does purloin,
And leaves the larger and the baser coin.

Glum. Left, scorn'd, and loathed for such a chit as this;
[1] I feel the storm that's rising in my mind,
Tempests and whirlwinds rise, and roll, and roar.
I'm all within a hurricane, as if
[2] The world's four winds were pent within my carcase.
[3] Confusion, horror, murder, guts, and death!

Scene VIII. — King, Glumdalca.

King. [4] Sure never was so sad a king as I!
[5] My life is worn as ragged as a coat

[1] Love mounts and rolls about my stormy mind.
— *Aurengzebe.*

Tempests and whirlwinds thro' my bosom move.
— *Cleomenes.*

[2] With such a furious tempest on his brow,
As if the world's four winds were pent within
His blustering carcase. — *Anna Bullen.*

[3] Verba Tragica.
[4] This speech has been terribly mauled by the poet.
[5] —— My life is worn to rags,
Not worth a prince's wearing. — *Love Triumphant.*

A beggar wears ; a prince should put it off.
[1] To love a captive and a giantess !
Oh love ! oh love ! how great a king art thou !
My tongue 's thy trumpet, and thou trumpetest,
Unknown to me, within me. [2] Oh, Glumdalca !
Heaven thee designed a giantess to make,
But an angelick soul was shuffled in.
[3] I am a multitude of walking griefs,
And only on her lips the balm is found
[4] To spread a plaster that might cure them all.

Glum. What do I hear ?
King. What do I see ?
Glum. Oh !
King. Ah !
[5] *Glum.* Ah ! wretched queen !

[1] Must I beg the pity of my slave ?
Must a king beg ? But love 's a greater king,
A tyrant, nay, a devil, that possesses me.
He tunes the organ of my voice and speaks,
Unknown to me, within me. — *Sebastian.*

[2] When thou wert form'd, heaven did a man begin ;
But a brute soul by chance was shuffled in. — *Aurengzebe.*

[3] I am a multitude.
Of walking griefs. — *New Sophonisba.*

[4] I will take thy scorpion blood,
And lay it to my grief till I have ease. — *Anna Bullen.*

[5] Our author, who everywhere shews his great penetration into human nature, here outdoes himself : where a less judicious poet would have raised a long scene of whining love, he, who understood the passions better, and that so violent an affection as this must be too big for utterance, chuses rather to send his characters off in this sullen and doleful manner, in which admirable conduct he is imitated by the author of the justly

King. Oh! wretched king!
[1] *Glum.* Ah!
King. Oh!

SCENE IX. — TOM THUMB, HUNCAMUNCA, Parson.

Par. Happy 's the wooing that 's not long a doing;
For, if I guess right, Tom Thumb this night
Shall give a being to a new Tom Thumb.
Thumb. It shall be my endeavour so to do.
Hunc. Oh! fie upon you, sir, you make me blush.
Thumb. It is the virgin's sign, and suits you well:
[2] I know not where, nor how, nor what I am;
[3] I am so transported, I have lost myself.

celebrated Eurydice. Dr. Young seems to point at this violence of passion:

—— Passion choaks
Their words, and they're the statues of despair.

And Seneca tells us, "Curæ leves loquuntur, ingentes stupent." The story of the Egyptian king in Herodotus is too well known to need to be inserted; I refer the more curious reader to the excellent Montaigne, who hath written an essay on this subject.

[1] To part is death.
'Tis death to part.
Ah!
Oh! — *Don Carlos.*

[2] Nor know I whether
What am I, who, or where. — *Busiris.*

I was I know not what, and am I know not how.
— *Gloriana.*

[3] To understand sufficiently the beauty of this passage, it will be necessary that we comprehend every man to contain two selfs. I shall not attempt to prove this from philosophy, which the poets make so plainly evident.

Hunc. Forbid it, all ye stars, for you 're so small,
That were you lost, you 'd find yourself no more.
So the unhappy sempstress once, they say,
Her needle in a pottle, lost, of hay ;

One runs away from the other :

—— Let me demand your majesty,
Why fly you from yourself? — *Duke of Guise.*

In a second, one self is a guardian to the other :

Leave me the care of me. — *Conquest of Granada.*

Again :

Myself am to myself less near. — *Ibid.*

In the same, the first self is proud of the second :

I myself am proud of me. — *State of Innocence.*

In a third, distrustful of him :

Fain I would tell, but whisper it in my ear,
That none besides might hear, nay, not myself.
— *Earl of Essex.*

In a fourth, honours him :

I honour Rome,
And honour too myself. — *Sophonisba.*

In a fifth, at varianee with him :

Leave me not thus at variance with myself. — *Busiris.*

Again, in a sixth :

I find myself divided from myself. — *Medea.*

She seemed the sad effigies of herself. — *Banks.*

Assist me, Zulema, if thou would'st be
The friend thou seem'st, assist me against me.
— *Albion Queens.*

From all which it appears that there are two selfs ; and therefore Tom Thumb's losing himself is no such solecism as it hath been represented by men rather ambitious of criticising than qualified to criticise.

In vain she look'd, and look'd, and made her moan,
For ah, the needle was forever gone.

Par. Long may they live, and love, and propagate,
Till the whole land be peopled with Tom Thumbs!
[1] So, when the Cheshire cheese a maggot breeds,
Another and another still succeeds:
By thousands and ten thousands they increase,
Till one continued maggot fills the rotten cheese.

SCENE X. — NOODLE, *and then* GRIZZLE.

Nood. [2] Sure, Nature means to break her solid chain,
Or else unfix the world, and in a rage
To hurl it from its axletree and hinges;
All things are so confused, the king 's in love,
The queen is drunk, the princess married is.

Griz. Oh, Noodle! Hast thou Huncamunca seen?

Nood. I have seen a thousand sights this day, where none
Are by the wonderful bitch herself outdone.
The king, the queen, and all the court, are sights.

[1] Mr. F—— imagines this parson to have been a Welsh one from his simile.

[2] Our author hath been plundered here, according to custom.

> Great nature, break thy chain that links together
> The fabrick of the world, and make a chaos
> Like that within my soul. — *Love Triumphant.*

> —— Startle Nature, unfix the globe,
> And hurl it from its axletree and hinges.
> — *Albion Queens.*

> The tott'ring earth seems sliding off its props.

Griz. [1] D— your delay, you trifler! are you drunk, ha!
I will not hear one word but Huncamunca.
Nood. By this time she is married to Tom Thumb.
Griz. [2] My Huncamunca!
Nood. Your Huncamunca,
Tom Thumb's Huncamunca, every man's Huncamunca.
Griz. If this be true, all womankind are damn'd.
Nood. If it be not, may I be so myself.
Griz. See where she comes! I'll not believe a word
Against that face, upon whose [3] ample brow
Sits innocence with majesty enthroned.

GRIZZLE, HUNCAMUNCA.

Griz. Where has my Huncamunca been? See here.
The licence in my hand!
Hunc. Alas! Tom Thumb.
Griz. Why dost thou mention him?
Hunc. Ah, me! Tom Thumb.
Griz. What means my lovely Huncamunca?
Hunc. Hum!

[1] D—n your delay, ye torturers, proceed;
I will not hear one word but Almahide.
— *Conquest of Granada.*

[2] Mr. Dryden hath imitated this in All for Love.
[3] This Miltonic style abounds in the New Sophonisba:

—— And on her ample brow
Sat majesty.

Griz. Oh! speak.
Hunc. Hum!
Griz. Ha! your every word is hum:
[1] You force me still to answer you, Tom Thumb.
Tom Thumb — I 'm on the rack — I 'm in a flame.
[2] Tom Thumb, Tom Thumb, Tom Thumb — you love the name;
So pleasing is that sound, that were you dumb,
You still would find a voice to cry Tom Thumb.
Hunc. Oh! be not hasty to proclaim my doom!
My ample heart for more than one has room:
A maid like me Heaven form'd at least for two.
[3] I married him, and now I 'll marry you.
Griz. Ha! dost thou own thy falsehood to my face?
Think'st thou that I will share thy husband's place?
Since to that office one cannot suffice,
And since you scorn to dine one single dish on,
Go, get your husband put into commission.

[1] Your every answer still so ends in that,
You force me still to answer you Morat. — *Aurengzebe.*

[2] Morat, Morat, Morat! you love the name. — *Aurengzebe.*

[3] "Here is a sentiment for the virtuous Huncamunca!" says Mr. D——s. And yet, with the leave of this great man, the virtuous Panthea, in Cyrus, hath an heart every whit as ample:

For two I must confess are gods to me,
Which is my Abradatus first, and thee. — *Cyrus the Great.*

Nor is the lady in Love Triumphant more reserved, though not so intelligible:

I am so divided,
That I grieve most for both, and love both most.

Commissioners to discharge (ye gods! it fine is)
The duty of a husband to your highness.
Yet think not long I will my rival bear,
Or unrevenged the slighted willow wear;
The gloomy, brooding tempest, now confined
Within the hollow caverns of my mind,
In dreadful whirl shall roll along the coasts,
Shall thin the land of all the men it boasts,
[1] And cram up ev'ry chink of hell with ghosts.
[2] So have I seen, in some dark winter's day,
A sudden storm rush down the sky's highway,
Sweep through the streets with terrible ding-dong,
Gush through the spouts, and wash whole crouds along
The crouded shops the thronging vermin skreen,
Together cram the dirty and the clean,
And not one shoe-boy in the street is seen.

Hunc. Oh, fatal rashness! should his fury slay

[1] A ridiculous supposition to any one who considers the great and extensive largeness of hell, says a commentator; but not so to those who consider the great expansion of immaterial substance. Mr. Banks makes one soul to be so expanded, that heaven could not contain it:

> The heavens are all too narrow for her soul.
> — *Virtue Betrayed.*

The Persian Princess hath a passage not unlike the author of this:

> We will send such shoals of murder'd slaves,
> Shall glut hell's empty regions.

This threatens to fill hell, even though it was empty; Lord Grizzle, only to fill up the chinks, supposing the rest already full.

[2] Mr. Addison is generally thought to have had this simile in his eye when he wrote that beautiful one at the end of the third act of his Cato.

My helpless bridegroom on his wedding-day,
I, who this morn of two chose which to wed,
May go again this night alone to bed.
[1] So have I seen some wild unsettled fool,
Who had her choice of this and that joint-stool,
To give the preference to either loth,
And fondly coveting to sit on both,
While the two stools her sitting-part confound,
Between 'em both fall squat upon the ground.

[1] This beautiful simile is founded on a proverb which does honour to the English language:

Between two stools the breech falls to the ground.

I am not so well pleased with any written remains of the ancients as with those little aphorisms which verbal tradition hath delivered down to us under the title of proverbs. It were to be wished that, instead of filling their pages with the fabulous theology of the pagans, our modern poets would think it worth their while to enrich their works with the proverbial sayings of their ancestors. Mr. Dryden hath chronicled one in heroick;

Two ifs scarce make one possibility.
— *Conquest of Granada.*

My lord Bacon is of opinion that whatever is known of arts and sciences might be proved to have lurked in the Proverbs of Solomon. I am of the same opinion in relation to those above-mentioned; at least I am confident that a more perfect system of ethicks, as well as œconomy, might be compiled out of them than is at present extant, either in the works of the ancient philosophers, or those more valuable, as more voluminous ones of the modern divines.

ACT III

Scene I. — King Arthur's *Palace*.

[1] *Ghost* (*solus*). Hail! ye black horrors of midnight's midnoon!
Ye fairies, goblins, bats, and screech-owls, hail!
And, oh! ye mortal watchmen, whose hoarse throats
Th' immortal ghosts dread croakings counterfeit,
All hail! — Ye dancing phantoms, who, by day,
Are some condemn'd to fast, some feast in fire,

[1] Of all the particulars in which the modern stage falls short of the ancient, there is none so much to be lamented as the great scarcity of ghosts. Whence this proceeds I will not presume to determine. Some are of opinion that the moderns are unequal to that sublime language which a ghost ought to speak. One says, ludicrously, that ghosts are out of fashion; another, that they are properer for comedy; forgetting, I suppose, that Aristotle hath told us that a ghost is the soul of tragedy; for so I render the ψυχὴ ὁ μῦθος τῆς τραγωδίας, which M. Dacier, amongst others, hath mistaken; I suppose, misled by not understanding the Fabula of the Latins, which signifies a ghost as well as fable.

"Te premet nox, fabulæque manes." — *Horace.*

Of all the ghosts that have ever appeared on the stage, a very learned and judicious foreign critick gives the preference to this of our author. These are his words, speaking of this tragedy: — "Nec quidquam in illâ admirabilius quàm phasma quoddam horrendum, quod omnibus aliis spectris, quibuscum scatet Angelorum tragœdia, longè (pace D—yssi V. Doctiss. dixerim) prætulerim."

Now play in churchyards, skipping o'er the graves,
To the [1] loud music of the silent bell,
All hail!

Scene II. — King, Ghost.

King. What noise is this? What villain dares,
At this dread hour, with feet and voice profane,
Disturb our royal walls?
Ghost. One who defies
Thy empty power to hurt him; [2] one who dares
Walk in thy bedchamber.
King. Presumptuous slave!
Thou diest.
Ghost. Threaten others with that word:
[3] I am a ghost, and am already dead.

[1] We have already given instances of this figure.

[2] Almanzor reasons in the same manner:

A ghost I 'll be;
And from a ghost, you know, no place is free.
— *Conquest of Granada.*

[3] "The man who writ this wretched pun," says Mr. D., "would have picked your pocket:" which he proceeds to shew not only bad in itself, but doubly so on so solemn an occasion. And yet, in that excellent play of Liberty Asserted, we find something very much resembling a pun in the mouth of a mistress, who is parting with the lover she is fond of:

Ul. Oh, mortal woe! one kiss, and then farewell.
Irene. The gods have given to others to fare well.
O! miserably must Irene fare.

Agamemnon, in the Victim, is full as facetious on the most solemn occasion — that of sacrificing his daughter:

Yes, daughter, yes; you will assist the priest;
Yes, you must offer up your — vows for Greece.

King. Ye stars! 't is well. Were thy last hour to come,
This moment had been it; [1] yet by thy shroud
I 'll pull thee backward, squeeze thee to a bladder,
Till thou dost groan thy nothingness away.
Thou fly'st! 'T is well. [*Ghost retires.*
[2] I thought what was the courage of a ghost!
Yet, dare not, on thy life — Why say I that,
Since life thou hast not? — Dare not walk again
Within these walls, on pain of the Red Sea.
For, if henceforth I ever find thee here,
As sure, sure as a gun, I 'll have thee laid ——

Ghost. Were the Red Sea a sea of Hollands gin,
The liquor (when alive) whose very smell
I did detest — did loathe — yet, for the sake
Of Thomas Thumb, I would be laid therein.

King. Ha! said you?

Ghost. Yes, my liege, I said Tom Thumb,
Whose father's ghost I am — once not unknown
To mighty Arthur. But, I see, 't is true,
The dearest friend, when dead, we all forget.

[1] I 'll pull thee backwards by thy shroud to light,
Or else I 'll squeeze thee, like a bladder, there,
And make thee groan thyself away to air.
— *Conquest of Granada.*

Snatch me, ye gods, this moment into nothing.
— *Cyrus the Great.*

[2] So, art thou gone? Thou canst no conquest boast.
I thought what was the courage of a ghost.
— *Conquest of Granada.*

King Arthur seems to be as brave a fellow as Almanzor, who says most heroically,

In spite of ghosts I 'll on.

King. 'T is he — it is the honest Gaffer Thumb.
Oh! let me press thee in my eager arms,
Thou best of ghosts! thou something more than ghost!
Ghost. Would I were something more, that we again
Might feel each other in the warm embrace.
But now I have th' advantage of my king,
[1] For I feel thee, whilst thou dost not feel me.
King. But say,[2] thou dearest air, oh! say what dread,
Important business sends thee back to earth?
Ghost. Oh! then prepare to hear —— which but to hear
Is full enough to send thy spirit hence.
Thy subjects up in arms, by Grizzle led,
Will, ere the rosy-finger'd morn shall ope
The shutters of the sky, before the gate
Of this thy royal palace, swarming spread.
[3] So have I seen the bees in clusters swarm,
So have I seen the stars in frosty nights,
So have I seen the sand in windy days,
So have I seen the ghosts on Pluto's shore,
So have I seen the flowers in spring arise,

[1] The ghost of Lausaria, in Cyrus, is a plain copy of this, and is therefore worth reading:

> Ah, Cyrus!
> Thou may'st as well grasp water, or fleet air,
> As think of touching my immortal shade.
> — *Cyrus the Great.*

[2] Thou better part of heavenly air. — *Conquest of Granada.*

[3] "A string of similes," says one, "proper to be hung up in the cabinet of a prince."

So have I seen the leaves in autumn fall,
So have I seen the fruits in summer smile,
So have I seen the snow in winter frown.
King. D—n all thou hast seen! — dost thou, beneath the shape
Of Gaffer Thumb, come hither to abuse me
With similes, to keep me on the rack?
Hence — or, by all the torments of thy hell,
[1] I 'll run thee through the body, though thou 'st none.
Ghost. Arthur, beware! I must this moment hence,
Not frighted by your voice, but by the cocks!
Arthur, beware, beware, beware, beware!
Strive to avert thy yet impending fate;
For, if thou 'rt killed to-day,
To-morrow all thy care will come too late.

Scene III. — King (*solus*).

King. Oh! stay, and leave me not uncertain thus!
And, whilst thou tellest me what 's like my fate,
Oh! teach me how I may avert it too!
Curst be the man who first a simile made!
Curst ev'ry bard who writes! — So have I seen
Those whose comparisons are just and true,

[1] This passage hath been understood several different ways by the commentators. For my part, I find it difficult to understand it at all. Mr. Dryden says —

I 've heard something how two bodies meet,
But how two souls join I know not.

So that, till the body of a spirit be better understood, it will be difficult to understand how it is possible to run him through it.

And those who liken things not like at all.
The devil is happy that the whole creation
Can furnish out no simile to his fortune.

SCENE IV. — KING, QUEEN.

Queen. What is the cause, my Arthur, that you steal
Thus silently from Dollallolla's breast?
Why dost thou leave me in the [1] dark alone,
When well thou know'st I am afraid of sprites?

King. Oh, Dollallolla! do not blame my love!
I hop'd the fumes of last night's punch had laid
Thy lovely eyelids fast. — But, oh! I find
There is no power in drams to quiet wives;
Each morn, as the returning sun, they wake,
And shine upon their husbands.

Queen. Think, oh think!
What a surprise it must be to the sun,
Rising, to find the vanish'd world away.
What less can be the wretched wife's surprise
When, stretching out her arms to fold thee fast,
She found her useless bolster in her arms.
[2] Think, think, on that. — Oh! think, think well on that.
I do remember also to have read
[3] In Dryden's Ovid's Metamorphoses,

[1] Cydaria is of the same fearful temper with Dollallolla.
I never durst in darkness be alone. — *Indian Emperor.*

[2] Think well of this, think that, think every way. — *Sophon.*

[3] These quotations are more usual in the comick than in the tragick writers.

That Jove in form inanimate did lie
With beauteous Danaë: and, trust me, love,
[1]I fear'd the bolster might have been a Jove.
King. Come to my arms, most virtuous of thy sex!
Oh, Dollallolla! were all wives like thee,
So many husbands never had worn horns.
Should Huncamunca of thy worth partake,
Tom Thumb indeed were blest. — Oh, fatal name,
For didst thou know one quarter what I know,
Then would'st thou know — Alas! what thou would'st know!
Queen. What can I gather hence? Why dost thou speak
Like men who carry rareeshows about?
"Now you shall see, gentlemen, what you shall see."
O, tell me more, or thou hast told too much.

SCENE V. — KING, QUEEN, NOODLE.

Nood. Long life attend your majesties serene,
Great Arthur, king, and Dollallolla, queen!
Lord Grizzle, with a bold rebellious crowd,
Advances to the palace, threat'ning loud,
Unless the princess be deliver'd straight,
And the victorious Thumb, without his pate,
They are resolv'd to batter down the gate.

[1] "This distress," says Mr. D——, "I must allow to be extremely beautiful, and tends to heighten the virtuous character of Dollallolla, who is so exceeding delicate, that she is in the highest apprehension from the inanimate embrace of a bolster. An example worthy of imitation for all our writers of tragedy."

SCENE VI. — KING, QUEEN, HUNCAMUNCA, NOODLE.

King. See where the princess comes! Where is Tom Thumb?

Hunc. Oh! sir, about an hour and half ago
He sallied out t' encounter with the foe,
And swore, unless his fate had him misled,
From Grizzle's shoulders to cut off his head,
And serve 't up with your chocolate in bed.

King. 'T is well, I found one devil told us both.
Come, Dollallolla, Huncamunca, come;
Within we 'll wait for the victorious Thumb;
In peace and safety we secure may stay,
While to his arm we trust the bloody fray;
Though men and giants should conspire with gods,
[1] He is alone equal to all these odds.

Queen. He is, indeed,[2] a helmet to us all;

[1] "Credat Judæus Appella,
Non ego,"

says Mr. D——. "For, passing over the absurdity of being equal to odds, can we possibly suppose a little insignificant fellow — I say again, a little insignificant fellow — able to vie with a strength which all the Samsons and Herculeses of antiquity would be unable to encounter?" I shall refer this incredulous critick to Mr. Dryden's defence of his Almanzor; and, lest that should not satisfy him, I shall quote a few lines from the speech of a much braver fellow than Almanzor, Mr. Johnson's Achilles:

Though human race rise in embattled hosts,
To force her from my arms — Oh! son of Atreus!
By that immortal pow'r, whose deathless spirit
Informs this earth, I will oppose them all. — *Victim.*

[2] "I have heard of being supported by a staff," says Mr. D., "but never of being supported by a helmet." I believe he

While he supports we need not fear to fall;
His arm despatches all things to our wish,
And serves up ev'ry foe's head in a dish.
Void is the mistress of the house of care,
While the good cook presents the bill of fare;
Whether the cod, that northern king of fish,
Or duck, or goose, or pig, adorn the dish,
No fears the number of her guests afford,
But at her hour she sees the dinner on the board.

SCENE VII. — *Plain.* — GRIZZLE, FOODLE, Rebels.

Griz. Thus far our arms with victory are crown'd;
For, though we have not fought, yet we have found
[1] No enemy to fight withal.
Food. Yet I,

never heard of sailing with wings, which he may read in no less a poet than Mr. Dryden:

Unless we borrow wings, and sail through air.
— *Love Triumphant.*

What will he say to a kneeling valley?

——I 'll stand
Like a safe valley, that low bends the knee
To some aspiring mountain. — *Injured Love.*

I am ashamed of so ignorant a carper, who doth not know that an epithet in tragedy is very often no other than an expletive. Do not we read in the New Sophonisba of "grinding chains, blue plagues, white occasions, and blue serenity?" Nay, it is not the adjective only, but sometimes half a sentence is put by way of expletive, as, "Beauty pointed high with spirit," in the same play; and, "In the lap of blessing, to be most curst," in the Revenge.

[1] A victory like that of Almanzor:

Almanzor is victorious without fight. — *Conq. of Granada.*

Methinks, would willingly avoid this day,
[1] This first of April, to engage our foes.
Griz. This day, of all the days of th' year, I 'd choose,
For on this day my grandmother was born.
Gods! I will make Tom Thumb an April-fool;
[2] Will teach his wit an errand it ne'er knew,
And send it post to the Elysian shades.
Food. I 'm glad to find our army is so stout,
Nor does it move my wonder less than joy.
Griz. [3] What friends we have, and how we came so strong,
I 'll softly tell you as we march along.

SCENE VIII. — *Thunder and Lightning.* — TOM THUMB, GLUMDALCA, *cum suis.*

Thumb. Oh, Noodle! hast thou seen a day like this?
[4] The unborn thunder rumbles o'er our heads,
[5] As if the gods meant to unhinge the world,

[1] Well have we chose an happy day for fight;
For every man, in course of time, has found
Some days are lucky, some unfortunate. — *King Arthur.*

[2] We read of such another in Lee:

Teach his rude wit a flight she never made,
And send her post to the Elysian shade. — *Gloriana.*

[3] These lines are copied verbatim in the Indian Emperor.
[4] Unborn thunder rolling in a cloud. — *Conq. of Granada.*
[5] Were heaven and earth in wild confusion hurl'd,
Should the rash gods unhinge the rolling world,
Undaunted would I tread the tott'ring ball,
Crush'd, but unconquered, in the dreadful fall.
Female Warrior.

And heaven and earth in wild confusion hurl;
Yet will I boldly tread the tott'ring ball.

Merl. Tom Thumb!

Thumb. What voice is this I hear?

Merl. Tom Thumb!

Thumb. Again it calls.

Merl. Tom Thumb.

Glum. It calls again.

Thumb. Appear, whoe'er thou art; I fear thee not.

Merl. Thou hast no cause to fear — I am thy friend.
Merlin by name, a conjuror by trade,
And to my art thou dost thy being owe.

Thumb. How!

Merl. Hear, then, the mystick getting of Tom Thumb.

[1] His father was a ploughman plain,
His mother milk'd the cow;
And yet the way to get a son
This couple knew not how,
Until such time the good old man
To learned Merlin goes,
And there to him, in great distress,
In secret manner shows
How in his heart he wish'd to have
A child, in time to come,
To be his heir, though it may be
No bigger than his thumb:
Of which old Merlin was foretold
That he his wish should have;
And so a son of stature small
The charmer to him gave.

Thou 'st heard the past — look up and see the future.

---

[1] See the History of Tom Thumb, page 2.

Thumb. [1] Lost in amazement's gulf, my senses sink ;
See there, Glumdalca, see another [2] me !

Glum. Oh, sight of horror ! see, you are devour'd
By the expanded jaws of a red cow.

Merl. Let not these sights deter thy noble mind,
[3] For, lo ! a sight more glorious courts thy eyes.
See from afar a theatre arise ;
There ages, yet unborn, shall tribute pay
To the heroick actions of this day ;
Then buskin tragedy at length shall chuse
Thy name the best supporter of her muse.

Thumb. Enough : let every warlike musick sound,
We fall contented, if we fall renown'd.

SCENE IX. — LORD GRIZZLE, FOODLE, Rebels, *on one side ;* TOM THUMB, GLUMDALCA, *on the other.*

Food. At length the enemy advances nigh,
[4] I hear them with my ear, and see them with my eye.

[1] Amazement swallows up my sense,
And in the impetuous whirl of circling fate
Drinks down my reason. — *Persian Princess.*

[2] I have outfaced myself.
What ! am I two ? Is there another me ? — *King Arthur.*

[3] The character of Merlin is wonderful throughout ; but most so in this prophetick part. We find several of these prophecies in the tragick authors, who frequently take this opportunity to pay a compliment to their country, and sometimes to their prince. None but our author (who seems to have detested the least appearance of flattery) would have past by such an opportunity of being a political prophet.

[4] I saw the villain, Myron ; with these eyes I saw him.
— *Busiris.*

In both which places it is intimated that it is sometimes possible to see with other eyes than your own.

Griz. Draw all your swords: for liberty we fight,
[1] And liberty the mustard is of life.

Thumb. Are you the man whom men famed Grizzle name?

Griz. [2] Are you the much more famed Tom Thumb?

Thumb. The same.

Griz. Come on; our worth upon ourselves we 'll prove;
For liberty I fight.

Thumb. And I for love.

[*A bloody engagement between the two armies here; drums beating, trumpets sounding, thunder and lightning. They fight off and on several times. Some fall.* GRIZ. *and* GLUM. *remain.*

Glum. Turn, coward, turn; nor from a woman fly.

Griz. Away — thou art too ignoble for my arm.

Glum. Have at thy heart.

Griz. Nay, then I thrust at thine.

Glum. You push too well; you 've run me through the guts,
And I am dead.

Griz. Then there 's an end of one.

[1] "This mustard," says Mr. D., "is enough to turn one's stomach. I would be glad to know what idea the author had in his head when he wrote it." This will be, I believe, best explained by a line of Mr. Dennis:

And gave him liberty, the salt of life. — *Liberty Asserted.*

The understanding that can digest the one will not rise at the other.

[2] *Han.* Are you the chief whom men famed Scipio call?
Scip. Are you the much more famous Hannibal?—*Hannibal.*

Thumb. When thou art dead, then there 's an end of two,

[1] Villain.

Griz. Tom Thumb!

Thumb. Rebel!

Griz. Tom Thumb!

Thumb. Hell!

Griz. Huncamunca!

Thumb. Thou hast it there.

Griz. Too sure I feel it.

Thumb. To hell then, like a rebel as you are,
And give my service to the rebels there.

Griz. Triumph not, Thumb, nor think thou shalt enjoy,
Thy Huncamunca undisturb'd; I 'll send
[2] My ghost to fetch her to the other world;
[3] It shall but bait at heaven, and then return.

[1] Dr. Young seems to have copied this engagement in his Busiris:

Myr. Villain!
Mem. Myron!
Myr. Rebel!
Mem. Myron!
Myr. Hell!
Mem. Mandane!

[2] This last speech of my lord Grizzle hath been of great service to our poets:

I 'll hold it fast
As life, and when life 's gone I 'll hold this last;
And if thou tak'st it from me when I 'm slain,
I 'll send my ghost, and fetch it back again.
— *Conquest of Granada.*

[3] My soul should with such speed obey,
It should not bait at heaven to stop its way.

Lee seems to have had this last in his eye:

'T was not my purpose, sir, to tarry there;
I would but go to heaven to take the air. — *Gloriana.*

[1] But, ha! I feel death rumbling in my brains:
[2] Some kinder sprite knocks softly at my soul,
And gently whispers it to haste away.
I come, I come, most willingly I come.
[3] So when some city wife, for country air,
To Hampstead or to Highgate does repair,
Her to make haste her husband does implore,
And cries, "My dear, the coach is at the door:"
With equal wish, desirous to be gone,
She gets into the coach, and then she cries — "Drive on!"

Thumb. With those last words [4] he vomited his soul,
Which,[5] like whipt cream, the devil will swallow down.
Bear off the body, and cut off the head,
Which I will to the king in triumph lug.
Rebellion 's dead, and now I 'll go to breakfast.

SCENE X. — KING, QUEEN, HUNCAMUNCA, Courtiers.

King. Open the prisons, set the wretched free,
And bid our treasurer disburse six pounds

[1] A rising vapour rumbling in my brains. — *Cleomenes.*

[2] Some kind sprite knocks softly at my soul,
To tell me fate 's at hand.

[3] Mr. Dryden seems to have had this simile in his eye, when he says,

My soul is packing up, and just on wing.
— *Conquest of Granada.*

[4] And in a purple vomit pour'd his soul. — *Cleomenes.*

[5] The devil swallows vulgar souls
Like whipt cream. — *Sebastian.*

To pay their debts. — Let no one weep to-day.
Come, Dollallolla ;[1] curse that odious name!
It is so long, it asks an hour to speak it.
By heavens! I 'll change it into Doll, or Loll,
Or any other civil monosyllable,
That will not tire my tongue. — Come, sit thee down,
Here seated let us view the dancers' sports ;
Bid 'em advance. This is the wedding-day
Of Princess Huncamunca and Tom Thumb ;
Tom Thumb! who wins two victories[2] to-day,
And this way marches, bearing Grizzle's head.
[*A dance here.*

Nood. Oh! monstrous, dreadful, terrible, oh! oh!
Deaf be my ears, for ever blind my eyes!
Dumb be my tongue! feet lame! all senses lost!
[3] Howl wolves, grunt bears, hiss snakes, shriek all ye ghosts!

King. What does the blockhead mean?

Nood. I mean, my liege,

[1] How I could curse my name of Ptolemy!
It is so long, it asks an hour to write it.
By heaven! I 'll change it into Jove or Mars!
Or any other civil monosyllable,
That will not tire my hand. — *Cleomenes.*

[2] Here is a visible conjunction of two days in one, by which our author may have either intended an emblem of a wedding, or to insinuate that men in the honey-moon are apt to imagine time shorter than it is. It brings into my mind a passage in the comedy called the Coffee-House Politician :

We will celebrate this day at my house to-morrow.

[3] These beautiful phrases are all to be found in one single speech of King Arthur, or the British Worthy.

[1] Only to grace my tale with decent horror.
Whilst from my garret, twice two stories high,
I look'd abroad into the streets below,
I saw Tom Thumb attended by the mob;
Twice twenty shoe-boys, twice two dozen links,
Chairmen and porters, hackney-coachmen, whores;
Aloft he bore the grizly head of Grizzle;
When of a sudden through the streets there came
A cow, of larger than the usual size,
And in a moment — guess, oh! guess the rest! —
And in a moment swallow'd up Tom Thumb.

King. Shut up again the prisons, bid my treasurer
Not give three farthings out — hang all the culprits,
Guilty or not — no matter. — Ravish virgins:
Go bid the schoolmasters whip all their boys!
Let lawyers, parsons, and physicians loose,
To rob, impose on, and to kill the world.

Nood. Her majesty the queen is in a swoon.

Queen. Not so much in a swoon but I have still
Strength to reward the messenger of ill news.
[*Kills* NOODLE.

Nood. O! I am slain.

Cle. My lover 's kill'd, I will revenge him so.
[*Kills the* QUEEN.

Hunc. My mamma kill'd! vile murderess, beware.
[*Kills* CLEORA.

Dood. This for an old grudge to thy heart.
[*Kills* HUNCAMUNCA.

[1] I was but teaching him to grace his tale
With decent horror. — *Cleomenes.*

Must. And this
I drive to thine, O Doodle! for a new one.

[*Kills* Doodle.

King. Ha! murderess vile, take that. [*Kills* Must.
[1] And take thou this. [*Kills himself, and falls.*
So when the child, whom nurse from danger guards,

[1] We may say with Dryden,

> Death did at length so many slain forget,
> And left the tale, and took them by the great.

I know of no tragedy which comes nearer to this charming and bloody catastrophe than Cleomenes, where the curtain covers five principal characters dead on the stage. These lines too —

> I ask no questions then, of who kill'd who?
> The bodies tell the story as they lie —

seem to have belonged more properly to this scene of our author; nor can I help imagining they were originally his. The Rival Ladies, too, seem beholden to this scene:

> We 're now a chain of lovers link'd in death;
> Julia goes first, Gonsalvo hangs on her,
> And Angelina hangs upon Gonsalvo,
> As I on Angelina.

No scene, I believe, ever received greater honours than this. It was applauded by several encores, a word very unusual in tragedy. And it was very difficult for the actors to escape without a second slaughter. This I take to be a lively assurance of that fierce spirit of liberty which remains among us, and which Mr. Dryden, in his essay on Dramatick Poetry, hath observed: "Whether custom," says he, "hath so insinuated itself into our countrymen, or nature hath so formed them to fierceness, I know not; but they will scarcely suffer combats and other objects of horror to be taken from them." And indeed I am for having them encouraged in this martial disposition; nor do I believe our victories over the French have been owing to anything more than to those bloody spectacles daily exhibited in our tragedies, of which the French stage is so intirely clear.

Sends Jack for mustard with a pack of cards,
Kings, queens, and knaves, throw one another down,
Till the whole pack lies scatter'd and o'erthrown;
So all our pack upon the floor is cast,
And all I boast is — that I fall the last. [*Dies.*

Beggar's Opera PR
3473
B39
1976 (1950)
for T.A.

Tom Thumb PR
3454
T68
1918

All deplorable!!!

Biden — intelligent

Dukkakis — looks good

Simon — clown hoping for V.P.

Jackson — sucksin

Alphant — awful: [illegible] opportunist

Gore — poor V.P. - bad.

Bazzit — no chance

PASQUIN

A DRAMATICK SATIRE ON THE TIMES

BEING THE REHEARSAL OF TWO PLAYS: VIZ.

A COMEDY CALLED

THE ELECTION

AND A TRAGEDY CALLED

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF COMMON SENSE

First Acted in April 1736

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Trapwit, *Fustian*,	Authors	Mr. Roberts, Mr. Lacy.
Sneerwell (a critick)		Mr. Machen.

Several Players and Prompter.

PERSONS IN THE COMEDY.

Lord Place, *Colonel Promise*, *Sir Henry Fox-Chace*, *Squire Tankard*,	Candidates	Mrs. Charke, Mr. Freeman, Mr. Topham, Mr. Smith.
Mayor		Mr. Jones.
Aldermen, Voters, &c.		
Mrs. Mayoress		Mrs. Egerton.
Miss Mayoress		Miss J. Jones.
Miss Stitch		Miss Burgess.
Servants, Mob, &c.		

PERSONS IN THE TRAGEDY.

Queen Common-Sense	Mrs. Egerton.
Queen Ignorance	Mr. Strensham.
Firebrand (Priest of the Sun)	Mr. Roberts.
Law	Mr. Yates.
Physick	Mr. Jones.
Ghost of Tragedy	Mr. Pullen.
Ghost of Comedy	Mr. Jones.
Third Ghost	Mr. Wallis.
Harlequin	Mr. Pullen.
Officer	Mr. Pullen.
Messenger	Mr. Wallis.
Drummer	Mr. Lowder.

Attendants on Ignorance, Maids of Honour, &c.

Scene, the Play-House.

ACT I

SCENE I. — *Enter several* Players.

1 *Play.* When does the rehearsal begin?

2 *Play.* I suppose we shall hardly rehearse the comedy this morning, for the author was arrested as he was going home from King's coffee-house; and, as I heard it was for upward of four pound, I suppose he will hardly get bail.

1 *Play.* Where 's the tragedy-author then? I have a long part in both, and it 's past ten o'clock.

Wom. P. Ay, I have a part in both too; I wish any one else had them, for they are not seven lengths put together. I think it is very hard a woman of my standing should have a short part put upon her. I suppose Mrs. Merit will have all our principal parts now, but I am resolved I 'll advertise against her. I 'll let the town know how I am injured.

1 *Play.* Oh! here comes our tragedy-poet.

Enter FUSTIAN.

Fust. Gentlemen, your servant; ladies, yours. I should have been here sooner, but I have been obliged, at their own requests, to wait upon some half-dozen persons of the first quality with tickets: upon my soul I have been chid for putting off my play so long. I hope you are all quite perfect, for

the town will positively stay for it no longer. I think I may very well put upon the bills, *At the particular desire of several ladies of quality*, the first night.

Enter Prompter.

Promp. Mr. Fustian, we must defer the rehearsal of your tragedy, for the gentleman who plays the first ghost is not yet up; and when he is, he has got such a churchyard-cough he will not be heard to the middle of the pit.

1 *Play.* I wish you could cut the ghost out, sir, for I am terribly afraid he 'll be damned if you don't.

Fust. Cut him out, sir? He is one of the most considerable persons in the play.

Promp. Then, sir, you must give the part to somebody else; for the present is so lame he can hardly walk the stage.

Fust. Then he shall be carried, for no man in England can act a ghost like him. Sir, he was born a ghost — he was made for the part — and the part writ for him.

Promp. Well, sir, then we hope you will give us leave to rehearse the comedy first.

Fust. Ay, ay, you may rehearse it first, if you please, and act it first too. If it keeps back mine above three nights, I am mistaken. I don't know what friends the author may have; but if ever such stuff, such damned, incoherent, senseless stuff, was ever brought on any stage — if the audience suffer it to go through three acts — Oh! he 's here.

Enter Trapwit.

Dear Mr. Trapwit! your most humble servant, sir; I read your comedy over last night, and a most excellent one it is; if it runs as long as it deserves you will engross the whole season to yourself.

Trap. Sir, I am glad it met with your approbation, as there is no man whose taste and judgment I have a better opinion of. But pray, sir, why don't they proceed to the rehearsal of your tragedy? I assure you, sir, I had much difficulty to get hither so early.

2 *Play.* Yes, faith, I believe you had. [*Aside.*

Fust. Sir, your comedy is to be rehearsed first.

Trap. Excuse me, sir, I know the deference due to tragedy better.

Fust. Sir, I would not have you think I give up the cause of tragedy; but my ghost, being ill, sir, cannot get up without danger, and I would not risque the life of my ghost on any account.

Trap. You are in the right on't, sir; for a ghost is the soul of tragedy.

Fust. Ay, sir, I think it is not amiss to remind people of those things which they are now-a-days too apt to disbelieve; besides, we have lately had an act against witches, and I don't question but shortly we shall have one against ghosts. But come, Mr. Trapwit, as we are for this once to give the precedence to comedy, e'en let us begin.

Trap. Ay, ay, with all my heart. Come, come, where's the gentleman who speaks the prologue? This prologue, Mr. Fustian, was given me by a

friend, who does not care to own it till he tries whether it succeeds or no.

Enter Player *for the Prologue.*

Come, sir, make a very low bow to the audience; and shew as much concern as possible in your looks.

PROLOGUE.

As crafty lawyers, to acquire applause,
Try various arts to get a doubtful cause;
Or, as a dancing master in a jigg,
With various steps instructs the dancing prig;
Or as a doctor writes you different bills;
Or as a quack prescribes you different pills;
Or as a fiddler plays more tunes than one;
Or as a baker bakes more bread than brown;
Or as a tumbler tumbles up and down;
So does our author, rummaging his brain,
By various methods try to entertain;
Brings a strange groupe of characters before you,
And shews you here at once both Whig and Tory;
Or court and country party you may call 'em:
But without fear and favour he will maul 'em.
To you, then, mighty sages of the pit —

Trap. Oh! dear sir, seem a little more affected, I beseech you; advance to the front of the stage, make a low bow, lay your hand upon your heart, fetch a deep sigh, and pull out your handkerchief: To you, then, mighty sages of the pit —

Prol. To you, then, mighty sages of the pit,
Our author humbly does his cause submit.
He trys to please — oh! take it not amiss:
And though it should be dull, oh! do not hiss;
Laugh, if you can — if you cannot laugh, weep:
When you can wake no longer — fall asleep.

Trap. Very well! very well, sir! You have affected me, I am sure.

Fust. And so he will the audience, I 'll answer for them.

Trap. Oh, sir, you 're too good-natured; but, sir, I do assure you I had writ a much better prologue of my own; but, as this came gratis, have reserved it for my next play — a prologue saved is a prologue got, brother Fustian. But come, where are your actors? Is Mr. Mayor and the Aldermen at the table?

Promp. Yes, sir; but they want wine, and we can get none from the quaker's cellar without ready money.

Trap. Rat him! can't he trust till the third night? Here, take sixpence, and fetch two pots of porter, put it into bottles, and it will do for wine well enough.

Fust. Ay, faith, and the wine will be as good as the wit, I 'll answer for it. [*Aside.*

Trap. Mr. Fustian, you 'll observe I do not begin this play, like most of our modern comedies, with three or four gentlemen who are brought on only to talk wit; for, to tell you the truth, sir, I have very little, if any, wit in this play. No, sir, this is a play consisting of humour, nature, and simplicity. It is written, sir, in the exact and true spirit of Molière: and this I will say for it, that, except about a dozen, or a score or so, there is not one impure joke in it. But come, clear the stage, and draw the back scene! Mr. Fustian, if you please to sit down by me.

[Mayor *and* Aldermen *discovered.*

Fust. Pray, sir, who are these characters?

Trap. Sir, they are Mr. Mayor of the town and his brethren, consulting about the election.

Fust. Are they all of a side, sir?

Trap. Yes, sir, as yet; for you must know, sir, that all the men in this borough are very sensible people, and have no party principles for which they cannot give a good reason; Mr. Mayor, you begin the play.

May. Gentlemen, I have summoned you together to consider of proper representatives for this borough: you know the candidates on the court side are my lord Place and colonel Promise; the country candidates are Sir Henry Fox-chace and squire Tankard; all worthy gentlemen, and I wish with all my heart we could chuse them all four.

1 *Ald.* But since we cannot, Mr. Mayor, I think we should stand by our neighbours; gentlemen whose honesty we are witnesses of, and whose estates in our own neighbourhood render 'em not liable to be bribed.

Fust. This gentleman, Mr. Trapwit, does not seem so unbiassed in his principles as you represented him.

Trap. Pugh, sir! you must have one fool in a play; beside, I only writ him to set off the rest.

May. Mr. Alderman, you have a narrow way of thinking; honesty is not confined to a country; a man that lives a hundred miles off may be as honest as him who lives but three.

Ald. Ay, ay, ay, ay. [*Shaking their heads.*

May. Besides, gentlemen, are we not more obliged

to a foreigner for the favours he does us than to one of our own neighbours who has obligations to us? I believe, gentlemen, there is not one of us who does not eat and drink with Sir Harry at least twenty times in a twelvemonth; now, for my part, I never saw or heard of either my lord or the colonel till within this fortnight; and yet they are as obliging, and civil and familiar, as if we had been born and bred together.

1 *Ald.* Nay, they are very civil, well-bred men, that is the truth on 't; but won't they bring a standing army upon us?

May. Mr. Alderman, you are deceived; the country party will bring a standing army upon us; whereas, if we chuse my lord and the colonel, we shan't have a soldier in town. But, mum! here are my lord and the colonel.

Enter Lord Place *and* Col. Promise.

Place. Gentlemen, your most humble servant; I have brought the colonel to take a morning's whet with you.

May. Your lordship and the colonel do us great honour; pray, my lord, be pleased to sit down; pray, colonel, be pleased to sit. More wine here.

Fust. I wish, Mr. Trapwit, your actors don't get drunk in the first act.

Trap. Dear sir, don't interrupt the rehearsal.

Place. Gentlemen, prosperity to the corporation!

Fust. Sir, I am a well-wisher to the corporation, and, if you please, will pledge his lordship: — success to your comedy, Mr. Trapwit. [*Drinks.*

Trap. Give me a glass — sir, here 's to your tragedy. Now, pray, no more interruption; for this scene is one continual joke, and if you open your lips in it you will break the thread of the jest.

May. My lord, we are sensible of your great power to serve this corporation, and we do not doubt but we shall feel the effect on 't.

Place. Gentlemen, you may depend on me; I shall do all in my power. I shall do you some services which are not proper at present to mention to you; in the meantime, Mr. Mayor, give me leave to squeeze you by the hand, in assurance of my sincerity.

Trap. You, Mr., that act my lord, bribe a little more openly, if you please, or the audience will lose that joke, and it is one of the strongest in my whole play.

Place. Sir, I cannot possibly do it better at the table.

Trap. Then get all up, and come forward to the front of the stage. Now, you gentlemen that act the mayor and aldermen, range yourselves in a line; and you, my lord and the colonel, come to one end and bribe away with right and left.

Fust. Is this wit, Mr. Trapwit?

Trap. Yes, sir, it is wit; and such wit as will run all over the kingdom.

Fust. But, methinks, colonel Promise, as you call him, is but ill-named; for he is a man of very few words.

Trap. You 'll be of another opinion before the play is over; at present his hands are too full of

business; and you may remember, sir, I before told you this is none of your plays wherein much is said and nothing done. Gentlemen, are you all bribed?

Omnes. Yes, sir.

Trap. Then, my lord and the colonel, you must go off, and make room for the other candidates to come on and bribe too.

[*Exeunt* PLACE *and* PROMISE.

Fust. Is there nothing but bribery in this play of yours, Mr. Trapwit?

Trap. Sir, this play is an exact representation of nature; I hope the audience will date the time of action before the bill of bribery and corruption took place; and then I believe it may go down; but now, Mr. Fustian, I shall shew you the art of a writer, which is, to diversify his matter, and do the same thing several ways. You must know, sir, I distinguish bribery into two kinds, the direct and the indirect: the first you have seen already; and now, sir, I shall give you a small specimen of the other. Prompter, call Sir Harry and the squire. But, gentlemen, what are you doing? How often shall I tell you that the moment the candidates are gone out you are to retire to the table, and drink and look wise; you, Mr. Mayor, ought to look very wise.

Fust. You 'll take care he shall talk foolish enough, I 'll warrant you. [*Aside.*

May. Come, here 's a round to my lord and the colonel's health; a Place and a Promise, I say; they may talk of the pride of courtiers, but I am sure I never had a civiller squeeze by the hand in my life.

Trap. Ay, you have squeezed that out pretty well: but shew the gold at these words, sir, if you please.

May. I have none.

Trap. Pray, Mr. Prompter, take care to get some counters against it is acted.

Fust. Ha, ha, ha! upon my word the courtiers have topt their part; the actor has outdone the author; this bribing with an empty hand is quite in the character of a courtier.

Trap. Come, enter Sir Harry and the squire. Where are they?

1 *Play.* Sir, Mr. Soundwell has been regularly summoned, but he has refused to act the part.

Trap. Has he been writ to?

1 *Play.* Yes, sir, and here 's his answer.

Trap. Let both the letters be produced before the audience. Pray, Mr. Prompter, who shall we have to act the part?

1 *Play.* Sir, I like the part so well that I have studied it in the hope of some time playing it.

Trap. You are an exceeding pretty young fellow, and I am very glad of the exchange.

Sir H. Halloo, hark forwards; hark, honest Ned, good-morrow to you; how dost, Master Mayor? What, you are driving it about merrily this morning? Come, come, sit down; the squire and I will take a pot with you. Come, Mr. Mayor, here 's — liberty and property and no excise.

May. Sir Harry, your health.

Sir H. What, won't you pledge me? Won't you drink no excise?

May. I don't love party healths, Sir Harry.

All Ald. No, no; no party healths, no party healths.

Sir H. Say ye so, gentlemen? I begin to smoke you; your pulses have been felt, I perceive: and will you be bribed to sell your country? Where do you think these courtiers get the money they bribe you with, but from yourselves? Do you think a man who will give a bribe won't take one? If you would be served faithfully, you must choose faithfully, and give your vote on no consideration but merit; for my part, I would as soon suborn an evidence at an assize as a vote at an election.

May. I do believe you, Sir Harry.

Sir H. Mr. Mayor, I hope you received those three bucks I sent you, and that they were good.

May. Sir Harry, I thank you for them; but 't is so long since I eat them that I have forgot the taste.

Sir H. We'll try to revive it — I'll order you three more to-morrow morning.

May. You will surfeit us with venison: you will indeed; for it is a dry meat, Sir Harry, a very dry meat.

Sir H. We'll find a way to moisten it, I'll warrant you, if there be any wine in town. Mr. Alderman Stitch, your bill is too reasonable; you certainly must lose by it: send me in half a dozen more greatcoats, pray; my servants are the dirtiest dogs! Mr. Damask, I believe you are afraid to trust me, by those few yards of silk you sent my wife; she likes the pattern so extremely she is resolved to hang her rooms with it; pray let me have a hundred yards of it; I shall want more of you.

Mr. Timber, and you, Mr. Iron, I shall get into your books too.

Fust. Would not that getting into books have been more in the character of the courtier, Mr. Trapwit?

Trap. Go on, go on, sir.

Sir H. That gentleman interrupts one so. — Oh, now I remember — Mr. Timber, and you Mr. Iron, I shall get into your books too; though if I do, I assure you I won't continue in them long.

Trap. Now, sir, would it have been more in the character of a courtier? But you are like all our modern criticks, who damn a man before they have heard a man out; when, if they would but stay till the joke came —

Fust. They would stay to hear your last words, I believe. [*Aside.*

Sir H. For you must know, gentlemen, that I intend to pull down my old house, and build a new one.

Trap. Pray, gentlemen, observe all to start at the word *house.* Sir Harry, that last speech again, pray.

Sir H. For you, &c. —— Mr. Mayor, I must have all my bricks of you.

May. And do you intend to rebuild your house, Sir Harry?

Sir H. Positively.

May. Gentlemen, methinks Sir Harry's toast stands still; will nobody drink liberty and property, and no excise? [*They all drink and huzza.*

Sir H. Give me thy hand, mayor; I hate bribery and corruption: if this corporation will not suf-

fer itself to be bribed, there shall not be a poor man in it.

May. And he that will, deserves to be poor; for my part, the world should not bribe me to vote against my conscience.

Trap. Do you take that joke, sir?

Fust. No, faith, sir.

Trap. Why, how can a man vote against his conscience who has no conscience at all?

1 *Ald.* Come, gentlemen, here's a Fox-chace and a Tankard!

Omnes. A Fox-chace and a tankard! huzza!

Sir H. Come, let's have one turn in the market-place, and then we'll to dinner.

May. Let's fill the air with our repeated cries
Of liberty, and property, and no excise.
[*Exeunt* Mayor *and* Aldermen.

Trap. How do you like that couplet, sir?

Fust. Oh! very fine, sir!

Trap. This is the end of the first act, sir.

Fust. I cannot but observe, Mr. Trapwit, how nicely you have opposed squire Tankard to colonel Promise; neither of whom have yet uttered one syllable.

Trap. Why, you would not have every man a speaker, would you? One of a side is sufficient; and let me tell you, sir, one is full enough to utter all that the party has to say for itself.

Fust. Methinks, sir, you should let the audience know they can speak, if it were but an *ay* or a *no*.

Trap. Sir, the audience must know that already; for if they could not say *ay* and *no*, they would not be qualified for candidates.

Fust. Oh! your humble servant, I am answered; but pray, sir, what is the action of this play?

Trap. The action, sir?

Fust. Yes, sir, the fable, the design?

Trap. Oh! you ask who is to be married? Why, sir, I have a marriage; I hope you think I understand the laws of comedy better than to write without marrying somebody.

Fust. But is that the main design to which everything conduces?

Trap. Yes, sir.

Fust. Faith, sir, I can't for the soul of me see how what has hitherto past can conduce at all to that end.

Trap. You can't? indeed, I believe you can't; for that is the whole plot of my play: and do you think I am like your shallow writers of comedy, who publish the bans of marriage between all the couples in their play in the first act? No, sir, I defy you to guess my couple till the thing is done, slap all at once; and that too by an incident arising from the main business of the play, and to which everything conduces.

Fust. That will, indeed, surprise me.

Trap. Sir, you are not the first man my writings have surprised. But what's become of all our players?—Here, who begins the second act?—Prompter!

Enter 1st Player.

1 *Play.* Sir, the prompter and most of the players are drinking tea in the green-room.

Trap. Mr. Fustian, shall we drink a dish of tea

with them? Come, sir, as you have a part in my play, you shall drink a dish with us.

1 *Play.* Sir, I dare not go into the green-room; my salary is not high enough: I shall be forfeited if I go in there.

Trap. Pshaw! come along; your sister has merit enough for herself and you too: if they forfeit you, I'll warrant she'll take it off again.

ACT II

SCENE I. — *Enter* TRAPWIT, FUSTIAN, Prompter, Lord PLACE, Mrs. *and* Miss Mayoress.

Trap. I am afraid, Mr. Fustian, you have hitherto suspected that I was a dabbler in low comedy; now, sir, you shall see some scenes of politeness and fine conversation among the ladies. Come, my lord, come, begin.

Place. Pray, Mrs. Mayoress, what do you think this lace cost a yard?

Fust. A very pretty beginning of polite conversation, truly.

Trap. Sir, in this play I keep exactly up to nature, nor is there anything said in this scene that I have not heard come out of the mouths of the finest people of the age. Sir, this scene has cost me ten shillings in chair-hire, to keep the best company, as it is called.

Mrs. M. Indeed, my lord, I cannot guess it at less than ten pounds a yard.

Place. Pray, madam, was you at the last ridotto?

Fust. Ridotto! the devil! a country mayoress at a ridotto! Sure, that is out of character, Mr. Trapwit!

Trap. Sir, a conversation of this nature cannot be carried on without these helps; besides, sir, this

country mayoress, as you call her, may be allowed to know something of the town; for you must know, sir, that she has been woman to a woman of quality.

Fust. I am glad to hear that.

Mrs. M. Oh, my lord! mention not those dear ridottos to me, who have been confined these twelve long months in the country; where we have no entertainment but a set of hideous strolling players; nor have I seen any one human creature till your lordship came to town. Heaven send us a controverted election! then I shall go to that dear delightful place once more.

Miss M. Yes, mama, and then we shall see Faribelly, the strange man-woman that they say is with child; and the fine pictures of Merlin's cave at the playhouses; and the rope-dancing and the tumbling.

Fust. By miss's taste I believe she has been bred up under a woman of quality too.

Place. I cannot but with pleasure observe, madam, the polite taste miss shows in her choice of entertainments; I dare swear she will be much admired in the *beau monde*, and I don't question but will be soon taken into keeping by some man of quality.

Miss M. Keeping, my lord?

Place. Ay, that surprize looks well enough in one so young, that does not know the world; but, miss, every one now keeps and is kept; there are no such things as marriages now-a-days, unless merely Smithfield contracts, and that for the support of families; but then the husband and wife both take into keeping within a fortnight.

Mrs. M. My lord, I would have my girl act like other young ladies; but she does not know any men of quality, who shall introduce her to 'em?

Place. That, madam, must be your part; you must take a house and see company; in a little while you may keep an assembly, and play at cards as high as you can; and almost all the money that is won must be put into the box, which you must call *paying for the cards;* though it is indeed paying for your candles, your cloaths, your lodgings, and, in short, everything you have. I know some persons who make a very considerable figure in town, whose whole estate lies in their card-box.

Mrs. M. And have I been so long contented to be the wife of a poor country tradesman, when I might have had all this happiness?

Fust. How comes this lady, Mr. Trapwit, considering her education, to be so ignorant of all these things?

Trap. 'Gad, that 's true; I had forgot her education, faith, when I writ that speech; it 's a fault I sometimes fall into — a man ought to have the memory of a devil to remember every little thing; but come, go on, go on — I 'll alter it by and by.

Place. Indeed, madam, it is a miserable state of life; I hope we shall have no such people as tradesmen shortly; I can't see any use they are of: if I am chose, I 'll bring in a bill to extirpate all trade out of the nation.

Mrs. M. Yes, my lord, that would do very well amongst people of quality who don't want money.

Fust. Again! Sure Mrs. Mayoress knows very

little of people of quality, considering she has lived amongst them.

Trap. Lord, sir, you are so troublesome. Then she has not lived amongst people of quality, she has lived where I please; but suppose we should suppose she had been woman to a lady of quality, may we not also suppose she was turned away in a fortnight, and then what could she know, sir? Go on, go on.

Place. Alack-a-day, madam, when I mention trade, I only mean low, dull, mechanick trade, such as the canaille practise; there are several trades reputable enough, which people of fashion may practise; such as gaming, intriguing, voting, and running in debt.

Trap. Come, enter a servant, and whisper my lord. [*Enter a* Servant.] Pray, sir, mind your cue of entrance. [*Exit* Servant.

Place. Ladies, a particular affair obliges me to lose so good company. I am your most obedient servant. [*Exit.*

Mrs. M. He is a prodigious fine gentleman.

Miss M. But must I go into keeping, mama?

Mrs. M. Child, you must do what 's in fashion.

Miss M. But I have heard that 's a naughty thing.

Mrs. M. That can't be if your betters do it; people are punished for doing naughty things, but people of quality are never punished; therefore they never do any naughty things.

Fust. An admirable syllogism, and quite in character.

Trap. Pshaw, dear sir! don't trouble me with

character; it's a good thing; and if it's a good thing, what signifies who says it? — Come, enter the mayor drunk.

Enter Mayor.

May. Liberty and property, and no excise, wife.

Mrs. M. Ah! filthy beast, come not near me.

May. But I will, though; I am for liberty and property; I 'll vote for no courtiers, wife.

Mrs. M. Indeed, but you shall, sir.

Miss M. I hope you won't vote for a nasty stinking Tory, papa.

May. What a pox! are you for the courtiers too?

Miss M. Yes, I hope I am a friend to my country; I am not for bringing in the pope.

May. No, nor I an't for a standing army.

Mrs. M. But I am for a standing army, sir; a standing army is a good thing: you pretend to be afraid of your liberties and your properties — you are afraid of your wives and daughters: I love to see soldiers in the town; and you may say what you will, I know the town loses nothing by 'em.

May. The women don't, I believe.

Mrs. M. And I 'll have you know, the women's wants shall be considered, as well as yours. I think my lord and the colonel do you too much honour in offering to represent such a set of clownish, dirty, beggarly animals — Ah! I wish we women were to choose.

May. Ay, we should have a fine set of members then, indeed.

Mrs. M. Yes, sir, you would have none but pretty

gentlemen — there should not be one man in the House of Commons without a laced coat.

Miss M. O la! What a delicate, fine, charming sight that would be! Well, I like a laced coat; and if ever I am taken into keeping, it shall be by a man in a laced coat.

May. What 's that you say, minx? What 's that you say?

Mrs. M. What 's that to you, sir?

May. Why, madam, must not I speak to my own daughter?

Mrs. M. You have the greater obligation to me, sir, if she is: I am sure, if I had thought you would have endeavoured to ruin your family, I would have seen you hanged before you should have had any by me.

May. I ruin my family!

Mrs. M. Yes, I have been making your fortune for you with my lord; I have got a place for you, but you won't accept on 't.

Miss M. You shall accept on't.

Mrs. M. You shall vote for my lord and the colonel.

Miss M. They are the finest men —

Mrs. M. The prettiest men —

Miss M. The sweetest men —

Mrs. M. And you shall vote for them.

May. I won't be bribed.

Mrs. M. A place is no bribe — ask the parson of the parish if a place is a bribe.

May. What is the place?

Mrs. M. I don't know what the place is, nor my

lord does not know what it is, but it is a great swingeing place.

May. I will have the place first. I won't take a bribe, I will have the place first; liberty and property! I'll have the place first. [*Exit.*

Mrs. M. Come, my dear, follow me; I'll see whether he shall vote according to his conscience or mine.

I'll teach mankind, while policy they boast,
They bear the name of power, we rule the roast.

Trap. There ends act the second. [*Exeunt* Mrs. *and* Miss Mayoress.] Mr. Fustian, I inculcate a particular moral at the end of every act; and therefore, might have put a particular motto before every one, as the author of Caesar in Egypt has done: thus, sir, my first act sweetly sings, Bribe all; bribe all; and the second gives you to understand that we are all under petticoat-government; and my third will —but you shall see. Enter my lord Place, colonel Promise, and several voters. My lord, you begin the third act.

Enter Lord Place, Col. Promise, *and several* Voters.

Place. Gentlemen, be assured I will take care of you all; you shall all be provided for as fast as possible; the customs and the excise afford a great number of places.

1 *Voter.* Could not your lordship provide for me at court?

Place. Nothing easier: what sort of a place would you like?

1 *Voter.* Is not there a sort of employment, sir, called — beef-eating? — If your lordship please to make me a beef-eater — I would have a place fitted for my capacity.

Place. Sir, I will be sure to remember you.

2 *Voter.* My lord, I should like a place at court too; I don't much care what it is, provided I wear fine cloaths, and have something to do in the kitchen or the cellar; I own I should like the cellar, for I am a devilish lover of sack.

Place. Sack, say you? Odso, you shall be poet-laureat.

2 *Voter.* Poet! no, my lord, I am no poet, I can't make verses.

Place. No matter for that — you 'll be able to make odes.

2 *Voter.* Odes, my lord! what are those?

Place. Faith, sir, I can't tell well what they are; but I know you may be qualified for the place without being a poet.

Trap. Now, my lord, do you file off, and talk apart with your people; and let the colonel advance.

Fust. Ay, faith, I think it is high time for the colonel to be heard.

Col. Depend upon it, sir; I 'll serve you.

Fust. Upon my word the colonel begins very well; but has not that been said already?

Trap. Ay, and if I was to bring a hundred courtiers into my play, they should all say it — none of them do it.

3 *Voter.* An 't please your honour, I have read in a book called Fog's Journal that your honour's men

are to be made of wax: now, sir, I have served my time to a wax-work maker, and desire to make your honour's regiment.

Col. Sir, you may depend on me.

3 *Voter.* Are your officers to be made of wax too, sir? because I would prepare a finer sort for them.

Col. No, none but the chaplain.

3 *Voter.* O! I have a most delicate piece of black wax for him.

Trap. You see, sir, the colonel can speak when military affairs are on the carpet. Hitherto, Mr. Fustian, the play has gone on in great tranquillity; now you shall see a scene of a more turbulent nature. Come, enter the mob of both sides, and cudgel one another off the stage. Colonel, as your business is not to fight at present, I beg you would go off before the battle comes on; you and your brother candidate come into the middle of the stage; you voters range yourselves under your several leaders. [*The mob attempt to break in.*] Pray, gentlemen, keep back; mind, the colonel's going off is the cue for the battle to enter. Now, my lord, and the colonel, you are at the head of your parties — but hold, hold, hold! you beef-eater, go you behind my lord, if you please; and you soldier-maker, come you behind the colonel: now, gentlemen, speak.

Place and *Col.* Gentlemen, we'll serve you.

[*My lord and the colonel file off at different doors, the parties following.*

Enter mob on each side of the stage, crying out promiscuously, Down with the Rump! No court-

iers! No Jacobites! Down with the pope! No excise! A Place and a Promise! A Fox-chace and a Tankard! *At last they fall together by the ears, and cudgel one another off the stage.*

Enter Sir HARRY, Squire TANKARD, *and* Mayor.

Sir H. Bravely done, my boys, bravely done; faith, our party has got the day.

May. Ay, Sir Harry, at dry blows we always come off well; if we could but disband the army, I warrant we carried all our points. But faith, sir, I have fought a hard battle on your account; the other side have secured my wife; my lord has promised her a place, but I am not to be gulled in that manner: I may be taken like a fish in the water, by a bait; but not like the dog in the water, by a shadow.

Sir H. I know you are an honest man, and love your country.

May. Faith, that I do, Sir Harry, as well as any man; if my country will but let me live by it, that 's all I desire.

Fust. Mr. Mayor seems to have got himself sober very suddenly.

Trap. Yes, so would you too, I believe, if you had been scolded at by your wife as long as he has; but if you think that is not reason enough, he may be drunk still, for any reason I see to the contrary: pray, sir, act this scene as if you was drunk.

Fust. Nay, I must confess, I think it quite out

of character the mayor to be once sober during the whole election.

Tank. [*drunk.*] A man that won't get drunk for his country is a rascal.

May. So he is, noble squire; there's no honesty in a man that won't be drunk — A man that won't drink is an enemy to the trade of the nation.

Sir H. Those were glorious days when honest English hospitality flourished; when a country gentleman could afford to make his neighbours drunk, before your damned French fashions were brought over. Why, Mr. Mayor, would you think it? there are many of these courtiers who have six starved footmen behind a coach, and not half a hogshead of wine in their house; why, how do you think all the money is spent?

May. Faith, I can't tell.

Sir H. Why, in houses, pictures, lace, embroidery, nick-nacks, Italian singers, and French tumblers; and those who vote for them will never get a dinner of them after the election is over.

May. But there is a thought comes often into my head, which is this; if these courtiers be turned out, who shall succeed them?

Sir H. Who? why, we!

Tank. Ay, we!

Sir H. And then we may provide for our friends. I love my country, but I don't know why I may not get something by it as well as another; at least to reimburse me. — And I do assure you, though I have not bribed a single vote, my election will stand me in a good five thousand pounds.

Tank. Ay, and so will mine me: but if ever we should get uppermost, Sir Harry, I insist upon immediately paying off the debts of the nation.

Sir H. Mr. Tankard, that shall be done with all convenient speed.

Tank. I'll have no delay in it, sir.

May. There spoke the spirit of a true Englishman: ah! I love to hear the squire speak; he will be a great honour to his country in foreign parts.

Sir H. Our friends stay for us at the tavern; we'll go and talk more over a bottle.

Tank. With all my heart; but I will pay off the debts of the nation.

May. Come to the tavern then:—
There, while brisk wine improves our conversation,
We at our pleasure will reform the nation.

Trap. There ends act the third.

[*Exeunt* Sir Harry, Tankard, *and* Mayor.

Fust. Pray, sir, what 's the moral of this act?

Trap. And you really don't know?

Fust. No, really.

Trap. Then I really will not tell you; but come, sir, since you cannot find that out, I'll try whether you can find out the plot; for now it is just going to begin to open, it will require a very close attention, I assure you; and the devil take me if I give you any assistance.

Fust. Is not the fourth act a little too late to open the plot, Mr. Trapwit?

Trap. Sir, 't is an error on the right side: I have known a plot open in the first act, and the audience, and the poet too, forget it before the third was over:

now, sir, I am not willing to burden either the audience's memory or my own; for they may forget all that is hitherto past, and know full as much of the plot as if they remembered it.

Promp. Call Mr. Mayor, Mrs. Mayoress, and Miss.

Enter Mayor, Mrs. *and* Miss Mayoress.

Mrs. M. Oh! have I found you at last, sir? I have been hunting for you this hour.

May. Faith, my dear, I wish you had found me sooner; I have been drinking to the good old cause with Sir Harry and the squire: you would have been heartily welcome to all the company.

Mrs. M. Sir, I shall keep no such company; I shall converse with no clowns or country squires.

Miss M. My mama will converse with no Jacobites.

May. But, my dear, I have some news for you; I have got a place for myself now.

Mrs. M. O ho! then you will vote for my lord at last?

May. No, my dear; Sir Harry is to give me a place.

Mrs. M. A place in his dog-kennel?

May. No, 't is such a one as you never could have got me from my lord; I am to be made an embassador.

Mrs. M. What, is Sir Harry going to change sides then, that he is to have all this interest?

May. No, but the sides are going to be changed; and Sir Harry is to be — I don't know what to call

him, not I — some very great man ; and as soon as he is a very great man I am to be made an embassador of.

Mrs. M. Made an ass of! Will you never learn of me that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush?

May. Yes, but I can't find that you had the bird in hand ; if that had been the case I don't know what I might have done ; but I am sure any man's promise is as good as a courtier's.

Mrs. M. Look'ye, Mr. Embassador that is to be ; will you vote as I would have you or no? I am weary of arguing with a fool any longer ; so, sir, I tell you you must vote for my lord and the colonel, or I 'll make the house too hot to hold you ; I 'll see whether my poor family is to be ruined because you have whims.

Miss M. I know he is a Jacobite in his heart.

Mrs. M. What signifies what he is in his heart? have not a hundred, whom everybody knows to be as great Jacobites as he, acted like very good whigs? What has a man's heart to do with his lips? I don't trouble my head with what he thinks ; I only desire him to vote.

Miss M. I am sure mama is a very reasonable woman.

Mrs. M. Yes, I am too reasonable a woman, and have used gentle methods too long ; but I 'll try others.

[*Goes to a corner of the stage and takes a stick.*

May. Nay, then, liberty and property, and no excise! [*Runs off.*

Mrs. M. I'll excise you, you villain!

[*Runs after him.*

Miss. M. Hey ho! I wish somebody were here now. Would the man that I love best in the world were here, that I might use him like a dog!

Fust. Is not that a very odd wish, Mr. Trapwit?

Trap. No, sir; don't all the young ladies in plays use all their lovers so? Should we not lose half the best scenes in our comedies else?

Promp. Pray, gentlemen, don't disturb the rehearsal so: where is this servant? [*Enter* Servant.] Why don't you mind your cue?

Serv. Oh, ay, dog 's my cue. Madam, here 's Miss Stitch, the taylor's daughter, come to wait on you.

Miss M. Shew her in. What can the impertinent flirt want with me? She knows I hate her too for being of the other party: however, I 'll be as civil to her as I can. [*Enter* Miss Stitch.] Dear miss! your servant; this is an unexpected favour.

Miss S. I am sure, madam, you have no reason to say so; for, though we are of different parties, I have always coveted your acquaintance. I can't see why people may not keep their principles to themselves.

[*Aside.*

Miss M. Pray, miss, sit down. Well, have you any news in town?

Miss S. I don't know, my dear, for I have not been out these three days; and I have been employed all that time in reading one of the "Craftsmen:" 't is a very pretty one; I have almost got it by heart.

Miss M. [*Aside.*] Saucy flirt! she might have

spared that to me when she knows that I hate the paper.

Miss S. But I ask your pardon, my dear; I know you never read it.

Miss M. No, madam, I have enough to do to read the "Daily Gazetteer." My father has six of 'em sent him every week for nothing: they are very pretty papers, and I wish you would read them, miss.

Miss S. Fie upon you! how can you read what's writ by an old woman?

Miss M. An old woman, miss?

Miss S. Yes, miss, by Mrs. Osborne. Nay, it is in vain to deny it to me.

Miss M. I desire, madam, we may discourse no longer on this subject; for we shall never agree on it.

Miss S. Well, then, pray let me ask you seriously — are you thoroughly satisfied with this peace?

Miss M. Yes, madam, and I think you ought to be so too.

Miss S. I should like it well enough if I were sure the queen of Spain was to be trusted.

Miss M. [*rising*]. Pray miss, none of your insinuations against the queen of Spain.

Miss S. Don't be in a passion, madam.

Miss M. Yes, madam, but I will be in a passion, when the interest of my country is at stake.

Miss S. [*rising.*] Perhaps, madam, I have a heart as warm in the interest of my country as you can have; though I pay money for the papers I read, and that's more than you can say.

Miss M. Miss, miss, my papers are paid for too by somebody, though I don't pay for them; I don't suppose the old woman, as you call her, sends 'em about at her own expence; but I'd have you to know, miss, I value my money as little as you in my country's cause; and rather than have no army, I would part with every farthing of these sixteen shillings to maintain it.

Miss S. And if my sweetheart was to vote for the colonel, though I like this fan of all the fans I ever saw in my life, I would tear it all to pieces, because it was his Valentine's gift to me. Oh, heavens! I have torn my fan; I would not have torn my fan for the world! Oh! my poor dear fan! I wish all parties were at the devil, for I am sure I shall never get a fan by them.

Miss M. Notwithstanding all you have said, madam, I should be a brute not to pity you under this calamity: comfort yourself, child, I have a fan the exact fellow to it; if you bring your sweetheart over to vote for the colonel you shall have it.

Miss S. And can I sell my country for a fan? What's my country to me? I shall never get a fan by it. And will you give it me for nothing?

Miss M. I'll make you a free present of it.

Miss S. I am ashamed of your conquest, but I'll take the fan.

Miss M. And now, my dear, we'll go and drink a dish of tea together.

And let all parties blame me if they can,
Who 're bribed by honours trifling as a fan.

[*Exeunt* Misses.

Trap. There ends act the fourth. If you want to know the moral of this, the devil must be in you. Faith, this incident of the fan struck me so strongly that I was once going to call this comedy by the name of The Fan. But come, now for act the fifth.

Promp. Sir, the player who is to begin it is just stepped aside on some business; he begs you would stay a few minutes for him.

Trap. Come, Fustian, you and I will step into the green-room, and chat with the actresses meanwhile.

Fust. But don't you think these girls improper persons to talk of parties?

Trap. Sir, I assure you it is not out of nature: and I have often heard these affairs canvast by men who had not one whit more understanding than these girls. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III

SCENE I. — *Enter* TRAPWIT, FUSTIAN, *and* SNEERWELL.

Trap. Fie upon 't, fie upon 't! make no excuses.

Sneer. Consider, sir, I am my own enemy.

Trap. I do consider that you might have past your time, perhaps, here as well as in another place.

Sneer. But I hope I have not transgressed much.

Trap. All 's over, sir, all 's over; you might as well have stayed away entirely; the fifth act 's beginning, and the plot 's at an end.

Sneer. What! 's the plot at an end before the fifth act is begun?

Trap. No, no, no, no, I don't mean at an end; but we are so far advanced in it that it will be impossible for you to comprehend or understand anything of it.

Fust. You have too mean an opinion of Mr. Sneerwell's capacity; I 'll engage he shall understand as much of it as I, who have heard the other four.

Trap. Sir, I can't help your want of understanding or apprehension; 't is not my fault if you cannot take a hint, sir: would you have a catastrophe in every act? Oons and the devil! have not I promised you you should know all by and by? but you are so impatient!

Fust. I think you have no reason to complain of my want of patience. Mr. Sneerwell, be easy; 't is but one short act before my tragedy begins; and that I hope will make you amends for what you are to undergo before it. Trapwit, I wish you would begin.

Trap. I wish so too. Come, prompter! are the members in their chairs?

Promp. Yes, sir.

Trap. Then carry them over the stage: but, hold, hold, hold! where is the woman to strew the flowers? [*The members are carried over the stage.*] Halloo, mob, halloo, halloo! Oons, Mr. Prompter! you must get more mob to halloo, or these gentlemen will never be believed to have had the majority.

Promp. Sir, I can get no more mob; all the rest of the mob are gone to St. James's-park to see the show.

Sneer. Pray, Mr. Trapwit, who are these gentlemen in the chairs?

Trap. Ay, sir, this is your staying away so long; if you had been here the first four acts you would have known who they were.

Fust. Dear Sneerwell, ask him no more questions; if you enquire into every absurdity you see we shall have no tragedy to-day.

Trap. Come, Mr. Mayor and Mrs. Mayoress.

Enter Mayor *and* Mrs. Mayoress.

May. So, now you have undone yourself your own way; you have made me vote against my conscience and interest too, and now I have lost both parties.

Mrs. M. How have you lost both parties?

May. Why, my lord will never remember my voting for him, now he has lost the day; and Sir Harry, who has won it, will never forgive my voting against him: let which side will be uppermost, I shall have no place till the next election.

Mrs. M. It will be your own fault then, sir; for you have it now in your power to oblige my lord more than ever; go and return my lord and the colonel as duly elected, and I warrant you I do your business with him yet.

May. Return 'em, my dear? Why, there was a majority of two or three score against 'em.

Mrs. M. A fig for a majority of two or three score! if there had been a majority of as many hundreds, you 'll never be called to an account for returning them; and when you have returned 'em, you 'll have done all in your power. How can you expect that great men should do anything to serve you if you stick at anything to serve them?

May. My conscience boggles at this thing — but yet it is impossible I should ever get anything by the other side.

Mrs. M. Ay, let that satisfy your conscience, that it is the only way to get anything.

May. Truly, I think it is.

Sneer. I think, Mr. Trapwit, interest would be a better word there than conscience.

Trap. Ay, interest or conscience, they are words of the same meaning; but I think conscience rather politer of the two, and most used at court.

Mrs. M. Besides, it will do a service to your

town, for half of them must be carried to London at the candidates' expence; and I dare swear there is not one of them, whatever side he votes of, but would be glad to put the candidate to as much expence as he can in an honest way.

[*Exit* Mayor.

Enter Miss Mayoress, *crying.*

Miss M. Oh, mama, I have grieved myself to death at the court party's losing the day; for if the others should have a majority in the house, what would become of us? alas, we should not go to London!

Mrs. M. Dry up your tears, my dear, all will be well; your father shall return my lord and the colonel, and we shall have a controverted election, and we will go to London, my dear.

Miss M. Shall we go to London? then I am easy; but if we had staid here I should have broke my heart for the love of my country. — Since my father returns them, I hope justice will find some friends above, where people have sense enough to know the right side from the left; however, happen what will, there is some consolation in going to London.

Mrs. M. But I hope you have considered well what my lord told you, that you will not scruple going into keeping: perhaps, you will have it in your power to serve your family, and it would be a great sin not to do all you can for your family.

Miss M. I have dreamt of nothing but coaches and six, and balls, and treats, and shows, and masquerades ever since.

Fust. Dreamt, sir? why, I thought the time of your comedy had been confined to the same day, Mr. Trapwit?

Trap. No, sir, it is not; but suppose it was, might she not have taken an afternoon's nap?

Sneer. Ay, or dreamt waking, as several people do.

Enter Lord Place *and* Col. Promise.

Place. Madam, I am come to take my leave of you; I am very sensible of my many obligations to you, and shall remember them till the next election, when I will wait on you again; nay, I don't question but we shall carry our point yet, though they have given us the trouble of a petition.

Mrs. M. No, no, my lord, you are not yet reduced to that; I have prevailed on my husband to return you and the colonel.

Place. To return us, madam?

Mrs. M. Yes, my lord, as duly elected; and when we have returned you so, it will be your own fault if you don't prove yourself so.

Place. Madam, this news has so transported my spirits, that I fear some ill effect unless you instantly give me a dram.

Mrs. M. If your lordship please to walk with me into my closet, I 'll equip your lordship. [*Exit.*

Trap. How do you like that dram, sir?

Sneer. Oh! most excellent!

Fust. I can't say so, unless I tasted it.

Trap. Faith, sir, if it had not been for that dram my play had been at an end.

Fust. The devil take the dram with all my heart!

Trap. Now, Mr. Fustian, the plot, which has hitherto been only carried on by hints, and opened itself like the infant spring by small and imperceptible degrees to the audience, will display itself like a ripe matron, in its full summer's bloom; and cannot, I think, fail with its attractive charms, like a loadstone, to catch the admiration of every one like a trap, and raise an applause like thunder, till it makes the whole house like a hurricane. I must desire a strict silence through this whole scene. Colonel, stand you still on this side of the stage; and, miss, do you stand on the opposite. — There, now look at each other. [*A long silence here.*

Fust. Pray, Mr. Trapwit, is nobody ever to speak again?

Trap. Oh! the devil! You have interrupted the scene; after all my precautions the scene 's destroyed; the best scene of silence that ever was penned by man. Come, come, you may speak now; you may speak as fast as you please.

Col. Madam, the army is very much obliged to you for the zeal you shew for it; me, it has made your slave for ever; nor can I ever think of being happy unless you consent to marry me.

Miss M. Ha! and can you be so generous to forgive all my ill usage of you?

Fust. What ill usage, Mr. Trapwit? For, if I mistake not, this is the first time these lovers spoke to one another.

Trap. What ill usage, sir? a great deal, sir.

Fust. When, sir? where, sir?

Trap. Why, behind the scenes, sir. What, would you have everything brought upon the stage? I intend to bring ours to the dignity of the French stage; and I have Horace's advice on my side. We have many things both said and done in our comedies which might be better performed behind the scenes: the French, you know, banish all cruelty from their stage; and I don't see why we should bring on a lady in ours practising all manner of cruelty upon her lover: besides, sir, we do not only produce it, but encourage it; for I could name you some comedies, if I would, where a woman is brought in for four acts together, behaving to a worthy man in a manner for which she almost deserves to be hanged; and in the fifth, forsooth, she is rewarded with him for a husband: now, sir, as I know this hits some tastes, and am willing to oblige all, I have given every lady a latitude of thinking mine has behaved in whatever manner she would have her.

Sneer. Well said, my little Trap! but pray let us have the scene.

Trap. Go on, miss, if you please.

Miss M. I have struggled with myself to put you to so many trials of your constancy; nay, perhaps have indulged myself a little too far in the innocent liberties of abusing you, tormenting you, coquetting, lying, and jilting; which as you are so good to forgive, I do faithfully promise to make you all the amends in my power, by making you a good wife.

Trap. That single promise, sir, is more than any of my brother authors had ever the grace to put into the mouth of any of their fine ladies yet; so

that the hero of a comedy is left in a much worse condition than the villain of a tragedy, and I would choose rather to be hanged with the one than married with the other.

Sneer. Faith, Trapwit, without a jest, thou art in the right on 't.

Fust. Go on, go on, dear sir, go on.

Col. And can you be so generous, so great, so good? Oh! load not thus my heart with obligations, lest it sink beneath its burden! Oh! could I live a hundred thousand years, I never could repay the bounty of that last speech! Oh! my paradise!

Eternal honey drops from off your tongue!
And when you spoke, then Farinelli sung!

Trap. Open your arms, miss, if you please; remember you are no coquet now: how pretty this looks! don't it? [*Mimicking her.*] Let me have one of your best embraces, I desire: do it once more, pray — There, there, that 's pretty well; you must practise this behind the scenes.

[*Exeunt* Miss M. *and* Col.

Sneer. Are they gone to practice, now, Mr. Trapwit?

Trap. You 're a joker, Mr. Sneerwell; you 're a joker.

Enter Lord Place, Mayor, *and* Mrs. Mayoress.

Place. I return you my hearty thanks, Mr. Mayor, for this return! and in return of the favour, I will certainly do you a very good turn very shortly.

Fust. I wish the audience don't do you an ill turn, Mr. Trapwit, for that last speech.

Sneer. Yes, faith, I think I would cut out a turn or two.

Trap. Sir, I'll sooner cut off an ear or two: sir, that's the very best thing in the whole play. Come, enter the colonel and Miss —— married.

Sneer. Upon my word, they have been very expeditious.

Trap. Yes, sir; the parson understands his business, he has plyed several years at the Fleet.

Enter Col. Promise *and* Miss Mayoress.

Col. and Miss (*kneeling*). Sir, and madam, your blessing.

Mrs. M. and May. Ha!

Col. Your daughter, sir and madam, has made me the happiest of mankind.

Mrs. M. Colonel, you know you might have had my consent; why did you choose to marry without it? However, I give you both my blessing.

May. And so do I.

Place. Then call my brother candidates; we will spend this night in feast and merriment.

Fust. What has made these two parties so suddenly friends, Mr. Trapwit?

Trap. What? why the marriage, sir; the usual reconciler at the end of a comedy. I would not have concluded without every person on the stage for the world.

Place. Well, colonel, I see you are setting out for life, and so I wish you a good journey.

And you, gallants, from what you've seen to-night,

If you are wrong, may set your judgments right ;
Nor, like our misses, about bribing quarrel,
When better herring is in neither barrel.

[*Manent* Fust., Trap., *and* Sneer.

Trap. Thus ends my play, sir.

Fust. Pray, Mr. Trapwit, how has the former part of it conduced to this marriage?

Trap. Why, sir, do you think the colonel would ever have had her but on the prospect her father has from this election?

Sneer. Ay, or to strengthen his interest with the returning officer?

Trap. Ay, sir, I was just going to say so.

Sneer. But where's your epilogue?

Trap. Faith, sir, I can't tell what I shall do for an epilogue.

Sneer. What! have you writ none?

Trap. Yes, faith, I have writ one, but ——

Sneer. But what?

Trap. Faith, sir, I can get no one to speak it; the actresses are so damn'd difficult to please. When first I writ it they would not speak it, because there were not double-entendres enough in it; upon which I went to Mr. Watt's and borrowed all his plays; went home, read over all the epilogues, and crammed it as full as possible; and now, forsooth, it has too many in it. Oons! I think we must get a pair of scales and weigh out a sufficient quantity of that same.

Fust. Come, come, Mr. Trapwit, clear the stage, if you please.

Trap. With all my heart; for I have overstayed

my time already; I am to read my play to-day to six different companies of quality.

Fust. You 'll stay and see the tragedy rehearsed, I hope?

Trap. Faith, sir, it is my great misfortune that I can't; I deny myself a great pleasure, but cannot possibly stay — to hear such damn'd stuff as I know it must be. [*Aside.*

Sneer. Nay, dear Trapwit, you shall not go. Consider, your advice may be of some service to Mr. Fustian; besides, he has stayed the rehearsal of your play ——

Fust. Yes, I have — and kept myself awake with much difficulty. [*Aside.*

Trap. Nay, nay, you know I can't refuse you — though I shall certainly fall asleep in the first act. [*Aside.*

Sneer. If you 'll let me know who your people of quality are, I 'll endeavour to bring you off.

Trap. No, no, hang me if I tell you, ha, ha, ha! I know you too well. — But prithee, now, tell me, Fustian, how dost thou like my play? dost think it will do?

Fust. 'T is my opinion it will.

Trap. Give me a guinea, and I 'll give you a crown a night as long as it runs.

Sneer. That 's laying against yourself, Mr. Trapwit.

Trap. I love a hedge, sir.

Fust. Before the rehearsal begins, gentlemen, I must beg your opinion of my dedication: you know, a dedication is generally a bill drawn for value

therein contained; which value is a set of nauseous fulsome compliments which my soul abhors and scorns; for I mortally hate flattery, and therefore have carefully avoided it.

Sneer. Yes, faith, a dedication without flattery will be worth the seeing.

Fust. Well, sir, you shall see it. Read it, dear Trapwit; I hate to read my own works.

Trap. [*Reads.*] "My lord, at a time when nonsense, dulness, lewdness, and all manner of profaneness and immorality are daily practised on the stage, I have prevailed on my modesty to offer to your lordship's protection a piece which, if it has no merit to recommend it, has at least no demerit to disgrace it; nor do I question at this, when every one else is dull, you will be pleased to find one exception to the number.

"I cannot indeed help assuming to myself some little merit from the applause which the town has so universally conferred upon me."

Fust. That you know, Mr. Sneerwell, may be omitted, if it should meet with any ill-natured opposition; for which reason, I shall not print off my dedication till after the play is acted.

Trap. [*Reads.*] "I might here indulge myself with a delineation of your lordship's character; but as I abhor the least imputation of flattery, and as I am certain your lordship is the only person in this nation that does not love to hear your praises, I shall be silent — only this give me leave to say, That you have more wit, sense, learning, honour, and humanity, than all mankind put together; and your person

comprehends in it everything that is beautiful ; your air is everything that is graceful, your look everything that is majestic, and your mind is a storehouse where every virtue and every perfection are lodged: to pass by your generosity, which is so great, so glorious, so diffusive, that like the sun it eclipses, and makes stars of all your other virtues — I could say more ——"

Sneer. Faith, sir, that 's more than I could.

Trap. " But shall commit a violence upon myself, and conclude with assuring your lordship, that I am, my lord, your lordship's most obedient, most devoted, most obsequious, and most obliged humble servant."

Fust. There you see it, sir, concise, and not fulsome.

Sneer. Very true, sir, if you had said less it would not have done.

Fust. No, I think less would have been downright rude, considering it was to a person of the first quality.

Sneer. Prithee, Trapwit, let 's see yours.

Trap. I have none, sir.

Fust. How, sir ? no dedication ?

Trap. No, sir, for I have dedicated so many plays, and received nothing for them, that I am resolved to trust no more ; I 'll let no more flattery go out of my shop without being paid beforehand.

Fust. Sir, flattery is so cheap, and every man of quality keeps so many flatterers about him, that egad our trade is quite spoil'd ; but if I am not paid for this dedication, the next I write shall be a satirical

one; if they won't pay me for opening my mouth, I'll make them pay me for shutting it. But since you have been so kind, gentlemen, to like my dedication, I'll venture to let you see my prologue. Sir, I beg the favour of you to repeat the prologue, if you are perfect in it. [*To a* Player.

Play. Sir, I'll do it to the best of my power.

Fust. This prologue was writ by a friend.

Prologue.

When Death's sharp scythe has mowed the hero down,
The muse again awakes him to renown;
She tells proud Fate that all her darts are vain,
And bids the hero live and strut about again:
Nor is she only able to restore,
But she can make what ne'er was made before;
Can search the realms of Fancy, and create
What never came into the brain of Fate.
Forth from these realms, to entertain to-night,
She brings imaginary kings and queens to light,
Bids Common Sense in person mount the stage,
And Harlequin to storm in tragick rage.
Britons, attend; and decent reverence shew
To her, who made th' Athenian bosoms glow;
Whom the undaunted Romans could revere,
And who in Shakspeare's time was worshipp'd here:
If none of these can her success presage,
Your hearts at least a wonder may engage:
Oh! love her like her sister monsters of the age.

Sneer. Faith, sir, your friend has writ a very fine prologue.

Fust. Do you think so? Why then, sir, I must assure you, that friend is no other than myself. But come, now for the tragedy. Gentlemen, I must desire

you all to clear the stage, for I have several scenes which I could wish it was as big again for.

2d Player *enters and whispers* TRAPWIT.

2 *Play.* Sir, a gentlewoman desires to speak to you.

Trap. Is she in a chair?

2 *Play.* No, sir, she is in a riding-hood, and says she has brought you a clean shirt. [*Exit.*

Trap. I 'll come to her. — Mr. Fustian, you must excuse me a moment; a lady of quality hath sent to take some boxes. [*Exit.*

Promp. Common Sense, sir, desires to speak with you in the green-room.

Fust. I 'll wait upon her.

Sneer. You ought, for it is the first message, I believe, you ever received from her. [*Aside.*

[*Exeunt* FUS. *and* SNEER.

Enter a Dancer.

Danc. Look 'e, Mr. Prompter, I expect to dance first goddess; I will not dance under Miss Minuet; I am sure I shew more to the audience than any lady upon the stage.

Promp. Madam, it is not my business.

Danc. I don't know whose business it is; but I think the town ought to be the judges of a dancer's merit; I am sure they are on my side; and if I am not used better, I 'll go to France; for now we have got all their dancers away, perhaps they may be glad of some of ours.

Promp. Heyday! what 's the matter?

[*A noise within.*

Enter Player.

Play. The author and Common Sense are quarrelling in the green-room.

Promp. Nay, then, that 's better worth seeing than anything in the play. [*Exit* Promp.

Danc. Hang this play, and all plays; the dancers are the only people that support the house; if it were not for us they might act their Shakspeare to empty benches.

ACT IV

SCENE I. *Enter* FUSTIAN *and* SNEERWELL.

Fust. These little things, Mr. Sneerwell, will sometimes happen. Indeed a poet undergoes a great deal before he comes to his third night; first with the muses, who are humorous ladies, and must be attended; for if they take it into their head at any time to go abroad and leave you, you will pump your brain in vain: then, sir, with the master of a playhouse to get it acted, whom you generally follow a quarter of a year before you know whether he will receive it or no; and then, perhaps, he tells you it won't do, and returns it to you again, reserving the subject, and perhaps the name, which he brings out in his next pantomime; but if he should receive the play, then you must attend again to get it writ out into parts and rehearsed. Well, sir, at last, the rehearsals begin; then, sir, begins another scene of trouble with the actors, some of whom don't like their parts, and all are continually plaguing you with alterations: at length, after having waded through all these difficulties, his play appears on the stage, where one man hisses out of resentment to the author, a second out of dislike to the house, a third out of dislike to the actor, a fourth out of dislike to the play, a fifth for the joke sake, a sixth to keep all the rest in company. Enemies

abuse him, friends give him up, the play is damned' and the author goes to the devil : so ends the farce.

Sneer. The tragedy, rather, I think, Mr. Fustian. But what 's become of Trapwit ?

Fust. Gone off, I suppose ; I knew he would not stay ; he is so taken up with his own performances, that he has no time to attend any others. But come, Prompter, will the tragedy never begin ?

Enter Prompter.

Promp. Yes, sir, they are all ready ; come, draw up the curtain.

[FIREBRAND, LAW, *and* PHYSICK *discovered.*

Sneer. Pray, Mr. Fustian, who are these personages ?

Fust. That in the middle, sir, is Firebrand, priest of the Sun ; he on the right represents Law, and he on the left Physick.

Fireb. Avert these omens, ye auspicious stars !

Fust. What omens ? where the devil is the thunder and lightning ?

Promp. Why don't you let go the thunder there, and flash your rosin ? [*Thunder and lightning.*

Fust. Now, sir, begin if you please. I desire, sir, you will get a larger thunderbowl and twopennyworth more of lightning against the representation. Now, sir, if you please.

Fireb. Avert these omens, ye auspicious stars !
O Law ! O Physick ! As last, even late,
I offer'd sacred incense in the temple,
The temple shook — strange prodigies appeared ;

A cat in boots did dance a rigadoon,
While a huge dog play'd on the violin ;
And whilst I trembling at the altar stood,
Voices were heard i' th' air, and seem'd to say,
"Awake, my drowsy sons, and sleep no more."
They must mean something! —
Law. Certainly they must.
We have our omens too! The other day
A mighty deluge swam into our hall,
As if it meant to wash away the law :
Lawyers were forced to ride on porters' shoulders :
One, O prodigious omen! tumbled down,
And he and all his briefs were sous'd together.
Now, if I durst my sentiments declare,
I think it is not hard to guess the meaning.
Fireb. Speak boldly ; by the powers I serve, I swear
You speak in safety, even though you speak
Against the gods, provided that you speak
Not against priests.
Law. What then can the powers
Mean by these omens, but to rouse us up
From the lethargick sway of Common Sense?
And well they urge, for while that drowsy queen
Maintains her empire, what becomes of us?
Phys. My lord of Law, you speak my sentiments ;
For though I wear the mask of loyalty,
And outward shew a reverence to the queen,
Yet in my heart I hate her : yes, by heaven,
She stops my proud ambition! keeps me down
When I would soar upon an eagle's wing,
And thence look down, and dose the world below.
Law. Thou know'st, my lord of Physick, I had long

Been privileged by custom immemorial,
In tongues unknown, or rather none at all,
My edicts to deliver through the land;
When this proud queen, this Common Sense abridged
My power, and made me understood by all.
Phys. My lord, there goes a rumour through the court
That you descended from a family
Related to the queen; Reason is said
T' have been the mighty founder of your house.
Law. Perhaps so; but we have raised ourselves so high,
And shook this founder from us off so far,
We hardly deign to own from whence we came.
Fireb. My lords of Law and Physick, I have heard
With perfect approbation all you 've said:
And since I know you men of noble spirit,
And fit to undertake a glorious cause,
I will divulge myself: know, through this mask,
Which to impose on vulgar minds I wear,
I am an enemy to Common Sense;
But this not for Ambition's earthly cause,
But to enlarge the worship of the Sun;
To give his priests a just degree of power,
And more than half the profits of the land.
Oh! my good lord of Law, would'st thou assist,
In spite of Common Sense it may be done.
Law. Propose the method.
Fireb. Here, survey this list.
In it you 'll find a certain set of names,
Whom well I know sure friends to Common Sense;

These it must be our care to represent
The greatest enemies to the gods and her.
But hush! the queen approaches.

Enter Queen Common Sense, *attended by two* Maids of Honour.

Fust. What! but two maids of honour?

Promp. Sir, a Jew carried off the other, but I shall be able to pick up some more against the play is acted.

Q. C. S. My lord of Law, I sent for you this morning;
I have a strange petition given to me.
Two men, it seems, have lately been at law
For an estate, which both of them have lost,
And their attorneys now divide between them.

Law. Madam, these things will happen in the law.

Q. C. S. Will they, my lord? then better we had none:
But I have also heard a sweet bird sing,
That men unable to discharge their debts
At a short warning, being sued for them,
Have, with both power and will their debts to pay,
Lain all their lives in prison for their costs.

Law. That may, perhaps, be some poor person's case,
Too mean to entertain your royal ear.

Q. C. S. My lord, while I am queen I shall not think
One man too mean or poor to be redress'd.

Moreover, lord, I am informed your laws
Are grown so large, and daily yet increase,
That the great age of old Methusalem
Would scarce suffice to read your statutes out.
Fireb. Madam, a more important cause demands
Your royal care; strange omens have appear'd;
Sights have been seen, and voices have been heard,
The gods are angry, and must be appeas'd;
Nor do I know to that a readier way
Than by beginning to appease their priests,
Who groan for power, and cry out after honour.
Q. C. S. The gods, indeed, have reason for their anger,
And sacrifices shall be offer'd to them;
But would you make 'em welcome, priest, be meek,
Be charitable, kind, nor dare affront
The Sun you worship, while yourselves prevent
That happiness to men you ask of him.

Enter an Officer.

Q. C. S. What means this hasty message in your looks?
Offic. Forgive me, madam, if my tongue declares
News for your sake, which most my heart abhors;
Queen Ignorance is landed in your realm,
With a vast power from Italy and France
Of singers, fidlers, tumblers, and rope-dancers.
Q. C. S. Order our army instantly to get
Themselves in readiness; ourself will head 'em.
My lords, you are concerned as well as we
T' oppose this foreign force, and we expect

You join us with your utmost levies straight.
Go, priest, and drive all frightful omens hence ;
To fright the vulgar they are your pretence,
But sure the gods will side with Common Sense.

[*Exit cum suis.*

Fireb. They know their interest better ; or at least
Their priests do for 'em, and themselves. Oh ! lords,
This queen of Ignorance, whom you have heard
Just now described in such a horrid form,
Is the most gentle and most pious queen ;
So fearful of the gods, that she believes
Whate'er their priests affirm. And by the Sun,
Faith is no faith if it falls short of that.
I 'd be infallible ; and that, I know,
Will ne'er be granted me by Common Sense :
Wherefore I do disclaim her, and will join
The cause of Ignorance. And now, my lords,
Each to his post. The rostrum I ascend ;
My lord of Law, you to your courts repair ;
And you, my good lord Physick, to the queen ;
Handle her pulse, potion and pill her well.

Phys. Oh ! my good lord, had I her royal ear,
Would she but take the counsel I would give,
You 'd need no foreign power to overthrow her :
Yes, by the gods ! I would with one small pill
Unhinge her soul, and tear it from her body ;
But to my art and me a deadly foe,
She has averr'd, ay, in the publick court,
That Water Gruel is the best physician ;
For which, when she 's forgiven by the college,

Or when we own the sway of Common Sense,
May we be forced to take our own prescriptions!

Fireb. My lord of Physick, I applaud thy spirit.
Yes, by the Sun, my heart laughs loud within me,
To see how easily the world's deceived;
To see this Common Sense thus tumbled down
By men whom all the cheated nations own
To be the strongest pillars of her throne.

[*Exeunt* Fireb., Law, *and* Phys.

Fust. Thus ends the first act, sir.

Sneer. This tragedy of yours, Mr. Fustian, I observe to be emblematical; do you think it will be understood by the audience?

Fust. Sir, I cannot answer for the audience; though I think the panegyrick intended by it is very plain and very seasonable.

Sneer. What panegyrick?

Fust. On our clergy, sir, at least the best of them, to shew the difference between a heathen and a Christian priest. And, as I have touched only on generals, I hope I shall not be thought to bring anything improper on the stage, which I would carefully avoid.

Sneer. But is not your satire on law and physick somewhat too general?

Fust. What is said here cannot hurt either an honest lawyer or a good physician; and such may be, nay, I know such are: if the opposites to these are the most general I cannot help that; as for the professors themselves, I have no great reason to be their friend, for they once joined in a particular conspiracy against me.

Sneer. Ah, how so?

Fust. Why, an apothecary brought me in a long bill, and a lawyer made me pay it.

Sneer. Ha, ha, ha! a conspiracy, indeed!

Fust. Now, sir, for my second act; my tragedy consists but of three.

Sneer. I thought that had been immethodical in tragedy.

Fust. That may be; but I spun it out as long as I could keep Common Sense alive; ay, or even her ghost. Come, begin the second act.

The scene draws and discovers Queen Common Sense *asleep.*

Sneer. Pray, sir, who 's that upon the couch there?

Fust. I thought you had known her better, sir: that 's Common Sense asleep.

Sneer. I should rather have expected her at the head of her army.

Fust. Very likely, but you do not understand the practical rules of writing as well as I do; the first and greatest of which is protraction, or the art of spinning, without which the matter of a play would lose the chief property of all other matter, namely, extension; and no play, sir, could possibly last longer than half an hour. I perceive, Mr. Sneerwell, you are one of those who would have no character brought on but what is necessary to the business of the play. — Nor I neither — But the business of the play, as I take it, is to divert, and therefore every character

that diverts is necessary to the business of the play.

Sneer. But how will the audience be brought to conceive any probable reason for this sleep?

Fust. Why, sir, she has been meditating on the present general peace of Europe, till by too intense an application, being not able thoroughly to comprehend it, she was overpowered and fell fast asleep. Come, ring up the first ghost. [*Ghost arises.*] You know that ghost?

Sneer. Upon my word, sir, I can't recollect any acquaintance with him.

Fust. I am surprized at that, for you must have seen him often: that's the ghost of Tragedy, sir; he has walked all the stages of London several years; but why are not you floured? — What the devil is become of the barber?

Ghost. Sir, he's gone to Drury-lane playhouse to shave the Sultan in the new entertainment.

Fust. Come, Mr. Ghost, pray begin.

Ghost. From the dark regions of the realms below
The ghost of Tragedy has ridden post;
To tell thee, Common Sense, a thousand things,
Which do import thee nearly to attend: [*Cock crows.*
But, ha! the cursed cock has warn'd me hence;
I did set out too late, and therefore must
Leave all my business to some other time.
[*Ghost descends.*

Sneer. I presume this is a character necessary to divert; for I can see no great business he has fulfilled.

Fust. Where's the second ghost?

Sneer. I thought the cock had crowed.

Fust. Yes, but the second ghost need not be supposed to have heard it. Pray, Mr. Prompter, observe, the moment the first ghost descends the second is to rise: they are like the twin stars in that.

[*2 Ghost rises.*

2 Ghost. Awake, great Common Sense, and sleep no more.
Look to thyself; for then, when I was slain,
Thyself was struck at; think not to survive
My murder long; for while thou art on earth,
The convocation will not meet again.
The lawyers cannot rob men of their rights;
Physicians cannot dose away their souls;
A courtier's promise will not be believed;
Nor broken citizens again be trusted.
A thousand newspapers cannot subsist
In which there is not any news at all.
Playhouses cannot flourish, while they dare
To nonsense give an entertainment's name.
Shakspeare, and Jonson, Dryden, Lee, and Rowe,
Thou wilt not bear to yield to Sadler's Wells;
Thou wilt not suffer men of wit to starve,
And fools, for only being fools, to thrive.
Thou wilt not suffer eunuchs to be hired
At a vast price, to be impertinent. [*3 Ghost rises.*

3 Ghost. Dear ghost, the cock has crow'd; you cannot get
Under the ground a mile before 't is day.

2 Ghost. Your humble servant then, I cannot stay.

[*Ghost descends.*

Fust. Thunder and lightning! thunder and lightning! Pray don't forget this when it is acted.

Sneer. Pray, Mr. Fustian, why must a ghost always rise in a storm of thunder and lightning? for I have read much of that doctrine and don't find any mention of such ornaments.

Fust. That may be, but they are very necessary: they are indeed properly the paraphernalia of a ghost.

Sneer. But, pray, whose ghost was that?

Fust. Whose should it be but Comedy's? I thought, when you had been told the other was Tragedy, you would have wanted no intimation who this was. Come, Common Sense, you are to awake and rub your eyes.

Q. C. S. [*Waking.*] Who 's there?—

Enter Maid of Honour.

Did you not hear or see some wond'rous thing?

Maid. No, may it please your majesty, I did not.

Q. C. S. I was a-dream'd I overheard a ghost.

Maid. In the next room I closely did attend,
And had a ghost been here I must have heard him.

Enter FIREBRAND.

Q. C. S. Priest of the Sun, you come most opportune,
For here has been a dreadful apparition:
As I lay sleeping on my couch, methought
I saw a ghost.

Sneer. Then I suppose she sleeps with her eyes open.

Fust. Why, you would not have Common Sense see a ghost, unless in her sleep, I hope.

Fireb. And if such toleration
Be suffer'd as at present you maintain,
Shortly your court will be a court of ghosts.
Make a huge fire and burn all unbelievers:
Ghosts will be hang'd ere venture near a fire.

Q. C. S. Men cannot force belief upon themselves,
And shall I then by torture force it on them?

Fireb. The Sun will have it so.

Q. C. S. How do I know that?

Fireb. Why I, his priest infallible, have told you.

Q. C. S. How do I know you are infallible?

Fireb. Ha! do you doubt it! nay, if you doubt that,
I will prove nothing. But my zeal inspires me,
And I will tell you, madam, you yourself
Are a most deadly enemy to the Sun;
And all his priests have greatest cause to wish
You had been never born.

Q. C. S. Ha! sayest thou, priest?
Then know, I honour and adore the Sun:
And when I see his light, and feel his warmth,
I glow with flaming gratitude towards him;
But know, I never will adore a priest,
Who wears pride's face beneath religion's mask,
And makes a pick-lock of his piety
To steal away the liberty of mankind:
But while I live, I 'll never give thee power.

Fireb. Madam, our power is not derived from you,
Nor any one: 't was sent us in a box

From the great Sun himself, and carriage paid :
Phaeton brought it when he overturn'd
The chariot of the Sun into the sea.

Q. C. S. Shew me the instrument and let me read it.

Fireb. Madam, you cannot read it, for, being thrown
Into the sea, the water has so damaged it
That none but priests could ever read it since.

Q. C. S. And do you think I can believe this tale ?

Fireb. I order you to believe it, and you must.

Q. C. S. Proud and imperious man, I can't believe it.

Religion, law, and physick, were design'd
By heaven the greatest blessings on mankind ;
But priests, and lawyers, and physicians, made
These general goods to each a private trade ;
With each they rob, with each they fill their purses,
And turn our benefits into our curses. [*Exit.*

Fust. Law and Physick. Where 's Law ?

Enter PHYSIC.

Phys. Sir, Law, going without the playhouse passage, was taken up by a lord chief-justice's warrant.

Fireb. Then we must go on without him.

Fust. No, no, stay a moment ; I must get somebody else to rehearse the part. Pox take all warrants for me ! if I had known this before I would have satirized the law ten times more than I have.

ACT V

Scene I. — *Enter* Fustian, Sneerwell, Prompter, Firebrand, Law, Physick.

Fust. I am glad you have made your escape; but I hope you will make the matter up before the day of action: come, Mr. Firebrand, now if you please go on; the moment Common Sense goes off the stage Law and Physick enter.

Fireb. Oh! my good lords of Physick and of Law,
Had you been sooner here you would have heard
The haughty queen of Common Sense throw out
Abuses on us all.

Law. I am not now
To learn the hatred which she bears to me.
No more of that — for now the warlike queen
Of Ignorance, attended with a train
Of foreigners, all foes to Common Sense,
Arrives at Covent-garden; and we ought
To join her instantly with all our force.
At Temple-bar some regiments parade;
The colonels, Clifford, Thavies, and Furnival,
Through Holborn lead their powers to Drury-lane,
Attorneys all compleatly armed in brass:
These, bailiffs and their followers will join,
With justices, and constables, and watchmen.

Phys. In Warwick-lane my powers expect me now:
A hundred chariots with a chief in each,

Well-famed for slaughter, in his hand he bears
A feather'd dart that seldom errs in flight.
Next march a band of choice apothecaries,
Each arm'd with deadly pill; a regiment
Of surgeons terrible maintain the rear,
All ready first to kill, and then dissect.

Fireb. My lords, you merit greatly of the queen,
And Ignorance shall well repay your deeds;
For I foretel that by her influence
Men shall be brought (what scarce can be believed)
To bribe you with large fees to their undoing.
Success attend your glorious enterprize;
I 'll go and beg it earnest of the Sun:
I, by my office, am from fight debarr'd,
But I 'll be with you ere the booty 's shared.

[*Exeunt* Firebrand, Law, *and* Physick.

Fust. Now, Mr. Sneerwell, we shall begin my third and last act; and I believe I may defy all the poets who have ever writ, or ever will write, to produce its equal: it is, sir, so crammed with drums and trumpets, thunder and lightning, battles and ghosts, that I believe the audience will want no entertainment after it: it is as full of shew as Merlin's cave itself; and for wit — no rope-dancing or tumbling can come near it. Come, begin.

[*A ridiculous march is played.*

Enter Queen Ignorance, *attended with* Singers, Fidlers, Rope-dancers, Tumblers, &c.

Q. Ign. Here fix our standard; what is this place called?

1 *Att.* Great madam, Covent-garden is its name.

Q. Ign. Ha! then methinks we have ventured too far,
Too near those theatres where Common Sense
Maintains her garrisons of mighty force;
Who, should they sally on us ere we 're joined
By Law and Physick, may offend us much.
[*Drum beats within.*
But ha! what means this drum?

1 *Att.* It beats a parley, not a point of war.

Enter HARLEQUIN.

Harl. To you, great queen of Ignorance, I come
Embassador from the two theatres;
Who both congratulate you on your arrival;
And to convince you with what hearty meaning
They sue for your alliance, they have sent
Their choicest treasure here as hostages,
To be detain'd till you are well convinced
They 're not less foes to Common Sense than you.

Q. Ign. Where are the hostages?

Harl. Madam, I have brought
A catalogue, and all therein shall be
Deliver'd to your order; but consider,
Oh mighty queen! they offer you their all;
And gladly for the least of these would give
Their poets and their actors in exchange.

Q. Ign. Read the catalogue.

Harl. [*Reads.*] "A tall man, and a tall woman, hired at a vast price. A strong man exceeding dear. Two dogs that walk on their hind legs only, and personate human creatures so well, they might be

mistaken for them. A human creature that personates a dog so well that he might almost be taken for one. Two human cats. A most curious set of puppies. A pair of pigeons. A set of rope-dancers and tumblers from Sadler's-wells."

Q. Ign. Enough, enough; and is it possible
That they can hold alliance with my friends
Of Sadler's-wells? then are they foes indeed
To Common Sense, and I'm indebted to 'em.
Take back their hostages, for they may need 'em;
And take this play, and bid 'em forthwith act it;
There is not in it either head or tail.

Harl. Madam, they will most gratefully receive it.
The character you give would recommend it,
Though it had come from a less powerful hand.

Q. Ign. The Modish Couple is its name; myself
Stood gossip to it, and I will support
This play against the town.

1 *Att.* Madam, the queen
Of Common Sense advances with her powers.

Q. Ign. Draw up my men, I'll meet her as I ought;
This day shall end the long dispute between us.

Enter Queen Common Sense *with a* Drummer.

Fust. Hey-day! where's Common Sense's army?

Promp. Sir, I have sent all over the town, and could not get one soldier for her, except that poor drummer, who was lately turned out of an Irish regiment.

Drum. Upon my shoul but I have been a drum-

mer these twenty years, master, and have seen no wars yet; and I was willing to learn a little of my trade before I died.

Fust. Hush, sirrah! don't you be witty; that is not in your part.

Drum. I don't know what is in my part, sir; but I desire to have something in it; for I have been tired of doing nothing a great while.

Fust. Silence!

Q. C. S. What is the reason, madam, that you bring
These hostile arms into my peaceful realm?

Q. Ign. To ease your subjects from that dire oppression
They groan beneath, which longer to support
Unable, they invited my redress.

Q. C. S. And can my subjects then complain of wrong?
Base and ungrateful! what is their complaint?

Q. Ign. They say you do impose a tax of thought
Upon their minds, which they 're too weak to bear.

Q. C. S. Wouldst thou from thinking then absolve mankind?

Q. Ign. I would, for thinking only makes men wretched;
And happiness is still the lot of fools.
Why should a wise man wish to think, when thought
Still hurts his pride; in spite of all his art,
Malicious fortune, by a lucky train
Of accidents, shall still defeat his schemes,
And set the greatest blunderer above him.

Q. C. S. Urgest thou that against me, which thyself
Has been the wicked cause of? Which thy power,
Thy artifice, thy favourites have done?
Could Common Sense bear universal sway,
No fool could ever possibly be great.

Q. Ign. What is this folly, which you try to paint
In colours so detestable and black?
Is't not the general gift of fate to men?
And though some few may boast superior sense,
Are they not call'd odd fellows by the rest?
In any science, if this sense peep forth,
Shew men the truth, and strive to turn their steps
From ways wherein their gross forefathers err'd,
Is not the general cry against them straight?

Sneer. This Ignorance, Mr. Fustian, seems to know a great deal.

Fust. Yes, sir, she knows what she has seen so often; but you find she mistakes the cause, and Common Sense can never beat it into her.

Q. Ign. Sense is the parent still of fear; the fox,
Wise beast, who knows the treachery of men,
Flies their society, and skulks in woods,
While the poor goose, in happiness and ease,
Fearless grows fat within its narrow coop,
And thinks the hand that feeds it is its friend;
Then yield thee, Common Sense, nor rashly dare
Try a vain combat with superior force.

Q. C. S. Know, queen, I never will give up the cause
Of all these followers: when at the head

Of all these heroes I resign my right,
May my curst name be blotted from the earth!

Sneer. Methinks, Common Sense, though, ought to give it up, when she has no more to defend it.

Fust. It does indeed look a little odd at present; but I'll get her an army strong enough against its acted. Come, go on.

Q. Ign. Then thus I hurl defiance at thy head. Draw all your swords.

Q. C. S. And, gentlemen, draw yours.

Q. Ign. Fall on; have at thy heart. [*A fight.*

Q. C. S. And have at thine.

Fust. Oh, fie upon 't, fie upon 't! I never saw a worse battle in all my life upon any stage. Pray, gentlemen, come some of you over to the other side.

Sneer. These are Swiss soldiers, I perceive, Mr. Fustian; they care not which side they fight of.

Fust. Now, begin again, if you please, and fight away; pray fight as if you were in earnest, gentlemen. [*They fight.*] Oons, Mr. Prompter! I fancy you hired these soldiers out of the trained bands — they are afraid to fight even in jest. [*They fight again.*] There, there — pretty well. I think, Mr. Sneerwell, we have made a shift to make out a good sort of a battle at last.

Sneer. Indeed I cannot say I ever saw a better.

Fust. You don't seem, Mr. Sneerwell, to relish this battle greatly.

Sneer. I cannot profess myself the greatest admirer of this part of tragedy; and I own my imagination can better conceive the idea of a battle from a skilful relation of it than from such a representation; for

my mind is not able to enlarge the stage into a vast plain, nor multiply half a score into several thousands.

Fust. Oh; your humble servant! but if we write to please you and half a dozen others, who will pay the charges of the house? Sir, if the audience will be contented with a battle or two, instead of all the raree-fine shows exhibited to them in what they call entertainments ——

Sneer. Pray, Mr. Fustian, how came they to give the name of entertainments to their pantomimical farces?

Fust. Faith, sir, out of their peculiar modesty; intimating that after the audience had been tired with the dull works of Shakspeare, Jonson, Vanbrugh, and others, they are to be entertained with one of these pantomimes, of which the master of the play-house, two or three painters, and half a score dancing-masters are the compilers. What these entertainments are, I need not inform you, who have seen 'em; but I have often wondered how it was possible for any creature of human understanding, after having been diverted for three hours with the production of a great genius, to sit for three more and see a set of people running about the stage after one another, without speaking one syllable, and playing several juggling tricks, which are done at Fawks's after a much better manner; and for this, sir, the town does not only pay additional prices, but loses several fine parts of its best authors, which are cut out to make room for the said farces.

Sneer. 'T is very true; and I have heard a hun-

dred say the same thing, who never failed being present at them.

Fust. And while that happens, they will force any entertainment upon the town they please, in spite of its teeth. [*Ghost of* Common Sense *rises.*] Oons, and the devil, madam! what's the meaning of this? You have left out a scene. Was ever such an absurdity as for your ghost to appear before you are killed.

Q. C. S. I ask pardon, sir; in the hurry of the battle I forgot to come and kill myself.

Fust. Well, let me wipe the flour off your face then. And now, if you please, rehearse the scene; take care you don't make this mistake any more though, for it would inevitably damn the play if you should. Go to the corner of the scene, and come in as if you had lost the battle.

Q. C. S. Behold the ghost of Common Sense appears.

Fust. 'Sdeath, madam, I tell you you are no ghost — you are not killed.

Q. C. S. Deserted and forlorn, where shall I fly. The battle's lost, and so are all my friends.

Enter a Poet.

Poet. Madam, not so; still you have one friend left.

Q. C. S. Why, what art thou?

Poet. Madam, I am a poet.

Q. C. S. Whoe'er thou art, if thou'rt a friend to misery,
Know Common Sense disclaims thee.

Poet. I have been damn'd
Because I was your foe, and yet I still
Courted your friendship with my utmost art.
Q. C. S. Fool! thou wert damn'd because thou didst pretend
Thyself my friend; for hadst thou boldly dared,
Like Hurlothrumbo, to deny me quite,
Or, like an opera or pantomime,
Profess'd the cause of Ignorance in publick,
Thou might'st have met with thy desired success;
But men can't bear even a pretence to me.
Poet. Then take a ticket for my benefit night.
Q. C. S. I will do more — for Common Sense will stay
Quite from your house, so may you not be damn'd.
Poet. Ha! say'st thou? By my soul, a better play
Ne'er came upon a stage; but, since you dare
Contemn me thus, I 'll dedicate my play
To Ignorance, and call her Common Sense:
Yes, I will dress her in your pomp, and swear
That Ignorance knows more than all the world.
[*Exit.*

Enter FIREBRAND.

Fireb. Thanks to the Sun for this desired encounter.
Q. C. S. Oh, priest! all 's lost; our forces are o'erthrown —
Some gasping lie, but most are run away.
Fireb. I knew it all before, and told you too.
The Sun has long been out of humour with you.

Q. C. S. Dost thou, then, lay upon the Sun the faults
Of all those cowards who forsook my cause?

Fireb. Those cowards all were most religious men:
And I beseech thee, Sun, to shine upon them.

Q. C. S. Oh, impudence! and darest thou to my face? ——

Fireb. Yes, I dare more; the Sun presents you this, [*Stabs her.*
Which I, his faithful messenger, deliver.

Q. C. S. Oh, traytor! thou hast murder'd Common Sense.
Farewel, vain world! to Ignorance I give thee,
Her leaden sceptre shall henceforward rule.
Now, priest, indulge thy wild ambitious thoughts;
Men shall embrace thy schemes, till thou hast drawn
All worship from the Sun upon thyself:
Henceforth all things shall topsy-turvy turn;
Physick shall kill, and Law enslave the world;
Cits shall turn beaus, and taste Italian songs,
While courtiers are stock-jobbing in the city.
Places requiring learning and great parts
Henceforth shall all be hustled in a hat,
And drawn by men deficient in them both.
Statesmen — but oh! cold death will let me say
No more — and you must guess *et cætera.* [*Dies.*

Fireb. She 's gone! but ha! it may beseem me ill
T' appear her murderer. I 'll therefore lay
This dagger by her side; and that will be
Sufficient evidence, with a little money,
To make the coroner's inquest find self-murder.
I 'll preach her funeral sermon, and deplore

Her loss with tears, praise her with all my art.
Good Ignorance will still believe it all. [*Exit.*

Enter Queen Ignorance, &c.

Q. Ign. Beat a retreat; the day is now our own;
The powers of Common Sense are all destroy'd;
Those that remain are fled away with her.
I wish, Mr. Fustian, this speech be common sense.

Sneer. How the devil should it, when she's dead?

Fust. One would think so, when a cavil is made against the best thing in the whole play; and I would willingly part with anything else but those two lines.

Harl. Behold! where welt'ring in her blood she lies.
I wish, sir, you would cut out that line, or alter it, if you please.

Fust. That's another line that I won't part with; I would consent to cut out anything but the chief beauties of my play.

Harl. Behold the bloody dagger by her side,
With which she did the deed.

Q. Ign. 'T was nobly done!
I envy her her exit, and will pay
All honours to her dust. Bear hence her body,
And let her lie in state in Goodman's fields.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. Madam, I come an envoy from Crane-court.
The great society that there assemble
Congratulate your victory, and request
That firm alliance henceforth may subsist
Between your majesty's society
Of Grub-street and themselves: they rather beg

That they may be united both in one.
They also hope your majesty's acceptance
Of certain curiosities, which in
That hamper are contain'd, wherein you'll find
A horse's tail, which has a hundred hairs
More than are usual in it; and a tooth
Of elephant full half an inch too long;
With turnpike-ticket like an ancient coin.

Q. Ign. We gratefully accept their bounteous gifts,
And order they be kept with proper care,
Till we do build a place most fit to hold
These precious toys: tell your society
We ever did esteem them of great worth,
And our firm friends: and tell 'em 't is our pleasure
They do prepare to dance a jig before us.

[*Exit* Messenger.

My lords of Law and Physick, you shall find
I will not be ungrateful for your service:
To you, good Harlequin, and your allies,
And you, Squeekaronelly, I will be
A most propitious queen — But ha!

[*Music under the stage.*

What hideous music or what yell is this?
Sure 't is the ghost of some poor opera tune.

Sneer. The ghost of a tune, Mr. Fustian!

Fust. Ay, sir, did you never hear one before? I had once a mind to have brought the apparition of Musick in person upon the stage, in the shape of an English opera. Come, Mr. Ghost of the Tune, if you please to appear in the sound of soft musick, and let the ghost of Common Sense rise to it.

[*Ghost of* Common Sense *rises to soft musick.*

Ghost. Behold the ghost of Common Sense appears.
Caitiffs, avaunt! or I will sweep you off,
And clean the land from such infernal vermin.

Q. Ign. A ghost! a ghost! a ghost! haste, scamper off,
My friends; we 've kill'd the body, and I know
The ghost will have no mercy upon us.

Omnes. A ghost! a ghost! a ghost! [*Run off.*

Ghost. The coast is clear, and to her native realms
Pale Ignorance with all her host is fled,
Whence she will never dare invade us more.
Here, though a ghost, I will my power maintain,
And all the friends of Ignorance shall find
My ghost, at least, they cannot banish hence;
And all henceforth, who murder Common Sense,
Learn from these scenes that, though success you boast,
You shall at last be haunted with her ghost.

Sneer. I am glad you make Common Sense get the better at last; I was under terrible apprehensions for your moral.

Fust. Faith, sir, this is almost the only play where she has got the better lately. But now for my epilogue: if you please to begin, madam.

EPILOGUE.

GHOST.

THE play once done, the epilogue, by rule,
Should come and turn it all to ridicule;
Should tell the ladies that the tragic bards,
Who prate of Virtue and her vast rewards,
Are all in jest, and only fools should heed 'em;
For all wise women flock to mother Needham.

This is the method epilogues pursue,
But we to-night in everything are new.
Our author then, in jest throughout the play,
Now begs a serious word or two to say.
Banish all childish entertainments hence ;
Let all that boast your favour have pretence,
If not to sparkling wit, at least to sense.
With soft Italian notes indulge your ear ;
But let those singers, who are bought so dear,
Learn to be civil for their cheer at least,
Nor use like beggars those who give the feast.
And though while musick for herself may carve,
Poor Poetry, her sister-art, must starve ;
Starve her at least with shew of approbation,
Nor slight her, while you search the whole creation
For all the tumbling-skum of every nation.
Can the whole world in science match our soil?
Have they a Locke, a Newton, or a Boyle?
Or dare the greatest genius of their stage
With Shakspeare or immortal Ben engage?

Content with nature's bounty, do not crave
The little which to other lands she gave ;
Nor like the cock a barley corn prefer
To all the jewels which you owe to her.

AN ESSAY ON CONVERSATION

AN ESSAY ON CONVERSATION

MAN is generally represented as an animal formed for, and delighted in, society; in this state alone, it is said, his various talents can be exerted, his numberless necessities relieved, the dangers he is exposed to can be avoided, and many of the pleasures he eagerly affects enjoyed. If these assertions be, as I think they are, undoubtedly and obviously certain, those few who have denied man to be a social animal have left us these two solutions of their conduct; either that there are men as bold in denial as can be found in assertion — and as Cicero says there is no absurdity which some philosopher or other hath not asserted, so we may say there is no truth so glaring that some have not denied it; — or else that these rejectors of society borrow all their information from their own savage dispositions, and are, indeed, themselves, the only exceptions to the above general rule.

But to leave such persons to those who have thought them more worthy of an answer; there are others who are so seemingly fond of this social state, that they are understood absolutely to confine it to their own species; and entirely excluding the tamer and gentler, the herding and flocking parts of the creation, from all benefits of it, to set up this as one grand

general distinction between the human and the brute species.

Shall we conclude this denial of all society to the nature of brutes, which seems to be in defiance of every day's observation, to be as bold as the denial of it to the nature of men? or, may we not more justly derive the error from an improper understanding of this word society in too confined and special a sense? in a word, do those who utterly deny it to the brutal nature mean any other by society than conversation?

Now, if we comprehend them in this sense, as I think we very reasonably may, the distinction appears to me to be truly just; for though other animals are not without all use of society, yet this noble branch of it seems, of all the inhabitants of this globe, confined to man only; the narrow power of communicating some few ideas of lust, or fear, or anger, which may be observable in brutes, falling infinitely short of what is commonly meant by conversation, as may be deduced from the origination of the word itself, the only accurate guide to knowledge. The primitive and literal sense of this word is, I apprehend, to turn round together; and in its more copious usage we intend by it that reciprocal interchange of ideas by which truth is examined, things are, in a manner, turned round and sifted, and all our knowledge communicated to each other.

In this respect man stands, I conceive, distinguished from, and superior to, all other earthly creatures; it is this privilege which, while he is inferior in strength to some, in swiftness to others; without horns or

claws or tusks to attack them, or even to defend himself against them, hath made him master of them all. Indeed, in other views, however vain men may be of their abilities, they are greatly inferior to their animal neighbours. With what envy must a swine, or a much less voracious animal, be surveyed by a glutton ; and how contemptible must the talents of other sensualists appear, when opposed, perhaps, to some of the lowest and meanest of brutes! but in conversation man stands alone, at least in this part of the creation ; he leaves all others behind him at his first start, and the greater progress he makes the greater distance is between them.

Conversation is of three sorts. Men are said to converse with God, with themselves, and with one another. The two first of these have been so liberally and excellently spoken to by others, that I shall at present pass them by and confine myself in this essay to the third only; since it seems to me amazing that this grand business of our lives, the foundation of everything either useful or pleasant, should have been so slightly treated of, that, while there is scarce a profession or handicraft in life, however mean and contemptible, which is not abundantly furnished with proper rules to the attaining its perfection, men should be left almost totally in the dark, and without the least light to direct, or any guide to conduct them, in the proper exerting of those talents which are the noblest privilege of human nature and productive of all rational happiness ; and the rather as this power is by no means self-instructed, and in the possession of the artless and ignorant is of so mean use that it

raises them very little above those animals who are void of it.

As conversation is a branch of society, it follows that it can be proper to none who is not in his nature social. Now, society is agreeable to no creatures who are not inoffensive to each other; and we therefore observe in animals who are entirely guided by nature that it is cultivated by such only, while those of more noxious disposition addict themselves to solitude, and, unless when prompted by lust, or that necessary instinct implanted in them by nature for the nurture of their young, shun as much as possible the society of their own species. If therefore there should be found some human individuals of so savage a habit, it would seem they were not adapted to society, and, consequently, not to conversation; nor would any inconvenience ensue the admittance of such exceptions, since it would by no means impeach the general rule of man's being a social animal; especially when it appears (as is sufficiently and admirably proved by my friend the author of An Enquiry into Happiness) that these men live in a constant opposition to their own nature, and are no less monsters than the most wanton abortions or extravagant births.

Again; if society requires that its members should be inoffensive, so the more useful and beneficial they are to each other the more suitable are they to the social nature, and more perfectly adapted to its institution; for all creatures seek their own happiness, and society is therefore natural to any, because it is naturally productive of this happiness. To render therefore any animal social is to render it inoffensive;

an instance of which is to be seen in those the ferocity of whose nature can be tamed by man. And here the reader may observe a double distinction of man from the more savage animals by society, and from the social by conversation.

But if men were merely inoffensive to each other, it seems as if society and conversation would be merely indifferent; and that, in order to make it desirable by a sensible being, it is necessary we should go farther and propose some positive good to ourselves from it; and this presupposes, not only negatively, our not receiving any hurt, but positively, our receiving some good, some pleasure or advantage, from each other in it, something which we could not find in an unsocial and solitary state; otherwise we might cry out with the right honourable poet —[1]

> Give us our wildness and our woods,
> Our huts and caves again.

The art of pleasing or doing good to one another is therefore the art of conversation. It is this habit which gives it all its value. And as man's being a social animal (the truth of which is incontestably proved by that excellent author of An Enquiry, &c., I have above cited) presupposes a natural desire or tendency this way, it will follow that we can fail in attaining this truly desirable end from ignorance only in the means; and how general this ignorance is may be, with some probability, inferred from our want of even a word to express this art by; that which comes the nearest to it, and by which, per-

[1] The Duke of Buckingham.

haps, we would sometimes intend it, being so horribly and barbarously corrupted, that it contains at present scarce a simple ingredient of what it seems originally to have been designed to express.

The word I mean is good breeding; a word, I apprehend, not at first confined to externals, much less to any particular dress or attitude of the body; nor were the qualifications expressed by it to be furnished by a milliner, a taylor, or a perriwig-maker; no, nor even by a dancing-master himself. According to the idea I myself conceive from this word, I should not have scrupled to call Socrates a well-bred man, though, I believe, he was very little instructed by any of the persons I have above enumerated. In short, by good-breeding (notwithstanding the corrupt use of the word in a very different sense) I mean the art of pleasing, or contributing as much as possible to the ease and happiness of those with whom you converse. I shall contend therefore no longer on this head; for, whilst my reader clearly conceives the sense in which I use this word, it will not be very material whether I am right or wrong in its original application.

Good-breeding then, or the art of pleasing in conversation, is expressed two different ways, viz., in our actions and our words, and our conduct in both may be reduced to that concise, comprehensive rule in scripture — Do unto all men as you would they should do unto you. Indeed, concise as this rule is, and plain as it appears, what are all treatises on ethics but comments upon it? and whoever is well read in the book of nature, and hath made much

observation on the actions of men, will perceive so few capable of judging or rightly pursuing their own happiness, that he will be apt to conclude that some attention is necessary (and more than is commonly used) to enable men to know truly what they would have done unto them, or, at least, what it would be their interest to have done.

If therefore men, through weakness or inattention, often err in their conceptions of what would produce their own happiness, no wonder they should miss in the application of what will contribute to that of others; and thus we may, without too severe a censure on their inclinations, account for that frequent failure in true good-breeding which daily experience gives us instances of.

Besides, the commentators have well paraphrased on the above-mentioned divine rule, that it is, to do unto men what you would they (if they were in your situation and circumstances, and you in theirs) should do unto you; and, as this comment is necessary to be observed in ethics, so it is particularly useful in this our art, where the degree of the person is always to be considered, as we shall explain more at large hereafter.

We see then a possibility for a man well disposed to this golden rule, without some precautions, to err in the practice; nay, even good-nature itself, the very habit of mind most essential to furnish us with true good-breeding, the latter so nearly resembling the former, that it hath been called, and with the appearance at least of propriety, artificial good-nature. This excellent quality itself sometimes

shoots us beyond the mark, and shews the truth of those lines in Horace:

> Insani sapiens nomen ferat, æquus iniqui,
> Ultrà quàm satis est, Virtutem si petat ipsam.

Instances of this will be naturally produced where we shew the deviations from those rules which we shall now attempt to lay down.

As this good-breeding is the art of pleasing, it will be first necessary with the utmost caution to avoid hurting or giving any offence to those with whom we converse. And here we are surely to shun any kind of actual disrespect, or affront to their persons, by insolence, which is the severest attack that can be made on the pride of man, and of which Florus seems to have no inadequate opinion when, speaking of the second Tarquin, he says; *in omnes superbiâ* (*quæ crudelitate gravior est* BONIS) *grassatus*; "He trod on all with insolence, which sits heavier on men of great minds than cruelty itself." If there is any temper in man which more than all others disqualifies him for society, it is this insolence or haughtiness, which, blinding a man to his own imperfections, and giving him a hawk's quicksightedness to those of others, raises in him that contempt for his species which inflates the cheeks, erects the head, and stiffens the gaite of those strutting animals who sometimes stalk in assemblies, for no other reason but to shew in their gesture and behaviour the disregard they have for the company. Though to a truly great and philosophical mind it is not easy to conceive a more ridiculous exhibition than

this puppet, yet to others he is little less than a nuisance; for contempt is a murtherous weapon, and there is this difference only between the greatest and weakest man when attacked by it, that, in order to wound the former, it must be just; whereas, without the shields of wisdom and philosophy, which God knows are in the possession of very few, it wants no justice to point it, but is certain to penetrate, from whatever corner it comes. It is this disposition which inspires the empty Cacus to deny his acquaintance, and overlook men of merit in distress; and the little silly, pretty Phillida, or Foolida, to stare at the strange creatures round her. It is this temper which constitutes the supercilious eye, the reserved look, the distant bowe, the scornful leer, the affected astonishment, the loud whisper, ending in a laugh directed full in the teeth of another. Hence spring, in short, those numberless offences given too frequently, in public and private assemblies, by persons of weak understandings, indelicate habits, and so hungry and foul-feeding a vanity that it wants to devour whatever comes in its way. Now, if good-breeding be what we have endeavoured to prove it, how foreign, and indeed how opposite to it, must such a behaviour be! and can any man call a duke or a dutchess who wears it well-bred? or are they not more justly entitled to those inhuman names which they themselves allot to the lowest vulgar? But behold a more pleasing picture on the reverse. See the earl of C——, noble in his birth, splendid in his fortune, and embellished with every endowment of mind; how affable! how condescend-

ing! himself the only one who seems ignorant that he is every way the greatest person in the room.

But it is not sufficient to be inoffensive — we must be profitable servants to each other: we are, in the second place, to proceed to the utmost verge in paying the respect due to others. We had better go a little too far than stop short in this particular. My lord Shaftesbury hath a pretty observation, that the beggar, in addressing to a coach with, My lord, is sure not to offend, even though there be no lord there; but, on the contrary, should plain sir fly in the face of a nobleman, what must be the consequence? And, indeed, whoever considers the bustle and contention about precedence, the pains and labours undertaken, and sometimes the prices given, for the smallest title or mark of pre-eminence, and the visible satisfaction betrayed in its enjoyment, may reasonably conclude this is a matter of no small consequence. The truth is, we live in a world of common men, and not of philosophers; for one of these, when he appears (which is very seldom) among us, is distinguished, and very properly too, by the name of an odd fellow; for what is it less than extreme oddity to despise what the generality of the world think the labour of their whole lives well employed in procuring? we are therefore to adapt our behaviour to the opinion of the generality of mankind, and not to that of a few odd fellows.

It would be tedious, and perhaps impossible, to specify every instance, or to lay down exact rules for our conduct in every minute particular. However, I shall mention some of the chief which most

ordinarily occur, after premising that the business of the whole is no more than to convey to others an idea of your esteem of them, which is indeed the substance of all the compliments, ceremonies, presents, and whatever passes between well-bred people. And here I shall lay down these positions: —

First, that all meer ceremonies exist in form only, and have in them no substance at all; but, being imposed by the laws of custom, become essential to good-breeding, from those high-flown compliments paid to the Eastern monarchs, and which pass between Chinese mandarines, to those coarser ceremonials in use between English farmers and Dutch boors.

Secondly, that these ceremonies, poor as they are, are of more consequence than they at first appear, and, in reality, constitute the only external difference between man and man. Thus, His grace, Right honourable, My lord, Right reverend, Reverend, Honourable, Sir, Esquire, Mr., &c., have in a philosophical sense no meaning, yet are perhaps politically essential, and must be preserved by good-breeding; because,

Thirdly, they raise an expectation in the person by law and custom entitled to them, and who will consequently be displeased with the disappointment.

Now, in order to descend minutely into any rules for good-breeding, it will be necessary to lay some scene, or to throw our disciple into some particular circumstance. We will begin them with a visit in the country; and as the principal actor on this occasion is the person who receives it, we will, as

briefly as possible, lay down some general rules for his conduct; marking, at the same time, the principal deviations we have observed on these occasions.

When an expected guest arrives to dinner at your house, if your equal, or indeed not greatly your inferior, he should be sure to find your family in some order, and yourself dressed and ready to receive him at your gate with a smiling countenance. This infuses an immediate chearfulness into your guest, and persuades him of your esteem and desire of his company. Not so is the behaviour of Polysperchon, at whose gate you are obliged to knock a considerable time before you gain admittance. At length, the door being opened to you by a maid or some improper servant, who wonders where the devil all the men are, and, being asked if the gentleman is at home, answers she believes so, you are conducted into a hall, or back-parlour, where you stay some time before the gentleman, in a dishabille from his study or his garden, waits upon you, asks pardon, and assures you he did not expect you so soon.

Your guest, being introduced into a drawing-room, is, after the first ceremonies, to be asked whether he will refresh himself after his journey, before dinner (for which he is never to stay longer than the usual or fixed hour). But this request is never to be repeated oftener than twice, not in imitation of Calepus, who, as if hired by a physician, crams wine in a morning down the throats of his most temperate friends, their constitutions being not so dear to them as their present quiet.

When dinner is on the table, and the ladies have

taken their places, the gentlemen are to be introduced into the eating-room, where they are to be seated with as much seeming indifference as possible, unless there be any present whose degrees claim an undoubted precedence. As to the rest, the general rules of precedence are by marriage, age, and profession. Lastly, in placing your guests, regard is rather to be had to birth than fortune; for, though purse-pride is forward enough to exalt itself, it bears a degradation with more secret comfort and ease than the former, as being more inwardly satisfied with itself, and less apprehensive of neglect or contempt.

The order in helping your guests is to be regulated by that of placing them; but here I must, with great submission, recommend to the lady at the upper end of the table to distribute her favours as equally and as impartially as she can. I have sometimes seen a large dish of fish extend no farther than to the fifth person, and a haunch of venison lose all its fat before half the table had tasted it.

A single request to eat of any particular dish, how elegant soever, is the utmost I allow. I strictly prohibit all earnest solicitations, all complaints that you have no appetite, which are sometimes little less than burlesque, and always impertinent and troublesome.

And here, however low it may appear to some readers, as I have known omissions of this kind give offence, and sometimes make the offenders, who have been very well-meaning persons, ridiculous, I cannot help mentioning the ceremonial of drinking healths

at table, which is always to begin with the lady's and next the master's of the house.

When dinner is ended, and the ladies retired, though I do not hold the master of the feast obliged to fuddle himself through complacence (and, indeed, it is his own fault generally if his company be such as would desire it), yet he is to see that the bottle circulate sufficient to afford every person present a moderate quantity of wine if he chuses it; at the same time permitting those who desire it either to pass the bottle or to fill their glass as they please. Indeed, the beastly custom of besotting, and ostentatious contention for pre-eminence in their cups, seems at present pretty well abolished among the better sort of people. Yet Methus still remains, who measures the honesty and understanding of mankind by a capaciousness of their swallow; who sings forth the praises of a bumper, and complains of the light in your glass; and at whose table it is as difficult to preserve your senses as to preserve your purse at a gaming-table or your health at a b—y-house. On the other side, Sophronus eyes you carefully whilst you are filling out his liquor. The bottle as surely stops when it comes to him as your chariot at Temple-bar; and it is almost as impossible to carry a pint of wine from his house as to gain the love of a reigning beauty, or borrow a shilling of P—— W——.

But to proceed. After a reasonable time, if your guest intends staying with you the whole evening, and declines the bottle, you may propose play, walking, or any other amusement; but these are to be but

barely mentioned, and offered to his choice with all indifference on your part. What person can be so dull as not to perceive in Agyrtes a longing to pick your pockets, or in Alazon a desire to satisfy his own vanity in shewing you the rarities of his house and gardens? When your guest offers to go, there should be no solicitations to stay, unless for the whole night, and that no farther than to give him a moral assurance of his being welcome so to do; no assertions that he shan't go yet; no laying on violent hands; no private orders to servants to delay providing the horses or vehicles — like Desmophylax, who never suffers any one to depart from his house without entitling him to an action of false imprisonment.

Let us now consider a little the part which the visitor himself is to act. And first, he is to avoid the two extremes of being too early or too late, so as neither to surprise his friend unawares or unprovided, nor detain him too long in expectation. Orthrius, who hath nothing to do, disturbs your rest in a morning; and the frugal Chronophidus, lest he should waste some minutes of his precious time, is sure to spoil your dinner.

The address at your arrival should be as short as possible, especially when you visit a superior; not imitating Phlenaphius, who would stop his friend in the rain rather than omit a single bowe.

Be not too observant of trifling ceremonies, such as rising, sitting, walking first in or out of the room, except with one greatly your superior; but when such a one offers you precedence it is uncivil to refuse it; of which I will give you the following instance: An

English nobleman, being in France, was bid by Louis XIV. to enter the coach before him, which he excused himself from. The king then immediately mounted, and, ordering the door to be shut, drove on, leaving the nobleman behind him.

Never refuse anything offered you out of civility, unless in preference of a lady, and that no oftener than once; for nothing is more truly good breeding than to avoid being troublesome. Though the taste and humour of the visitor is to be chiefly considered, yet is some regard likewise to be had to that of the master of the house; for otherwise your company will be rather a penance than a pleasure. Methusus plainly discovers his visit to be paid to his sober friend's bottle; nor will Philopasus abstain from cards, though he is certain they are agreeable only to himself; whilst the slender Leptines gives his fat entertainer a sweat, and makes him run the hazard of breaking his wind up his own mounts.

If conveniency allows your staying longer than the time proposed, it may be civil to offer to depart, lest your stay may be incommodious to your friend; but if you perceive the contrary, by his solicitations, they should be readily accepted, without tempting him to break these rules we have above laid down for him — causing a confusion in his family and among his servants, by preparations for your departure. Lastly, when you are resolved to go, the same method is to be observed which I have prescribed at your arrival. No tedious ceremonies of taking leave — not like Hyperphylus, who bows and kisses and squeezes by the hand as heartily, and wishes you as much health

and happiness, when he is going a journey home of ten miles, from a common acquaintance, as if he was leaving his nearest friend or relation on a voyage to the East Indies.

Having thus briefly considered our reader in the circumstance of a private visit, let us now take him into a public assembly, where, as more eyes will be on his behaviour, it cannot be less his interest to be instructed. We have, indeed, already formed a general picture of the chief enormities committed on these occasions: we shall here endeavour to explain more particularly the rules of an opposite demeanour, which we may divide into three sorts, viz., our behaviour to our superiors, to our equals, and to our inferiors.

In our behaviour to our superiors two extremes are to be avoided; namely, an abject and base servility, and an impudent and encroaching freedom. When the well-bred Hyperdulus approaches a nobleman in any public place, you would be persuaded he was one of the meanest of his domestics; his cringes fall little short of prostration; and his whole behaviour is so mean and servile that an Eastern monarch would not require more humiliation from his vassals. On the other side, Anaischyntus, whom fortunate accidents, without any pretensions from his birth, have raised to associate with his betters, shakes my lord duke by the hand with a familiarity savouring not only of the most perfect intimacy but the closest alliance. The former behaviour properly raises our contempt, the latter our disgust. Hyperdulus seems worthy of wearing his lordship's livery; Anaischyntus deserves

to be turned out of his service for his impudence. Between these two is that golden mean which declares a man ready to acquiesce in allowing the respect due to a title by the laws and customs of his country, but impatient of any insult, and disdaining to purchase the intimacy with and favour of a superior at the expence of conscience or honour. As to the question, who are our superiors ? I shall endeavour to ascertain them when I come, in the second place, to mention our behaviour to our equals : the first instruction on this head being carefully to consider who are such ; every little superiority of fortune or profession being too apt to intoxicate men's minds, and elevate them in their own opinion beyond their merit or pretensions. Men are superior to each other in this our country by title, by birth, by rank in profession, and by age ; very little, if any, being to be allowed to fortune, though so much is generally exacted by it and commonly paid to it. Mankind never appear to me in a more despicable light than when I see them, by a simple as well as mean servility, voluntarily concurring in the adoration of riches, without the least benefit or prospect from them. Respect and deference are perhaps justly demandable of the obliged, and may be, with some reason at least, from expectation, paid to the rich and liberal from the necessitous ; but that men should be allured by the glittering of wealth only to feed the insolent pride of those who will not in return feed their hunger — that the sordid niggard should find any sacrifices on the altar of his vanity — seems to arise from a blinder idolatry, and a more bigoted and senseless superstition, than any

which the sharp eyes of priests have discovered in the human mind.

All gentlemen, therefore, who are not raised above each other by title, birth, rank in profession, age, or actual obligation, being to be considered as equals, let us take some lessons for their behaviour to each other in public from the following examples; in which we shall discern as well what we are to elect as what we are to avoid. Authades is so absolutely abandoned to his own humour that he never gives it up on any occasion. If Seraphina herself, whose charms one would imagine should infuse alacrity into the limbs of a cripple sooner than the Bath waters, was to offer herself for his partner, he would answer he never danced, even though the ladies lost their ball by it. Nor doth this denial arise from incapacity, for he was in his youth an excellent dancer, and still retains sufficient knowledge of the art, and sufficient abilities in his limbs to practise it, but from an affectation of gravity which he will not sacrifice to the eagerest desire of others. Dyskolus hath the same aversion to cards; and though competently skilled in all games, is by no importunities to be prevailed on to make a third at ombre, or a fourth at whisk and quadrille. He will suffer any company to be disappointed of their amusement rather than submit to pass an hour or two a little disagreeably to himself. The refusal of Philautus is not so general; he is very ready to engage, provided you will indulge him in his favourite game, but it is impossible to persuade him to any other. I should add both these are men of fortune, and the consequences of loss or

gain, at the rate they are desired to engage, very trifling and inconsiderable to them.

The rebukes these people sometimes meet with are no more equal to their deserts than the honour paid to Charistus, the benevolence of whose mind scarce permits him to indulge his own will, unless by accident. Though neither his age nor understanding incline him to dance, nor will admit his receiving any pleasure from it, yet would he caper a whole evening, rather than a fine young lady should lose an opportunity of displaying her charms by the several genteel and amiable attitudes which this exercise affords the skilful of that sex. And though cards are not adapted to his temper, he never once baulked the inclinations of others on that account.

But, as there are many who will not in the least instance mortify their own humour to purchase the satisfaction of all mankind, so there are some who make no scruple of satisfying their own pride and vanity at the expence of the most cruel mortification of others. Of this kind is Agroicus, who seldom goes to an assembly but he affronts half his acquaintance by overlooking or disregarding them.

As this is a very common offence, and indeed much more criminal, both in its cause and effect, than is generally imagined, I shall examine it very minutely, and I doubt not but to make it appear that there is no behaviour (to speak like a philosopher) more contemptible, nor, in a civil sense, more detestable, than this.

The first ingredient in this composition is pride, which, according to the doctrine of some, is the

universal passion. There are others who consider it as the foible of great minds; and others again who will have it to be the very foundation of greatness; and perhaps it may of that greatness which we have endeavoured to expose in many parts of these works; but to real greatness, which is the union of a good heart with a good head, it is almost diametrically opposite, as it generally proceeds from the depravity of both, and almost certainly from the badness of the latter. Indeed, a little observation will shew us that fools are the most addicted to this vice; and a little reflexion will teach us that it is incompatible with true understanding. Accordingly we see that, while the wisest of men have constantly lamented the imbecility and imperfection of their own nature, the meanest and weakest have been trumpeting forth their own excellencies and triumphing in their own sufficiency.

Pride may, I think, be properly defined, the pleasure we feel in contemplating our own superior merit, on comparing it with that of others. That it arises from this supposed superiority is evident; for, however great you admit a man's merit to be, if all men were equal to him, there would be no room for pride. Now if it stop here, perhaps there is no enormous harm in it, or at least no more than is common to all other folly; every species of which is always liable to produce every species of mischief: folly I fear it is; for, should the man estimate rightly on this occasion, and the ballance should fairly turn on his side in this particular instance; should he be indeed a greater orator, poet, general;

should he be more wise, witty, learned, young, rich, healthy, or in whatever instance he may excel one, or many, or all; yet, if he examine himself thoroughly, will he find no reason to abate his pride? is the quality in which he is so eminent, so generally or justly esteemed? is it so entirely his own? doth he not rather owe his superiority to the defects of others than to his own perfection? or, lastly, can he find in no part of his character a weakness which may counterpoise this merit, and which as justly at least, threatens him with shame as this entices him to pride? I fancy, if such a scrutiny was made (and nothing so ready as good sense to make it), a proud man would be as rare as in reality he is a ridiculous monster. But suppose a man, on this comparison, is, as may sometimes happen, a little partial to himself, the harm is to himself, and he becomes only ridiculous from it. If I prefer my excellence in poetry to Pope or Young; if an inferior actor should, in his opinion, exceed Quin or Garrick; or a sign-post painter set himself above the inimitable Hogarth, we become only ridiculous by our vanity: and the persons themselves who are thus humbled in the comparison, would laugh with more reason than any other. Pride, therefore, hitherto seems an inoffensive weakness only, and entitles a man to no worse an appellation than that of a fool; but it will not stop here: though fool be perhaps no desirable term, the proud man will deserve worse; he is not contented with the admiration he pays himself, he now becomes arrogant, and requires the same respect and preference from the world; for pride, though the

greatest of flatterers, is by no means a profitable servant to itself; it resembles the parson of the parish more than the squire, and lives rather on the tithes, oblations, and contributions it collects from others than on its own demesne. As pride therefore is seldom without arrogance, so is this never to be found without insolence. The arrogant man must be insolent in order to attain his own ends; and, to convince and remind men of the superiority he affects, will naturally, by ill-words, actions, and gestures, endeavour to throw the despised person at as much distance as possible from him. Hence proceeds that supercilious look and all those visible indignities with which men behave in public to those whom they fancy their inferiors. Hence the very notable custom of deriding and often denying the nearest relations, friends, and acquaintance, in poverty and distress, lest we should anywise be levelled with the wretches we despise, either in their own imagination or in the conceit of any who should behold familiarities pass between us.

But besides pride, folly, arrogance, and insolence, there is another simple, which vice never willingly leaves out of any composition — and this is ill-nature. A good-natured man may indeed (provided he is a fool) be proud, but arrogant and insolent he cannot be, unless we will allow to such a still greater degree of folly and ignorance of human nature; which may indeed entitle them to forgiveness in the benign language of scripture, because they know not what they do.

For, when we come to consider the effect of this

behaviour on the person who suffers it, we may perhaps have reason to conclude that murder is not a much more cruel injury. What is the consequence of this contempt? or, indeed, what is the design of it but to expose the object of it to shame? a sensation as uneasy and almost intolerable as those which arise from the severest pains inflicted on the body; a convulsion of the mind (if I may so call it) which immediately produces symptoms of universal disorder in the whole man; which hath sometimes been attended with death itself, and to which death hath, by great multitudes, been with much alacrity preferred. Now, what less than the highest degree of ill-nature can permit a man to pamper his own vanity at the price of another's shame? Is the glutton, who, to raise the flavour of his dish, puts some birds or beasts to exquisite torment, more cruel to the animal than this our proud man to his own species?

This character then is a composition made up of those odious, contemptible qualities, pride, folly, arrogance, insolence, and ill-nature. I shall dismiss it with some general observations, which will place it in so ridiculous a light, that a man must hereafter be possessed of a very considerable portion either of folly or impudence to assume it.

First, it proceeds on one grand fallacy; for, whereas this wretch is endeavouring by a supercilious conduct to lead the beholder into an opinion of his superiority to the despised person, he inwardly flatters his own vanity with a deceitful presumption that this his conduct is founded on a general preconceived opinion of this superiority.

Secondly, this caution to preserve it plainly indicates a doubt that the superiority of our own character is very slightly established; for which reason we see it chiefly practised by men who have the weakest pretensions to the reputation they aim at; and, indeed, none was ever freer from it than that noble person whom we have already mentioned in this essay, and who can never be mentioned but with honour by those who know him.

Thirdly, this opinion of our superiority is commonly very erroneous. Who hath not seen a general behave in this supercilious manner to an officer of lower rank, who hath been greatly his superior in that very art to his excellence in which the general ascribes all his merit? Parallel instances occur in every other art, science, or profession.

Fourthly, men who excel others in trifling instances frequently cast a supercilious eye on their superiors in the highest. Thus the least pretensions to preeminence in title, birth, riches, equipages, dress, &c., constantly overlook the most noble endowments of virtue, honour, wisdom, sense, wit, and every other quality which can truly dignify and adorn a man.

Lastly, the lowest and meanest of our species are the most strongly addicted to this vice — men who are a scandal to their sex, and women who disgrace human nature; for the basest mechanic is so far from being exempt that he is generally the most guilty of it. It visits ale-houses and gin-shops, and whistles in the empty heads of fidlers, mountebanks, and dancing-masters.

To conclude a character on which we have already

dwelt longer than is consistent with the intended measure of this essay, this contempt of others is the truest symptom of a base and a bad heart. While it suggests itself to the mean and the vile, and tickles their little fancy on every occasion, it never enters the great and good mind but on the strongest motives; nor is it then a welcome guest, affording only an uneasy sensation, and brings always with it a mixture of concern and compassion.

We will now proceed to inferior criminals in society. Theoretus, conceiving that the assembly is only met to see and admire him, is uneasy unless he engrosses the eyes of the whole company. The giant doth not take more pains to be viewed; and, as he is unfortunately not so tall, he carefully deposits himself in the most conspicuous place; nor will that suffice — he must walk about the room, though to the great disturbance of the company; and, if he can purchase general observation at no less rate, will condescend to be ridiculous; for he prefers being laughed at to being taken little notice of.

On the other side, Dusopius is so bashful that he hides himself in a corner; he hardly bears being looked at, and never quits the first chair he lights upon, lest he should expose himself to public view. He trembles when you bowe to him at a distance, is shocked at hearing his own voice, and would almost swoon at the repetition of his name.

The audacious Anedes, who is extremely amorous in his inclinations, never likes a woman but his eyes ask her the question, without considering the con-

fusion he often occasions to the object; he ogles and languishes at every pretty woman in the room. As there is no law of morality which he would not break to satisfy his desires, so is there no form of civility which he doth not violate to communicate them. When he gets possession of a woman's hand, which those of stricter decency never give him but with reluctance, he considers himself as its master. Indeed, there is scarce a familiarity which he will abstain from on the slightest acquaintance, and in the most public place. Seraphina herself can make no impression on the rough temper of Agroicus; neither her quality nor her beauty can exact the least complacence from him; and he would let her lovely limbs ach rather than offer her his chair: while the gentle Lyperus tumbles over benches and overthrows tea-tables to take up a fan or a glove; he forces you, as a good parent doth his child, for your own good; he is absolute master of a lady's will, nor will allow her the election of standing or sitting in his company. In short, the impertinent civility of Lyperus is as troublesome, though perhaps not so offensive, as the brutish rudeness of Agroicus.

Thus we have hinted at most of the common enormities committed in public assemblies to our equals; for it would be tedious and difficult to enumerate all: nor is it needful; since from this sketch we may trace all others, most of which, I believe, will be found to branch out from some of the particulars here specified.

I am now, in the last place, to consider our behaviour to our inferiors, in which condescension can

never be too strongly recommended; for, as a deviation on this side is much more innocent than on the other, so the pride of man renders us much less liable to it. For, besides that we are apt to overrate our own perfections, and undervalue the qualifications of our neighbours, we likewise set too high an esteem on the things themselves, and consider them as constituting a more essential difference between us than they really do. The qualities of the mind do, in reality, establish the truest superiority over one another: yet should not these so far elevate our pride as to inflate us with contempt, and make us look down on our fellow-creatures as on animals of an inferior order; but that the fortuitous accident of birth, the acquisition of wealth, with some outward ornaments of dress, should inspire men with an insolence capable of treating the rest of mankind with disdain, is so preposterous that nothing less than daily experience could give it credit.

If men were to be rightly estimated, and divided into subordinate classes according to the superior excellence of their several natures, perhaps the lowest class of either sex would be properly assigned to those two disgraces of the human species, commonly called a beau and a fine lady; for, if we rate men by the faculties of the mind, in what degree must these stand? nay, admitting the qualities of the body were to give the pre-eminence, how many of those whom fortune hath placed in the lowest station must be ranked above them? If dress is their only title, sure even the monkey, if as well dressed, is on as high a footing as the beau. But perhaps I shall

be told they challenge their dignity from birth ; that is a poor and mean pretence to honour when supported with no other. Persons who have no better claim to superiority should be ashamed of this ; they are really a disgrace to those very ancestors from whom they would derive their pride, and are chiefly happy in this, that they want the very moderate portion of understanding which would enable them to despise themselves.

And yet who so prone to a contemptuous carriage as these? I have myself seen a little female thing which they have called "my lady," of no greater dignity in the order of beings than a cat, and of no more use in society than a butterfly ; whose mien would not give even the idea of a gentlewoman, and whose face would cool the loosest libertine ; with a mind as empty of ideas as an opera, and a body fuller of diseases than an hospital — I have seen this thing express contempt to a woman who was an honour to her sex and an ornament to the creation.

To confess the truth, there is little danger of the possessor's ever undervaluing this titular excellence. Not that I would withdraw from it that deference which the policy of government hath assigned it. On the contrary, I have laid down the most exact compliance with this respect, as a fundamental in good-breeding; nay, I insist only that we may be admitted to pay it, and not treated with a disdain even beyond what the eastern monarchs shew to their slaves. Surely it is too high an elevation when, instead of treating the lowest human creature,

in a Christian sense, as our brethren, we look down on such as are but one rank in the civil order removed from us as unworthy to breathe even the same air, and regard the most distant communication with them as an indignity and disgrace offered to ourselves. This is considering the difference not in the individual, but in the very species; a height of insolence impious in a Christian society, and most absurd and ridiculous in a trading nation.

I have now done with my first head, in which I have treated of good-breeding, as it regards our actions. I shall, in the next place, consider it with respect to our words, and shall endeavour to lay down some rules, by observing which our well-bred man may, in his discourse as well as actions, contribute to the happiness and well-being of society.

Certain it is, that the highest pleasure which we are capable of enjoying in conversation is to be met with only in the society of persons whose understanding is pretty near on an equality with our own; nor is this equality only necessary to enable men of exalted genius and extensive knowledge to taste the sublimer pleasures of communicating their refined ideas to each other; but it is likewise necessary to the inferior happiness of every subordinate degree of society, down to the very lowest. For instance; we will suppose a conversation between Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, and three dancing-masters. It will be acknowledged, I believe, that the heel sophists would be as little pleased with the company of the philosophers as the philosophers with theirs.

It would be greatly, therefore, for the improve-

ment and happiness of conversation, if society could be formed on this equality; but, as men are not ranked in this world by the different degrees of their understanding, but by other methods, and consequently all degrees of understanding often meet in the same class, and must *ex necessitate* frequently converse together, the impossibility of accomplishing any such Utopian scheme very plainly appears. Here therefore is a visible but unavoidable imperfection in society itself.

But, as we have laid it down as a fundamental that the essence of good-breeding is to contribute as much as possible to the ease and happiness of mankind, so will it be the business of our well-bred man to endeavour to lessen this imperfection to his utmost, and to bring society as near to a level at least as he is able.

Now there are but two ways to compass this, viz., by raising the lower, and by lowering what is higher.

Let us suppose, then, that very unequal company I have before mentioned met; the former of these is apparently impracticable. Let Socrates, for instance, institute a discourse on the nature of the soul, or Plato reason on the native beauty of virtue, and Aristotle on his occult qualities — What must become of our dancing-masters? Would they not stare at one another with surprise, and, most probably, at our philosophers with contempt? Would they have any pleasure in such society? or would they not rather wish themselves in a dancing-school, or a green-room at the playhouse? What, there-

fore, have our philosophers to do but to lower themselves to those who cannot rise to them?

And surely there are subjects on which both can converse. Hath not Socrates heard of harmony? Hath not Plato, who draws virtue in the person of a fine woman, any idea of the gracefulness of attitude? and hath not Aristotle himself written a book on motion? In short, to be a little serious, there are many topics on which they can at least be intelligible to each other.

How absurd, then, must appear the conduct of Cenodoxus, who, having had the advantage of a liberal education, and having made a pretty good progress in literature, is constantly advancing learned subjects in common conversation? He talks of the classics before the ladies, and of Greek criticisms among fine gentlemen. What is this less than an insult on the company over whom he thus affects a superiority, and whose time he sacrifices to his vanity?

Wisely different is the amiable conduct of Sophronus; who, though he exceeds the former in knowledge, can submit to discourse on the most trivial matters, rather than introduce such as his company are utter strangers to. He can talk of fashions and diversions among the ladies; nay, can even condescend to horses and dogs with country gentlemen. This gentleman, who is equal to dispute on the highest and abstrusest points, can likewise talk on a fan or a horse-race; nor had ever any one who was not himself a man of learning, the least reason to conceive the vast knowledge of Sophronus, unless from the report of others.

Let us compare these together. Cenodoxus proposes the satisfaction of his own pride from the admiration of others; Sophronus thinks of nothing but their amusement. In the company of Cenodoxus every one is rendered uneasy, laments his own want of knowledge, and longs for the end of the dull assembly; with Sophronus all are pleased, and contented with themselves in their knowledge of matters which they find worthy the consideration of a man of sense. Admiration is involuntarily paid the former: to the latter it is given joyfully. The former receives it with envy and hatred; the latter enjoys it as the sweet fruit of good-will. The former is shunned; the latter courted by all.

This behaviour in Cenodoxus may, in some measure, account for an observation we must have frequent occasion to make; that the conversation of men of very moderate capacities is often preferred to that of men of superior talents; in which the world act more wisely than at first they may seem; for, besides that backwardness in mankind to give their admiration, what can be duller or more void of pleasure than discourses on subjects above our comprehension? It is like listening to an unknown language; and, if such company is ever desired by us, it is a sacrifice to our vanity, which imposes on us to believe that we may by these means raise the general opinion of our own parts and knowledge, and not from that cheerful delight which is the natural result of an agreeable conversation.

There is another very common fault, equally destructive of this delight, by much the same means,

though it is far from owing its original to any real superiority of parts and knowledge; this is discoursing on the mysteries of a particular profession, to which all the rest of the company, except one or two, are utter strangers. Lawyers are generally guilty of this fault, as they are more confined to the conversation of one another; and I have known a very agreeable company spoilt, where there have been two of these gentlemen present, who have seemed rather to think themselves in a court of justice than in a mixed assembly of persons met only for the entertainment of each other.

But it is not sufficient that the whole company understand the topic of their conversation; they should be likewise equally interested in every subject not tending to their general information or amusement; for these are not to be postponed to the relation of private affairs, much less of the particular grievance or misfortune of a single person. To bear a share in the afflictions of another is a degree of friendship not to be expected in a common acquaintance; nor hath any man a right to indulge the satisfaction of a weak and mean mind by the comfort of pity at the expence of the whole company's diversion. The inferior and unsuccessful members of the several professions are generally guilty of this fault; for, as they fail of the reward due to their great merit, they can seldom refrain from reviling their superiors, and complaining of their own hard and unjust fate.

Farther, as a man is not to make himself the subject of the conversation, so neither is he to engross

the whole to himself. As every man had rather please others by what he says than be himself pleased by what they say; or, in other words, as every man is best pleased with the consciousness of pleasing, so should all have an equal opportunity of aiming at it. This is a right which we are so offended at being deprived of, that, though I remember to have known a man reputed a good companion, who seldom opened his mouth in company, unless to swallow his liquor, yet I have scarce ever heard that appellation given to a very talkative person, even when he hath been capable of entertaining, unless he hath done this with buffoonery, and made the rest amends by partaking of their scorn together with their admiration and applause.

A well-bred man, therefore, will not take more of the discourse than falls to his share; nor in this will he shew any violent impetuosity of temper, or exert any loudness of voice, even in arguing; for the information of the company, and the conviction of his antagonist, are to be his apparent motives; not the indulgence of his own pride, or an ambitious desire of victory; which latter, if a wise man should entertain, he will be sure to conceal with his utmost endeavour; since he must know that to lay open his vanity in public is no less absurd than to lay open his bosom to an enemy whose drawn sword is pointed against it; for every man hath a dagger in his hand ready to stab the vanity of another wherever he perceives it.

Having now shewn that the pleasure of conversation must arise from the discourse being on subjects

levelled to the capacity of the whole company; from being on such in which every person is equally interested; from every one's being admitted to his share in the discourse; and, lastly, from carefully avoiding all noise, violence, and impetuosity; it might seem proper to lay down some particular rules for the choice of those subjects which are most likely to conduce to the cheerful delights proposed from this social communication; but, as such an attempt might appear absurd, from the infinite variety, and perhaps too dictatorial in its nature, I shall confine myself to rejecting those topics only which seem most foreign to this delight, and which are most likely to be attended with consequences rather tending to make society an evil than to procure us any good from it.

And, first, I shall mention that which I have hitherto only endeavoured to restrain within certain bounds, namely, arguments; but which, if they were entirely banished out of company, especially from mixed assemblies, and where ladies make part of the society, it would, I believe, promote their happiness; they have been sometimes attended with bloodshed, generally with hatred from the conquered party towards his victor; and scarce ever with conviction. Here I except jocose arguments, which often produce much mirth; and serious disputes between men of learning (when none but such are present), which tend to the propagation of knowledge and the edification of the company.

Secondly, slander; which, however frequently used, or however savoury to the palate of ill-nature, is extremely pernicious, as it is often unjust and highly

injurious to the person slandered, and always dangerous, especially in large and mixed companies, where sometimes an undesigned offence is given to an innocent relation or friend of such person, who is thus exposed to shame and confusion, without having any right to resent the affront. Of this there have been very tragical instances; and I have myself seen some very ridiculous ones, but which have given great pain, as well to the person offended, as to him who hath been the innocent occasion of giving the offence.

Thirdly, all general reflections on countries, religions, and professions, which are always unjust. If these are ever tolerable, they are only from the persons who with some pleasantry ridicule their own country. It is very common among us to cast sarcasms on a neighbouring nation, to which we have no other reason to bear an antipathy than what is more usual than justifiable, because we have injured it; but sure such general satire is not founded on truth; for I have known gentlemen of that nation possessed with every good quality which is to be wished in a man or required in a friend. I remember a repartee made by a gentleman of this country, which, though it was full of the severest wit, the person to whom it was directed could not resent, as he so plainly deserved it. He had with great bitterness inveighed against this whole people; upon which one of them who was present very coolly answered, "I don't know, sir, whether I have not more reason to be pleased with the compliment you pay my country than to be angry with what you say against it; since, by your abusing us all so heavily, you have plainly

implied you are not of it." This exposed the other to so much laughter, especially as he was not unexceptionable in his character, that I believe he was sufficiently punished for his ill-mannered satire.

Fourthly, blasphemy, and irreverent mention of religion. I will not here debate what compliment a man pays to his own understanding by the profession of infidelity; it is sufficient to my purpose that he runs the risque of giving the cruelest offence to persons of a different temper; for, if a loyalist would be greatly affronted by hearing any indecencies offered to the person of a temporal prince, how much more bitterly must a man who sincerely believes in such a being as the Almighty, feel any irreverence or insult shewn to His name, His honour, or His institution? And, notwithstanding the impious character of the present age, and especially of many among those whose more immediate business it is to lead men, as well by example as precept, into the ways of piety, there are still sufficient numbers left who pay so honest and sincere a reverence to religion, as may give us a reasonable expectation of finding one at least of this stamp in every large company.

A fifth particular to be avoided is indecency. We are not only to forbear the repeating of such words as would give an immediate affront to a lady of reputation, but the raising of any loose ideas tending to the offence of that modesty which, if a young woman hath not something more than the affectation of, she is not worthy the regard even of a man of pleasure, provided he hath any delicacy in his constitution. How inconsistent with good-breeding it

is to give pain and confusion to such, is sufficiently apparent; all *double-entendres* and obscene jests are therefore carefully to be avoided before them. But suppose no ladies present, nothing can be meaner, lower, and less productive of rational mirth, than this loose conversation. For my own part, I cannot conceive how the idea of jest or pleasantry came ever to be annexed to one of our highest and most serious pleasures. Nor can I help observing, to the discredit of such merriment, that it is commonly the last resource of impotent wit, the weak strainings of the lowest, silliest, and dullest fellows in the world.

Sixthly, you are to avoid knowingly mentioning anything which may revive in any person the remembrance of some past accident, or raise an uneasy reflection on a present misfortune or corporal blemish. To maintain this rule nicely, perhaps, requires great delicacy; but it is absolutely necessary to a well-bred man. I have observed numberless breaches of it; many, I believe, proceeding from negligence and inadvertency; yet I am afraid some may be too justly imputed to a malicious desire of triumphing in our own superior happiness and perfections; now, when it proceeds from this motive it is not easy to imagine anything more criminal.

Under this head I shall caution my well-bred reader against a common fault, much of the same nature; which is, mentioning any particular quality as absolutely essential to either man or woman, and exploding all those who want it. This renders every one uneasy who is in the least self-conscious of the defect. I have heard a boor of fashion declare in

the presence of women remarkably plain, that beauty was the chief perfection of that sex, and an essential without which no woman was worth regarding; a certain method of putting all those in the room, who are but suspicious of their defect that way, out of countenance.

I shall mention one fault more, which is, not paying a proper regard to the present temper of the company, or the occasion of their meeting, in introducing a topic of conversation, by which as great an absurdity is sometimes committed, as it would be to sing a dirge at a wedding, or an epithalamium at a funeral.

Thus I have, I think, enumerated most of the principal errors which we are apt to fall into in conversation; and though, perhaps, some particulars worthy of remark may have escaped me, yet an attention to what I have here said may enable the reader to discover them. At least I am persuaded that, if the rules I have now laid down were strictly observed, our conversation would be more perfect, and the pleasure resulting from it purer and more unsullied, than at present it is.

But I must not dismiss this subject without some animadversions on a particular species of pleasantry, which, though I am far from being desirous of banishing from conversation, requires, most certainly, some reins to govern, and some rule to direct it. The reader may perhaps guess I mean raillery; to which I may apply the fable of the lap-dog and the ass; for, while in some hands it diverts and delights us with its dexterity and gentleness, in others, it paws, daubs, offends, and hurts.

The end of conversation being the happiness of mankind, and the chief means to procure their delight and pleasure, it follows, I think, that nothing can conduce to this end which tends to make a man uneasy and dissatisfied with himself, or which exposes him to the scorn and contempt of others. I here except that kind of raillery, therefore, which is concerned in tossing men out of their chairs, tumbling them into water, or any of those handicraft jokes which are exercised on those notable persons commonly known by the name of buffoons; who are contented to feed their belly at the price of their br—ch, and to carry off the wine and the p—ss of a great man together. This I pass by, as well as all remarks on the genius of the great men themselves, who are (to fetch a phrase from school, a phrase not improperly mentioned on this occasion) great dabs at this kind of facetiousness.

But, leaving all such persons to expose human nature among themselves, I shall recommend to my well-bred man, who aims at raillery, the excellent character given of Horace by Persius: —

> Omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus amico
> Tangit, et admissus circum præcordia ludit,
> Callidus excusso populum suspendere naso.

Thus excellently rendered by the late ingenious translator of that obscure author: —

> Yet could shrewd Horace, with disportive wit,
> Rally his friend, and tickle while he bit;
> Winning access, he play'd around the heart,
> And, gently touching, prick'd the tainted part.
> The crowd he sneer'd; but sneer'd with such a grace,
> It pass'd for downright innocence of face.

The raillery which is consistent with good-breeding is a gentle animadversion on some foible; which, while it raises a laugh in the rest of the company, doth not put the person rallied out of countenance, or expose him to shame and contempt. On the contrary, the jest should be so delicate that the object of it should be capable of joining in the mirth it occasions.

All great vices therefore, misfortunes, and notorious blemishes of mind or body, are improper subjects of raillery. Indeed, a hint at such is an abuse and an affront which is sure to give the person (unless he be one shameless and abandoned) pain and uneasiness, and should be received with contempt, instead of applause, by all the rest of the company.

Again; the nature and quality of the person are to be considered. As to the first, some men will not bear any raillery at all. I remember a gentleman who declared he never made a jest, nor would ever take one. I do not, indeed, greatly recommend such a person for a companion; but at the same time, a well-bred man, who is to consult the pleasure and happiness of the whole, is not at liberty to make any one present uneasy. By the quality, I mean the sex, degree, profession, and circumstances; on which head I need not be very particular. With regard to the two former, all raillery on ladies and superiors should be extremely fine and gentle; and with respect to the latter, any of the rules I have above laid down, most of which are to be applied to it, will afford sufficient caution.

Lastly, a consideration is to be had of the persons

before whom we rally. A man will be justly uneasy at being reminded of those railleries in one company which he would very patiently bear the imputation of in another. Instances on this head are so obvious that they need not be mentioned. In short, the whole doctrine of raillery is comprized in this famous line: —

> "*Quid* de *quoque* viro, et *cui* dicas, sæpe caveto."
> "Be cautious *what* you say, *of whom* and *to whom*."

And now, methinks, I hear some one cry out that such restrictions are, in effect, to exclude all raillery from conversation; and, to confess the truth, it is a weapon from which many persons will do wisely in totally abstaining; for it is a weapon which doth the more mischief by how much the blunter it is. The sharpest wit therefore is only to be indulged the free use of it, for no more than a very slight touch is to be allowed; no hacking, nor bruising, as if they were to hew a carcase for hounds, as Shakspeare phrases it.

Nor is it sufficient that it be sharp, it must be used likewise with the utmost tenderness and good-nature; and, as the nicest dexterity of a gladiator is shewn in being able to hit without cutting deep, so is this of our railler, who is rather to tickle than wound.

True raillery indeed consists either in playing on peccadilloes, which, however they may be censured by some, are not esteemed as really blemishes in a character in the company where they are made the subject of mirth; as too much freedom with the bottle, or too much indulgence with women, &c.

Or, secondly, in pleasantly representing real good

qualities in a false light of shame, and bantering them as ill ones. So generosity may be treated as prodigality; œconomy as avarice; true courage as foolhardiness; and so of the rest.

Lastly, in ridiculing men for vices and faults which they are known to be free from. Thus the cowardice of A—le, the dulness of Ch—d, the unpoliteness of D—ton, may be attacked without danger of offence; and thus Lyt—n may be censured for whatever vice or folly you please to impute to him.

And, however limited these bounds may appear to some, yet, in skilful and witty hands, I have known raillery, thus confined, afford a very diverting, as well as inoffensive, entertainment to the whole company.

I shall conclude this essay with these two observations, which I think may be clearly deduced from what hath been said.

First, that every person who indulges his ill-nature or vanity at the expense of others, and in introducing uneasiness, vexation, and confusion into society, however exalted or high-titled he may be, is thoroughly ill-bred.

Secondly, that whoever, from the goodness of his disposition or understanding, endeavours to his utmost to cultivate the good-humour and happiness of others, and to contribute to the ease and comfort of all his acquaintance, however low in rank fortune may have placed him, or however clumsy he may be in his figure or demeanour, hath, in the truest sense of the word, a claim to good-breeding.

THE TRUE PATRIOT

THE TRUE PATRIOT

No. 13.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 28, 1746.

Qui non rectè instituunt atque erudiunt liberos, non solùm liberis sed et reipublicæ faciunt injuriam. — CICERO.

MR. ADAMS having favoured me with a second letter, I shall give it the public without any apology. If anything in it should at first a little shock those readers who know the world better, I hope they will make allowances for the ignorance and simplicity of the writer.

TO THE TRUE PATRIOT.

MY WORTHY FRIEND, — I am concerned to find, by all our public accounts, that the rebels still continue in the land. In my last I evidently proved that their successes were owing to a judgment denounced against our sins, and concluded with some exhortations for averting the Divine anger by the only methods which suggested themselves to my mind. These exhortations, by the event, I perceive have not had that regard paid to them I had reason to expect. Indeed, I am the more confirmed in this conjecture, by a

lad whom I lately met at a neighbouring baronet's, where I sojourned the two last days of the year, with my good friend Mr. Wilson.

This lad, whom I imagined to have been come from school to visit his friends for the holidays (for though he is perhaps of sufficient age, I found, on examination, he was not yet qualified for the university), is, it seems, a man *sui juris;* and is, as I gather from the young damsels, Sir John's daughters, a member of the society of *bowes.* I know not whether I spell the word right; for I am not ashamed to say I neither understand its etymology nor true import, as it hath never once occurred in any lexicon or dictionary which I have yet perused.

Whatever this society may be, either the lad with whom I communed is an unworthy member, or it would become the government to put it down by authority; for he uttered many things during our discourse for which I would have well scourged any of the youth under my care.

He had not long entered the chamber before he acquainted the damsels that he and his companions had carried the opera, in opposition to the puts; by which I afterwards learnt he meant all sober and discreet persons. "And fags!" says he (I am afraid, though, he made use of a worse word), "we expected the bishops would have interfered; but if they had we should have silenced them." I then thought to myself, Strippling, if I had you well horsed on the back of another lad, I would teach you more reverence to their lordships.

This opera, I am informed, is a diversion in which a prodigious sum of money, more than is to be collected out of twenty parishes, is lavished away on foreign eunuchs and papists, very scandalous to be suffered at any time, especially at a season when both war and famine hang over our heads.

During the whole time of our repast at dinner the young gentleman entertained us with an account of several drums and routs at which he had been present. These are, it seems, large congregations of men and women, who, instead of assembling together to hear something that is good, nay, or to divert themselves with gambols, which might be allowed now and then in holiday times, meet for no other purpose but that of gaming, for a whole guinea and much more at a stake. At this married women sit up all night, nay, sometimes till one or two in the morning, neglect their families, lose their money, and some, Mr. Wilson says, have been suspected of doing even worse than that. Yet this is suffered in a Christian kingdom; nay (*quod prorsus incredibile est*), the holy sabbath is, it seems, prostituted to these wicked revellings; and card-playing goes on as publickly then as on any other day; nor is this only among the young lads and damsels, who might be supposed to know no better, but men advanced in years, and grave matrons, are not ashamed of being caught at the same pastime. *O tempora! O mores!*

When grace was said after meat, and the damsels departed, the lad began to grow more wicked. Sir John, who is an honest Englishman, hath no other

wine but that of Portugal. This our *bowe* could not drink; and when Sir John very nobly declared he scorned to indulge his palate with rarities, for which he must furnish the foe with money to carry on a war with the nation, the stripling replied, "Rat the nation!" (God forgive me for repeating such words) "I had rather live under French government than be debarred from French wine." Oho, my youth! if I had you horsed, thinks I again. — But, indeed, Sir John well scourged him with his tongue for that expression, and I should have hoped he had made him ashamed, had not his subsequent behaviour shewn him totally void of grace. For when Sir John asked him for a toast, which you know is another word for drinking the health of one's friend or wife, or some person of public eminence, he named the health of a married woman, filled out a bumper of wine, swore he would drink her health in vinegar, and at last openly profest he would commit adultery with her if he could. *Proh pudor!* Nay, and if such a sin might admit of any aggravation, she is it seems a lady of very high degree, *et quidem*, the wife of a lord.

Et dies et charta deficerent si omnia vellum percurrere, multa quidem impura et impudica quæ memorare nefas, recitavit. Nor is this youth, it seems, a monster or prodigy in the age he lives; on the contrary, I am told he is an exemplar only of all the rest.

But I now proceed to what must surprize you. After he had spent an hour in rehearsing all the vices to which youth have been ever too much ad-

dicted, and shewn us that he was possessed of them all — *Ut qui impudicus, adulter, ganeo, alea, manu, ventre, pene, bona patria laceraverat*, he began to enter upon politics:

O proceres censore opus an haruspice nobis!

This stripling, this *bowe*, this rake, discovered likewise all the wickedness peculiar to age, and that he had not, with those vices which proceed from the warmth of youth, one of the virtues which we should naturally expect from the same sanguine disposition. He shewed us that grey hairs could add nothing but hypocrisy to him; for he avowed public prostitution, laughed at all honour, public spirit, and patriotism; and gave convincing proofs that the most phlegmatic old miser upon earth could not be sooner tempted with gold to perpetrate the most horrid iniquities than himself.

Whether this youth be (*quod vix credo*) concerned himself in the public weal, or whether he have his information from others, I hope he greatly exceeded the truth in what he delivered on this subject; for was he to be believed, the conclusion we must draw would be, that the only concern of our great men, even at this time, was for places and pensions; that, instead of applying themselves to renovate and restore our sick and drooping commonweal, they were struggling to get closest to her heart, and, like leeches, to suck her last drop of vital blood.

I hope, however, better things, and that this lad

deserves a good rod as well for lying as for all his other iniquity; and if his parents do not take care to have it well laid on, I can assure them they have much to answer for.

Mr. Wilson now found me grow very uneasy, as, indeed, I had been from the beginning, nor could anything but respect to the company have prevented me from correcting the boy long before; he therefore endeavoured to turn the discourse, and asked our spark when he left London? To which he answered, the Wednesday before. "How, sir?" said I; "travel on Christmas Day?" "Was it so?" says he; "fags! that's more than I knew; but why not travel on Christmas Day as well as any other?" "Why not?" said I, lifting my voice, for I had lost all patience; "was you not brought up in the Christian religion? Did you never learn your catechism?" He then burst out into an unmannerly laugh, and so provoked me, that I should certainly have smote him, had I not laid my crabstick down in the window, and had not Mr. Wilson been fortunately placed between us. "Odso! Mr. Parson," says he, "are you there? I wonder I had not smoked you before." "Smoke me!" answered I, and at the same time leaped from my chair, my wrath being highly kindled. At which instant a jackanapes, who sat on my left hand, whipped my peruke from my head, which I no sooner perceived than I porrected him a remembrance over the face, which laid him sprawling on the floor. I was afterwards concerned at the blow, though the consequence was only a bloody nose, and the lad, who was a com-

panion of the other's, and had uttered many wicked things, which I pretermitted in my narrative, very well deserved correction.

A bustle now arose, not worth recounting, which ended in my departure with Mr. Wilson, though we had purposed to tarry there that night.

In our way home we both lamented the peculiar hardiness of this country, which seems bent on its own destruction, nor will take warning by any visitation, till the utmost wrath of Divine vengeance overtakes it.

In discoursing upon this subject, we imputed much of the present profligacy to the notorious want of care in parents in the education of youth, who, as my friend informs me, with very little school-learning, and not at all instructed (*ne minimè quidem imbuti*) in any principles of religion, virtue, and morality, are brought to the great city, or sent to travel to other great cities abroad, before they are twenty years of age, where they become their own masters, and enervate both their bodies and minds with all sorts of diseases and vices before they are adult.

I shall conclude with a passage in Aristotle's Politics, lib. viii. cap. 1. *Ὅτι μὲν οὖν τῷ νομοθέτῃ μάλιστα πραγματευτεον περὶ τὴν τῶν νεὼν παιδείαν, οὐδεὶς ἀὐ ἀμφισβητήσειε. καὶ γὰρ ἐν ταῖς πόλεσιν οὐ γιγνόμενον τοῦτο, βλάπτει τὰς πολιτείας.* Which, for the sake of women, and those few gentlemen who do not understand Greek, I have rendered somewhat paraphrastically in the vernacular: — "No man can doubt but that the education of youth ought to

be the principal care of every legislator; by the neglect of which, great mischief accrues to the civil polity in every city."

I am, while you write like an honest man and a good Christian, your hearty friend and well-wisher,

ABRAHAM ADAMS.

THE COVENT-GARDEN JOURNAL

THE COVENT-GARDEN JOURNAL

No. 10.

TUESDAY, February 4, 1752.

At nostri proavi Plautinos et numeros, et
Laudavere sales ; nimium patienter utrumque,
Ne dicam stultè, mirati.

MODERNISED.

In former times this tasteless, silly town
Too fondly prais'd Tom D'Urfey and Tom Brown.

THE present age seems pretty well agreed in an opinion, that the utmost scope and end of reading is amusement only; and such, indeed, are now the fashionable books, that a reader can propose no more than mere entertainment, and it is sometimes very well for him if he finds even this, in his studies.

Letters, however, were surely intended for a much more noble and profitable purpose than this. Writers are not, I presume, to be considered as mere jack-puddings, whose business it is only to excite laughter: this, indeed, may sometimes be intermixed and served up with graver matters, in order to titillate the palate, and to recommend wholesome food to the mind; and for this purpose it hath been used by many excellent authors: "for why," as Horace says,

"should not any one promulgate truth with a smile on his countenance?" Ridicule indeed, as he again intimates, is commonly a stronger and better method of attacking vice than the severer kind of satire.

When wit and humour are introduced for such good purposes, when the agreeable is blended with the useful, then is the writer said to have succeeded in every point. Pleasantry (as the ingenious author of Clarissa says of a story) should be made only the vehicle of instruction; and thus romances themselves, as well as epic poems, may become worthy the perusal of the greatest of men: but when no moral, no lesson, no instruction, is conveyed to the reader, where the whole design of the composition is no more than to make us laugh, the writer comes very near to the character of a buffoon; and his admirers, if an old Latin proverb be true, deserve no great compliments to be paid to their wisdom.

After what I have here advanced I cannot fairly, I think, be represented as an enemy to laughter, or to all those kinds of writing that are apt to promote it. On the contrary, few men, I believe, do more admire the works of those great masters who have sent their satire (if I may use the expression) laughing into the world. Such are the great triumvirate, Lucian, Cervantes, and Swift. These authors I shall ever hold in the highest degree of esteem; not indeed for that wit and humour alone which they all so eminently possest, but because they all endeavoured, with the utmost force of their wit and humour, to expose and extirpate those follies and vices which chiefly prevailed in their several countries. I

would not be thought to confine wit and humour to these writers. Shakspeare, Molière, and some other authors, have been blessed with the same talents, and have employed them to the same purposes. There are some, however, who, though not void of these talents, have made so wretched a use of them, that, had the consecration of their labours been committed to the hands of the hangman, no good man would have regretted their loss; nor am I afraid to mention Rabelais, and Aristophanes himself, in this number. For, if I may speak my opinion freely of these two last writers, and of their works, their design appears to me very plainly to have been to ridicule all sobriety, modesty, decency, virtue, and religion, out of the world. Now, whoever reads over the five great writers first mentioned in this paragraph, must either have a very bad head or a very bad heart if he doth not become both a wiser and a better man.

In the exercise of the mind, as well as in the exercise of the body, diversion is a secondary consideration, and designed only to make that agreeable which is at the same time useful, to such noble purposes as health and wisdom. But what should we say to a man who mounted his chamber-hobby, or fought with his own shadow, for his amusement only? how much more absurd and weak would he appear who swallowed poison because it was sweet?

How differently did Horace think of study from our modern readers!

Quid verum atque decens curo et rogo, et omnis in hoc sum:
Condo et compono, quæ mox depromere possim.

"Truth and decency are my whole care and enquiry. In this study I am entirely occupied; these I am always laying up, and so disposing that I can at any time draw forth my stores for my immediate use." The whole epistle, indeed, from which I have paraphrased this passage, is a comment upon it, and affords many useful lessons of philosophy.

When we are employed in reading a great and good author, we ought to consider ourselves as searching after treasures, which, if well and regularly laid up in the mind, will be of use to us on sundry occasions in our lives. If a man, for instance, should be overloaded with prosperity or adversity (both of which cases are liable to happen to us), who is there so very wise, or so very foolish, that, if he was a master of Seneca and Plutarch, could not find great matter of comfort and utility from their doctrines? I mention these rather than Plato and Aristotle, as the works of the latter are not, I think, yet completely made English, and, consequently, are less within the reach of most of my countrymen.

But perhaps it may be asked, will Seneca or Plutarch make us laugh? Perhaps not; but if you are not a fool, my worthy friend, which I can hardly with civility suspect, they will both (the latter especially) please you more than if they did. For my own part, I declare, I have not read even Lucian himself with more delight than I have Plutarch; but surely it is astonishing that such scribblers as Tom Brown, Tom D'Urfey, and the wits of our age, should find readers, while the writings of so excellent, so entertaining, and so voluminous an author as

Plutarch remain in the world, and, as I apprehend, are very little known.

The truth I am afraid is, that real taste is a quality with which human nature is very slenderly gifted. It is indeed so very rare, and so little known, that scarce two authors have agreed in their notions of it; and those who have endeavoured to explain it to others seem to have succeeded only in shewing us that they know it not themselves. If I might be allowed to give my own sentiments, I should derive it from a nice harmony between the imagination and the judgment; and hence perhaps it is that so few have ever possessed this talent in any eminent degree. Neither of these will alone bestow it; nothing is indeed more common than to see men of very bright imaginations, and of very accurate learning (which can hardly be acquired without judgment), who are entirely devoid of taste; and Longinus, who of all men seems most exquisitely to have possessed it, will puzzle his reader very much if he should attempt to decide whether imagination or judgment shine the brighter in that inimitable critic.

But as for the bulk of mankind, they are clearly void of any degree of taste. It is a quality in which they advance very little beyond a state of infancy. The first thing a child is fond of in a book is a picture, the second is a story, and the third a jest. Here then is the true Pons Asinorum, which very few readers ever get over.

From what I have said it may perhaps be thought to appear that true taste is the real gift of nature

only ; and if so, some may ask to what purpose have I endeavoured to show men that they are without a blessing which it is impossible for them to attain?

Now, though it is certain that to the highest consummation of taste, as well as of every other excellence, nature must lend much assistance, yet great is the power of art, almost of itself, or at best with only slender aids from nature ; and, to say the truth, there are very few who have not in their minds some small seeds of taste. "All men," says Cicero, "have a sort of tacit sense of what is right or wrong in arts and sciences, even without the help of arts." This surely it is in the power of art very greatly to improve. That most men, therefore, proceed no farther than as I have above declared, is owing either to the want of any, or (which is perhaps yet worse) to an improper education.

I shall probably, therefore, in a future paper, endeavour to lay down some rules by which all men may acquire at least some degree of taste. In the meanwhile, I shall (according to the method observed in inoculation) recommend to my readers, as a preparative for their receiving my instructions, a total abstinence from all bad books. I do therefore most earnestly intreat all my young readers that they would cautiously avoid the perusal of any modern book till it hath first had the sanction of some wise and learned man ; and the same caution I propose to all fathers, mothers, and guardians.

"Evil communications corrupt good manners," is a quotation of St. Paul from Menander. *Evil books corrupt at once both our manners and our taste.*

No. 33.

SATURDAY, April 23, 1752.

Odi profanum vulgus. — Hor.
I hate profane rascals.

SIR, — In this very learned and enlightened age, in which authors are almost as numerous as booksellers, I doubt not but your correspondents furnish you with a sufficient quantity of waste paper. I perhaps may add to the heap; for, as men do not always know the motive of their own actions, I may possibly be induced, by the same sort of vanity as other puny authors have been, to desire to be in print. But I am very well satisfied with you for my judge, and if you should not think proper to take any notice of the hint I have here sent you, I shall conclude that I am an impertinent correspondent, but that you are a judicious and impartial critic. In my own defence, however, I must say that I am never better pleased than when I see extraordinary abilities employed in the support of His honour and religion, who has so bountifully bestowed them. It is for this reason that I wish you would take some notice of the character, or rather story, here sent you. In my travels westward last summer I lay at an inn in Somersetshire, remarkable for its pleasant situation and the obliging behaviour of the landlord, who, though a downright rustic, had an awkward sort of politeness

arising from his good-nature that was very pleasing, and, if I may be allowed the expression, was a sort of good-breeding undrest. As I intended to make a pretty long journey the next day, I rose time enough to behold that glorious luminary the sun set out on his course, which, by-the-by, is one of the finest sights the eye can behold; and, as it is a thing seldom seen by people of fashion, unless it be at the theatre at Covent-garden, I could not help laying some stress upon it here. The kitchen in this inn was a very pleasant room; I therefore called for some tea, sat me in the window that I might enjoy the prospect which the country afforded, and a more beautiful one is not in the power of imagination to frame. This house was situated on the top of a hill; and for two miles below it meadows, enlivened with variety of cattle, and adorned with a greater variety of flowers, first caught my sight. At the bottom of this vale ran a river which seemed to promise coolness and refreshment to the thirsty cattle. The eye was next presented with fields of corn that made a kind of an ascent which was terminated by a wood, at the top of which appeared a verdant hill situate as it were in the clouds where the sun was just arrived, and, peeping o'er the summit, which was at this time covered with dew, gilded it over with his rays and terminated my view in the most agreeable manner in the world. In a word, the elegant simplicity of every object round me filled my heart with such gratitude, and furnished my mind with such pleasing meditations, as made me thank Heaven I was born. But this state of

joyous tranquillity was not of long duration: I had scarce begun my breakfast, when my ears were saluted with a genteel whistle, and the noise of a pair of slippers descending the staircase; and soon after I beheld a contrast to my former prospect, being a very beauish gentleman, with a huge laced hat on, as big as Pistol's in the play; a wig somewhat dishevelled, and a face which at once gave you a perfect idea of emptiness, assurance, and intemperance. His eyes, which before were scarce open, he fixt on me with a stare which testified surprise, and his coat was immediately thrown open to display a very handsome second-hand gold-laced waistcoat. In one hand he had a pair of saddle-bags, and in the other a hanger of mighty size, both of which, with a graceful G—d d—n you, he placed upon a chair. Then, advancing towards the landlord, who was standing by me, he said, "By G—d, landlord, your wine is damnable strong." "I don't know," replied the landlord; "it is generally reckoned pretty good, for I have it all from London."—"Pray, who is your wine merchant?" says the man of importance. "A very great man," says the landlord, "in his way; perhaps you may know him, sir; his name is Kirby." "Ah, what! honest Tom? he and I have cracked many a bottle of claret together; he is one of the most considerable merchants in the city; the dog is hellish poor, damnable poor, for I don't suppose he is worth a farthing more than a hundred thousand pound; only a plum, that's all; he is to be our lord-mayor next year." "I ask pardon, sir, that is not the man, for our Mr. Kirby's

name is not Thomas but Richard." "Ay!" says the gentleman, "that's his brother; they are partners together." "I believe," says the landlord, "you are out, sir, for that gentleman has no brother." "D—n your nonsense, with you and your outs!" says the beau; "as if I should not know better than you country puts; I who have lived in London all my lifetime." "I ask a thousand pardons," says the landlord; "I hope no offence, sir." "No, no," cries the other; "we gentlemen know how to make allowance for your country breeding." Then stepping to the kitchen door, with an audible voice he called the ostler, and in a very graceful accent said, "D—n your blood, you cock-eyed son of a bitch, bring me my boots! did not you hear me call?" Then turning to the landlord said, "Faith! that Mr. What-de-callum, the exciseman, is a damned jolly fellow." "Yes, sir," says the landlord, "he is a merryish sort of a man." "But," says the gentleman, "as for that schoolmaster, he is the queerest bitch I ever saw; he looks as if he could not say boh to a goose." "I don't know, sir," says the landlord; "he is reckoned to be a desperate good schollard about us, and the gentry likes him vastly, for he understands the measurement of land and timber, knows how to make dials and such things; and for ciphering few can outdo 'en." "Ay!" says the gentleman, "he does look like a cipher indeed, for he did not speak three words all last night." The ostler now produced the boots, which the gentleman taking in his hand, and having placed himself in the chair, addressed in the following speech: "My

good friends, Mr. Boots, I tell you plainly that, if you plague me so damnably as you did yesterday morning, by G— I'll commit you to the flames; stap my vituals! as my lord Huntingdon says in the play." He then looked full in my face, and asked the landlord if he had ever been at Drury-lane playhouse; which he answered in the negative. "What!" says he, "did you never hear talk of Mr. Garrick and king Richard?" "No, sir," says the landlord. "By G —," says the gentleman, "he is the cleverest fellow in England." He then spouted a speech out of King Richard, which begins, "Give me an horse," &c. "There," says he, "that, that is just like Mr. Garrick." Having pleased himself vastly with this performance, he shook the landlord by the hand with great good-humour, and said, "By G — you seem to be an honest fellow, and good blood; if you'll come and see me in London, I'll give you your skinful of wine, and treat you with a play and a whore every night you stay. I'll show you how it is to live, my boy. But here, bring me some paper, my girl; come, let us have one of your love-letters to air my boots." Upon which the landlord presented him with a piece of an old newspaper. "D—n you!" says the gent, "this is not half enough; have you never a Bible or Common Prayer-book in the house? Half a dozen chapters of Genesis, with a few prayers, make an excellent fire in a pair of boots." "Oh! Lord forgive you!" says the landlord; "sure you would not burn such books as those?" "No!" cries the spark; "where was you born? Go into a shop of London and buy

some butter or a quartern of tea, and then you 'll see what use is made of these books." "Ay!" says the landlord, "we have a saying here in our country that 't is as sure as the devil is in London, and if he was not there they could not be so wicked as they be." Here a country fellow who had been standing up in one corner of the kitchen eating of cold bacon and beans, and who, I observed, trembled at every oath this spark swore, took his dish and pot, and marched out of the kitchen, fearing, as I afterwards learnt, that the house would fall down about his ears, for he was sure, he said, "That man in the gold-laced hat was the devil." The young spark, having now displayed all his wit and humour, and exerted his talents to the utmost, thought he had sufficiently recommended himself to my favour and convinced me he was a gentleman. He therefore with an air addressed himself to me, and asked me which way I was travelling? To which I gave him no answer. He then exalted his voice; but, at my continuing silent, he asked the landlord if I was deaf. Upon which the landlord told him he did not believe the gentleman was dunch, for that he talked very well just now. The man of wit whispered in the landlord's ear, and said, "I suppose he is either a parson or a fool." He then drank a dram, observing that a man should not cool too fast; paid sixpence more than his reckoning, called for his horse, gave the ostler a shilling, and galloped out of the inn, thoroughly satisfied that we all agreed with him in thinking him a clever fellow and a man of great importance. The landlord, smiling, took up his

money, and said he was a comical gentleman, but that it was a thousand pities he swore so much; if it was not for that, he was a very good customer, and as generous as a prince, for that the night before he had treated everybody in the house. I then asked him if he knew that comical gentleman, as he called him? "No, really, sir," said the landlord, "though a gentleman was saying last night that he was a sort of rider or rideout to a linendraper at London." This, Mr. Censor, I have since found to be true; for, having occasion to buy some cloth, I went last week into a linendraper's shop, in which I found a young fellow whose decent behaviour and plain dress shewed he was a tradesman. Upon looking full in his face I thought I had seen it before; nor was it long before I recollected where it was, and that this was the same beau I had met with in Somersetshire. The difference in the same man in London, where he was known, and in the country, where he was a stranger, was beyond expression; and, was it not impertinent to make observations to you, I could inlarge upon this sort of behaviour; for I am firmly of opinion that there is neither spirit nor good sense in oaths, nor any wit or humour in blasphemy. But as vulgar errors require an abler pen than mine to correct them, I shall leave that task to you, and am, sir, your humble servant,

R. S.

FAMILIAR LETTERS

FAMILIAR LETTERS

NOTE.

(*See Introduction.*)

The following five letters were given me by the Author of the preface. I should have thought this hint unnecessary, had not much nonsense and scurrility been unjustly imputed to him by the *good judgment* or *good-nature* of the age. They can know but little of his writings, who want to have them pointed out; but they know much less of him, who impute any such base and scandalous productions to his pen.

LETTER FORTY-ONE

A LETTER FROM A FRENCH GENTLEMAN TO HIS FRIEND IN PARIS; IN IMITATION OF HORACE, ADDISON, AND ALL OTHER WRITERS OF TRAVELLING LETTERS.

Done into English.

MONSIEUR, —

AT Whitehall we took a pair of oars for Putney. These we had indeed some difficulty to procure; for many refused to go with us farther than Foxhall or Ranelagh Gardens. At last we prevailed with two fellows for three half-crowns to take us on board.

I have been told there was formerly a law regulating the fares of these people; but that is to be sure obsolete. I think it pity it was not revived.

As the weather was extremely fine, we did not regret the tide's running against us, since by that means we had more opportunity of making observations on the finest river in the world except the Seine.

After taking a survey of the New Bridge, which must be greatly admired by all who have not seen the Pontneuf, we past by a row of buildings, not very remarkable for their elegance, being chiefly built of wood, and irregular. Many of them are supported by pillars; but of what order we could not plainly discern.

We came now to Lambeth, where is a palace of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the metropolitan of England. This is a vast pile of building, not very beautiful indeed in its structure, but wonderfully well calculated, as well to signify, as to answer the use for which it was, I suppose, originally intended; containing a great number of little apartments for the reception of travelling and distressed Christians.

Lambeth is perhaps so called from Lamb, which is the type of meekness.

The next place of note, as we ascend the river, is Fox-Hall, or rather Fox-Hole, the first syllable of which is corrupted into Vaux by the vulgar, who tell a foolish story of one Vaux who resided here, and attempted to blow up the Thames. But the true reading is Fox-Hole, as appears by an antient piece of painting, representing that animal whence it takes its name, and which is now to be seen on a high wooden pillar, *Anglicè* a sign-post, not far from the landing-place.

A very little farther stands Marble-Hall, of which we had a full view from the water. This is a most august edifice, built all of a rich marble, which, reflecting the sun-beams, creates an object too dazzling for the sight.

Having passed this, we were entertained with a most superb piece of architecture of white, or rather yellow brick. This belongs to one of the *bourgeois*, as do indeed most of the villas which border on both sides this river, and they tend to give as magnificent an idea of the riches which flow in to these people by trade, as the shipping doth, which is to be seen below the bridge of London.

Hence a range of most delicious meadows begins to open, which, being richly enamelled with flowers of all kinds, seem to contend whether they shall convey most pleasure to your sight or to your smell. Our contemplation was however diverted from this scene by a boat, in which were two young ladies extremely handsome, who accosted us in some phrase which we, who thought ourselves pretty good masters of the English tongue, did not understand. They were answered however by our watermen, who afterwards told us, that this is called water-language; and consequently, I suppose, not to be learned on shore.

The next place which presents itself on the Surry side (for I reserve the other shore for my return) is the pleasant village of Battersea; the true reading of which we conjectured to be Bettersee; and that it was formerly a bishoprick, and had the preference to Shelsee, of which we shall speak anon. It is chiefly

famous at present for affording a retreat to one of the greatest statesmen of his time, who hath here a magnificent palace.

From Bettersee, verging to the south-west, stands Wanser, as it is vulgarly called; but its true name was undoubtedly Windmill-Shore, from whence it is a very easy corruption; and several windmills are yet to be found in its neighbourhood. Here are to be seen a parish church, and some houses; but it is otherwise little worth the curiosity of travellers.

As you sail from hence, two lofty towers at once salute your eyes from opposite shores of the river, divided by a magnificent wooden bridge. That on the Surry shore is called Putney or Putnigh, a fair and beautiful town, consisting principally of one vast street, which extends from north to south, and is adorned with most beautiful buildings.

Here we went ashore, in order to regale ourselves in one of their houses of entertainment, as they are called; but in reality there is no entertainment at them. Here were no tarts nor cheesecakes, nor any sort of food but an English dish called *bread and cheese*, and some raw flesh.

But if it be difficult to find anything to allay hunger, it is still more so to quench your thirst. There is a liquor sold in this country which they call wine (most of the inhabitants indeed call it *wind*). Of what ingredients it is composed I cannot tell; but you are not to conceive, as the word seems to import, that this is a translation of our French word *vin*, a liquor made of the juice of the grape; for I am very well assured there is not a drop of any

such juice in it. There must be many ingredients in this liquor, from the many different tastes; some of which are sweet, others sour, and others bitter; but though it appeared so nauseous to me and my friend, that we could not swallow it, the English relish it very well; nay, they will often drink a gallon of it at a sitting; and sometimes in their cups (for it intoxicates) will wantonly give it the names of all our best wines.

However, though we found nothing to eat or drink, we found something to pay. I send you a copy of the bill produced us on this occasion, as I think it a curiosity:

	s.	*d.*
For Bred and Bear	0	8
Eating	2	0
Wind	5	0
Watermen's Eating and Lickor . . .	1	6
	9	2

So that, with the drawer, we were at the expence of ten shillings; though no Catholic ever kept an Ash-Wednesday better.

The drawers here may want some explanation. You must know then, that in this country, in whatever house you eat or drink, whether private or public, you are obliged to pay the servants a fee at your departure, otherwise they certainly affront you.

These fees are called vails; and they serve instead of wages: for though in private houses the master generally contracts with his servant to give him

wages, yet these are seldom or never paid; and indeed the vails commonly amount to much more.

From Putnigh we crossed over to the other shore, where stands the fair and beautiful town of Fullhome, vulgarly called Fulham. It is principally remarkable for being the residence of a bishop; but a large grove of trees prevented our seeing his palace from the water.

These two towns were founded by two sisters; and they received their names from the following occasion. These ladies being on the Surry shore, called for a boat to convey them across the water. The watermen being somewhat lazy, and not coming near enough to the land, the lady who had founded the town which stands in Surry, bid them *put nigh;* upon which her sister immediately cried out, "A good omen; let *Putnigh* be the name of the place." When they came to the other side, she who had founded the other town, ordered the watermen to push the boat *full home;* her sister then returned the favour, and gave the name of *Fullhome* to the place.

Here stands a most stately and magnificent bridge. We enquired of the watermen by whose benefaction this was built. "Benefaction, do you call it?" says one of them with a sneer; "I heartily wish it had been by mine; there hath been a fine parcel of money got by that *job;*" a name which the English give to all works of a public nature: for so grateful are these people, that nobody ever doth anything for the public, but he is certain to make his fortune by it.

We now returned by the shore of Middlesex, and passed by several beautiful meadows, where the new-

mowed hay would have wonderfully delighted our smell, had it not been for a great variety of dead dogs, cats, and other animals, which being plentifully bestrewed along this shore, a good deal abated the sweetness which must have otherwise impregnated the air.

We at length arrived at Shelsee, a corruption of Shallowsee; for the word shallow signifies empty, worthless. Thus a shallow purse and a shallow fellow are words of contempt. This, formerly, was doubtless a small bishoprick, and inferior to that on the other side of the water, which was called Bettersee.

Here are many things worthy the curiosity of travellers. This place is famous for the residence of Don Saltero, a Spanish nobleman, who hath a vast collection of all sorts of rarities; but we had no time to see them.

Here is likewise a walk called Paradise Row, from the delightful situation, and the magnificent buildings with which it is adorned. We had certainly gone on shore to admire the beauty of this walk; but here being no landing-place, we must have spoiled our stockings by stepping into the mud; and were besides informed that the road was so abominably dirty that it would be difficult to cross, the rather, as it seemed entirely stopped up by a great number of dust-carts.

A little farther stands an hospital, or rather a palace, for the reception of old and wounded soldiers. A benefaction of so noble a kind, that it really doth honour to the English nation. Here are some very

beautiful apartments, which they told us belonged to the officers; a word which led us into a mistake, as we afterwards discovered: for we imagined that these apartments were allotted to those gentlemen who had borne commissions in the army, and who had, by being disabled in the service, entitled themselves to the public favour; but on farther enquiry, we were surprized to find there was no provision at all for any such; and that these officers were a certain number of placemen, who had never borne arms, nor had any military merit whatever.

Beyond this stands Ranelagh, of which we shall say no more than that it is a very large round room, and will contain abundance of people. This is indeed a sufficient recommendation to the English, who never inquire farther into the merit of any diversion, when they hear it is very much frequented. A humour, of which we saw many instances: all their publick places being either quite empty of company, or so crouded, that we could hardly get to them.

Hence sailing by a shore where we saw little very remarkable, save only the carcases of animals, which were here in much greater quantity than we had before found them, we arrived at a place called Mill-Bank, or Mile-Bank; and soon after we passed, as we were informed, by the Senate-houses; but though we went within a few yards of them, we could not discern with any certainty which were they.

Having again shot (as they call it) the New Bridge, we saw the palace of a nobleman, who hath

the honour to be a Duke of France as well as of England, and the happiness to be greatly esteemed in both countries.

Near this palace stands that of another Duke, who, among other great and good qualities, is reputed the most benevolent man in the world.

A little further we saw the palace of an Earl, of a very high character likewise among his countrymen; and who, in times of corruption, hath maintained the integrity of an old Roman.

The palaces of these three noblemen, who do a real honour to their high rank, and who are greatly beloved and respected by their country, are extremely elegant in their buildings, as well as delightful in their situation; and, to be sincere, are the only edifices that discover any true taste which we saw in all our voyage.

We now approached to Hungerford-Stairs, the place destined for our landing; where we were entertained with a sight very common, it seems, in this country: this was the ducking of a pickpocket. When we were first told this, we imagined it might be the execution of some legal sentence: but we were informed, that his executioners had been likewise his judges.

To give you some idea of this (for it is impossible for any one who doth not live in what they call a free country, to have an adequate notion of a mob) whenever a pickpocket is taken in the fact, the person who takes him calls out "pickpocket." Upon which word, the mob, who are always at hand in the street, assemble; and having heard the accusation,

and sometimes the defence (though they are not always very strict as to the latter, judging a good deal by appearances), if they believe the accuser, the prisoner is sentenced to be ducked; and this sentence is immediately executed with such rigour, that he hardly escapes with his life.

The mob take cognizance of all other misdemeanours which happen in the streets, and they are a court, which generally endeavours to do justice, though they sometimes err, by the hastiness of their decisions. Perhaps it is the only court in the world, where there is no partiality arising from respect of persons.

They are great enemies to the use of swords, as they are weapons with which they are not intrusted. If a gentleman draws a sword, though it be only *in terrorem* to defend himself, he is certain to be very severely treated by them; but they give great encouragement to their superiors, who will condescend to shew their courage in the way which the mob themselves use, by boxing, of which we shall presently shew you an instance.

Our boat was now with some difficulty close to the landing-place; for there was a great croud of boats, every one of which, instead of making way for us, served to endeavour to keep us out. Upon this occasion many hundred curses passed between our watermen and their fellows, and not a few affronts were cast on us, especially as we were drest after the manner of our country.

At last we arrived safe on shore, where we payed our watermen, who grumbled at our not giving them

something to drink (for all the labouring people in this country apply their hire only to eatables, for which reason they expect something over and above to drink).

As we walked toward the Strand, a drayman ran his whip directly into my friend's face, perhaps with no design of doing this, but at the same time, without any design of avoiding it. My friend, who is impatient of an affront, immediately struck the carter with his fist, who attempted to return the favour with his whip; but Monsieur Bellair, who is extremely strong and active, and who hath learnt to box in this country, presently closed in with him, and tript up his heels.

The mob now assembled round us, and being pleased with my friend for not having drawn his sword, inclined visibly to his side, and commended many blows which he gave his adversary, and other feats of activity, which he displayed during the combat, that lasted some minutes; at the end of which, the drayman yielded up the victory, crying with a sneer—"D—n you, you have been on the stage, or I am mistaken."

The mob now gave a huzza in my friend's favour, and sufficiently upbraided his antagonist, who, they said, was well enough served for affronting a gentleman.

Monsieur Bellair had on the beginning of the scuffle, while the enemy lay on the ground, delivered his sword to one of the bystanders; which person had unluckily walked off in the croud, without remembering to restore it.

Upon this the mob raged violently, and swore vengeance against the thief, if he could be discovered; but as this could not be done, he was obliged at length to submit to the loss.

When we began to depart, several of our friends demanded of us something to drink; but as we were more out of humour with the loss, than pleased with the glory obtained, we could not be prevailed upon to open our purses.

The company was incensed with this. We were saluted with the titles of *Mounshire*, and other contemptuous appellations; several missile weapons, such as dirt, &c., began likewise to play on us, and we were both challenged to fight by several, who told my friend, though he beat the drayman, he was not above half a man.

We then made the best of our way, and soon escaped into a Hackney-coach.

Thus I have sent you a particular account of this voyage, from some parts of which you may perhaps conclude, that the meanest rank of people are in this country better provided for than their superiors; and that the gentry, at least those of the lower class of that order, fare full as well in other places: for, to say the truth, it appears to me, that an Englishman in that station is liable to be opprest by all above him, and insulted by all below him.

I am, &c.

THE END

5588-H
15

~~a pool~~

Half wit

~~So says all knave~~

What knave?

Half wit

Full [illegible]

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